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CHRONICLES of the forebears
of the FIRMINs

ALBERT FIRMIN

1954



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ALBERT FIRMIN

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CHRONICLE OF THE FOREBEARS OF THE FIRMINS

BY
ALBERT FIRMIN

ANCESTORS OF MY FATHER'S SIDE

My ancestors far back on my father's side were French Huguenots, but the tragic religious dissensions that afflicted France in the 15th and 16th centuries, involving civil war, and the tragic persecutions of the Huguenots, prompted them to flee from France as so many others were doing at the time, and to seek in England the peace and the religious freedom for which they yearned.

These ancestors acquired a farm in the vicinity of Borley, a village in the fertile County of Essex, and in this little community they prospered for several generations. But of their lives only a few details are known, until my grandfather Thomas Firmin became the head of the family.

As to my grandfather Thomas Firmin, I believe him to have been an intelligent and industrious man, and a competent farmer, with a better education than was usual in his time among men who were similarly situated, but he had a weakness, and that was a too great inclination for intoxicants. This was not condoned by my father, who throughout his whole life had a hatred of intoxication, and I have reason to believe his disapproval was the cause of considerable friction.

The first wife of Thomas Firmin was a girl whose christian name was Mary, but her family name is not on record. By this wife Thomas had two children, and the first of these two children was named Hannah, and she was born July 21, 1801. The second was named Mary Ann, and she was born November 24, 1802, but of these two children no further details have been obtained.

The second wife of Thomas Firmin, bore the christian name Ann, but her family and the date of her wedding are unknown. This wife bore a daughter likewise named Ann, August 24, 1808; a son named John, June 30, 1816; and, finally, a daughter named Caroline, July 11, 1821.

John Firmin recorded above, was my father, and he lived to January 3, 1874. Aside from my grandfather, Thomas, my father John and Caroline, I have but little knowledge in addition to these particulars, of the others who are listed. It was through letters, etc., written by Caroline, that I have gathered much that I have written above. Caroline was evidently a very bright, well educated woman. This is attested by her letters to my father. Aside from her letters there appears to have been very little other correspondence between the folks in England and our folks here.

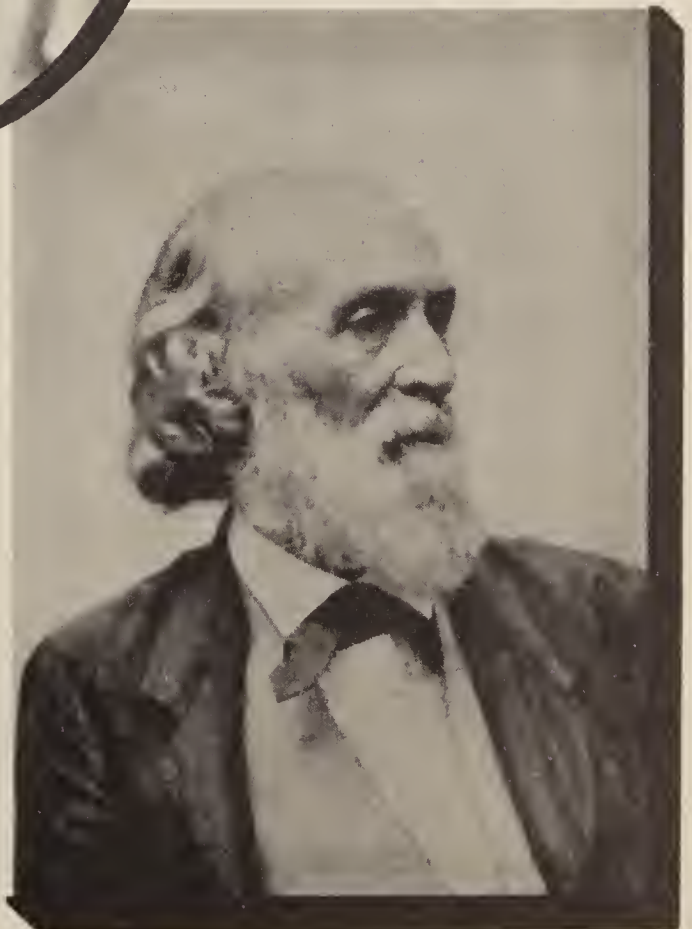
It is to be noted here that in my youth a relative from the "other side" would occasionally turn up while on a visit to America, or passing through the city from one part of the country to another, but as I became older, such appearances became less frequent. The only ones of whom I have clear recollections at this time and with whom contact was not infrequent, bore the name "Slynn". The Slynns lived in Spring Valley or Nyack, N. Y., and they operated a file factory. Though I think I had a visit from one of the Slynns about 1940, I could not locate them when later on I tried to do so.



MY FATHER, JOHN FIRMIN
AND MYSELF AS A BOY.



MY MOTHER, CAROLINE



MY GRANDFATHER, JOHN EDWARDS
(MY MOTHER'S FATHER).

MY FATHER, JOHN FIRMIN

My father, John Firmin, though as previously stated, was born on a farm, yet he did not like farming, and he aspired for a different environment. This aspiration developed into a determination to leave Borley and to seek in London, England's mighty metropolis, the greater opportunities he was confident that it offered. London was both a super attraction and a super challenge to his ambition. His problem involved two projects, viz the acquisition of a superior education and its utilization later as a means of livelihood. Thus it came about that he studied diligently, and in time qualified as a school teacher. Then he sought experience under progressive school masters, until he felt competent to establish in London a school of his own, and this school he called "The Rational Academy". I still have a large Latin dictionary, used in this school, as attested by stamp imprints upon several of its leaves. At the time he was conducting this school, progressive methods of teaching were being introduced in England, and these he adopted with the enthusiasm of youth. The Rational Academy was located on Black Friar's Road, near Black Friar's Bridge, but at the time this area was very different from what it is now. Then it was a high class residential district, whereas today, or at least when I last saw it, it had become wholly commercial. The curriculum of the school included approximately the curriculum of elementary schools of today so far as the elementaries are concerned, but in addition Latin was a requisite for the older children, some of whom were 16 to 17 years of age. And among these older children there was a girl named Annie Edwards, who had but recently entered her "teens". I do not know how quickly she advanced in her studies, but from her story as told to me in her after years, she was in the school but a short time when she fell in love with her school master. Timidity restrained her from revealing her affection. She realized that she was very young. Maiden delicacy offset the dictates of her heart. The secret was hers and hers alone. In fact she scarcely acknowledged the infatuation even to herself. Yet illogically she nevertheless longed for some intimation be it ever so slight, that her affection was reciprocated, but her idol was just a busy school master, kindly and considerate alike to her and all her school mates. Then there ensued a period of despondency, as her youthful patience wained. But at last, unexpectedly, suddenly, unheralded by previous intimation, came the revelation so long hoped for. He told her that he loved her, and that he had long loved her, but he had been trying with the utmost difficulty to deny this even to himself, and that he had been trying to conceal his affection for her. But at last resistance was no longer possible. Now he wanted her to know that he held her dearer and more precious than anyone on earth. Thus it came about that very promptly he besought Annie's parents for consent that they be married. Annie joined in the appeal, but the answer was short, sharp and desisive: "No". At the outset that was all, and it was not explanatory, but in time by persistence the young folks elicited that the objection was not against the character of John, or any short coming on his part, but exclusively to the youth of Annie. Annie expostulated.

She protested that it was not her fault that she was not older, and she insisted that she was growing older just as fast as anyone else on earth; that she could not be too young to choose, for she had chosen; and that she would not choose anyone else ever for she had made up her mind not to do so; and she gave other reasons which to her youthful mind were equally cogent, even though they were not acceptable to her parents. But persistency and zeal eventually brought about a compromise. My recollection is she told me that consent to her marriage was given with the proviso she must wait until she was seventeen. There is uncertainty as to the date of her birth, but she was born in Marylebone Borough, London, probably in March, in 1828, and she married October 12, 1845.

The affection of my father which was manifested so early in my mother's life, and which was consummated in her happy marriage, endured not only through their wedded status, but throughout the many years she lived after his death. My father died before I reached my sixth birthday, but I recall very distinctly that from my early childhood to the time of my mother's decease, when I was in my twenty seventh year, my mother hal-
lowed his memory, and she also ever kept it fresh in my mind. It was much as though he had not died but still continued on, not only in a spiritual way, but as a surviving entity; as a member of our family circle, though absent, and that he should be emulated and revered. Yet nothing of any of this savored of the saintly or sanctimonious. My mother's presentation of my father was that of a manly, vigorous, benevolent comrade; a comrade with "an understanding heart", of whom we should think when in need of sympathy, courage or determination. Many of his precepts were quoted for my benefit, and they fitted with my development from childhood to manhood, at least as far as my innate follies permitted.

To summarize -- of this happy union there were six offsprings who lived to maturity, viz Annie and John, born in England; and Katie, Lewis, Arthur and myself born in America.

A painting of my mother when she was about fourteen or fifteen, shows her to have been quite mature for so youthful a girl, and with every indication of good health, and that she had large, merry brown eyes, and auburn hair. Her expression is of good cheer and happiness, with a willingness to share it with everyone.

A later painting by Wingfield, a Royal Academician, and celebrated in his day, shows that she had passed from childhood to womanhood, and with enhanced charm. This portrait also reveals a delicacy of attitude and bearing befitting a youthful matron. The first portrait conveys an expression of robust youth, and the second an impression of refinement, and dignity without loss of simplicity.

My father's parents appear not to have figured much in my mother's adult life, and of these parents, I have not much knowledge be-

yond what I have included previously. On the other hand, my mother's father, John Edwards, was very closely identified with my father's career from the time my parents married to the time when death separated both my grandfather and my father.

MY ANCESTORS ON MY MOTHER'S SIDE

So far as my knowledge goes, all my mother's ancestors were of English descent, with the exception of a nobleman of the Hanover Dynasty, which reigned from George the First to Victoria, and whose name I can no longer recall. In my youth I was told that this man though of high rank was a prodigal and an idler, but I cannot recall nor find any record of his name or title. All that I can recall here will pertain to my grandmother and grandfather and their descendants on my mother's side.

My grandmother's maiden name I believe was Ann Colwell, and she was born in England in 1818, and she died in Yonkers, N.Y. in March 1888. Her ancestors I believe dwelt principally in Cornwall and Wales, and they were fairly well to do. Before her marriage though, my grandmother conducted a business of her own, namely the manufacture of hand made lace, employing ordinarily 8 to 10 women, and in this enterprise she was quite successful; though such enterprises, I believe, were unusual for women at that time. Ann married John Edwards, a citizen of London, and believed to be of Welsh descent, and born in 1801, and who lived to a little prior to May 27, 1873. The date of the marriage of these grandparents is not available.

Grandfather Edwards was a physician, and in addition he was interested in other branches of science, and he had an extraordinary variety of hobbies etc., as will be set forth later.

The marriage of John Edwards and my grandmother Ann, resulted first in the birth of my mother, Annie Elizabeth (Firmin), in March 1827 or 1828; second (probably) Lewis Edwards, (date uncertain); third (probably) John Edwards (data elsewhere); fourth (probably) Harriet, data elsewhere; fifth (probably) Kate; special story of major dramatic interest elsewhere.

My grandmother Edwards was an exceptional woman, and I hold her in high esteem, for her good council aided me throughout my youth. She was well versed in history and current events, and she did all that she could do to protect me from other members of the family who in my childhood tried to utilize me for their own selfish purposes regardless of my interests. As she lay on her death bed, just a few days before her death, she gave me advice from which I have benefitted throughout my life.

As to Annie Elizabeth Edwards, whose birth as noted above occurred in March 1827 or 1828; her place of birth was known as Marylebone, London, and in that city she married John Firmin, October 12, 1845, and later gave birth to all my brothers and sisters and to myself. My mother was most industrious throughout her life. From the birth of her first child to the end of her life, her ambition was to maintain a home, be it ever so simple, which would ever be a retreat for her offspring as well

as an assembly place, and under all circumstances and conditions, she braved poverty, sickness, distress for many years, and until her death, which occurred in March 1895. My mother died while residing at 403 Sixth Avenue (Old numbers - the numbering of the houses has changed several times. Also the avenue name is now "Avenue of the Americas"). Those present at my mother's death were sister Katie, brother John, sister Annie and her husband John Jack, my wife Mary and myself. The presence of my brother John, whose home was in San Francisco, was due to his attending a nearby convention of an organization he was connected with.

Grandfather Edwards was a physician by profession, and he was well read and up to date in the science of his days, of wide experience and adept in a wide variety of both vocations and avocations. In evidence of his versatility, I recall that he was an amateur cabinet maker. (Often in my youth I studied the skill he showed in his pastime creations). In evidence of his artistry, I recall that when he was quite young he visited a cousin named Carroll, who owned a prosperous English farm, and who by the way was related to Charles Carroll of Carrollton, and while there he used a pig sty door as an easel, and with youthful humor he painted on this door in beautiful script, and a glorious frame in scroll, a legend which read "Charles Carroll's Pig Sty Door. John Edward's Easel Pro Tem Pore." This was so highly regarded by the Carrolls that they cut the panel of the door out, and eventually it was brought to this country. But before proceeding further in respect to this, it will be of interest to you to know that the Charles Carroll mentioned was related to "Charles Carroll of Carrollton" and who so signed the Declaration of Independence, and who was one of the wealthiest of our patriots, as well as one of the most prominent. Well, in the course of time the panel was placed on exhibition in one of the annual fairs of the American Institute, here in New York, following the arrival of our forebears. This institute was world famous. Its annual fairs were visited by thousands. To visit a fair of this organization in my youth was an event to be looked forward to with the utmost expectancy. Grandfather Edwards exhibited the panel at one of the fairs, and it won a first prize. The panel was preserved by my Uncle John Edwards until his death, but what subsequently became of it I do not know. Grandfather Edwards and uncle John Edwards were, I believe the first men to introduce gold leaf lettering to this country. This lettering was admired so much that it brought them considerable earnings, and for quite a while they kept their method secret, but after a while they put their methods on sale to those who applied to them from outside New York, but only upon the applicants making affidavits that they would confine their sales to their home towns. This worked for a few years, but eventually their secrets leaked out, and their monopoly terminated.

In 1853 the great Crystal Palace World's Fair was opened in New York, and it was regarded as the greatest exhibition in America and it covered 172,000 square feet. Grandfather Edwards in 1856 and 1857

exhibited there an illuminated "Lord's Prayer" with a design that included a large variety of lettering and here he won a first prize, which in this case was a silver medal. During the Civil War uncle John Edwards, the eldest son of grandfather Edwards, painted innumerable flags and banners as presentation pieces, such as were presented by societies and organizations to regiments about to depart for their assignments at the front. Many of these were very elaborate and they were made of the finest materials at high cost. In this profitable field my grandfather frequently aided in a pinch, and my Uncle John told me that he was most dexterous. Such flags and banners were also made for religious organizations, and particularly for catholic churches and other religious organizations which held annual parades, such as the world famous St. Patrick's Day Parade. I recall another evidence of my grandfather's versatility. It was an inlaid side board, with a yellow background and a marvelous wealth of intricate figures of a darker wood. It was so large that as a child I hid in it once, while I broke up and ate an exceptionally big candy basket which had been given me. I hid because I feared if any one saw me eating my basket I might have to share it. This marvelous piece of artistry was the pride of my grandmother to the time of her death, and to those who subsequently inherited it.

Press clippings show that grandfather Edwards also delivered lectures on scientific subjects, volcanic eruptions, etc., and a memorandum left by sister Annie show that many others were destroyed in a fire, but to what fire she refers I have no knowledge. It may have been the Virginia City fire, in which Annie lost practically everything that she owned, or in a fire of which I have heard in which my grandfather lost his office equipment and much else, and that happened here in Manhattan.

In a memorandum book of sister Annie, she mentions that grandfather Edwards long displayed a picture of an English woman named Eliza Cook, who was a famous advocate of woman suffrage; and another of Mrs. Ernestine L. Rose, who was likewise a pioneer advocate of the same worthy cause, and who was also a frequent guest in my grandparents home. From this I surmise that both my grandparents on my mother's side were sympathetic with the suffrage movement. This is particularly pleasing, because both my wife Mary and I have long been strong for women suffrage, and advocated it from our youthful days to the time of its adoption.

THE CHARTIST MOVEMENT AND THE CONNECTION THEREWITH OF OUR ANCESTORS

Approximately a century ago and a little over, there arose in England an agitation for much needed and radical reforms, and this demand came to be known as the "Chartist Movement". This movement was opposed by the aristocrats and other conservative elements then in power, yet it continued to grow in strength until about 1848, when it reached its zenith in importance. The struggle between the radical chartists and their opponents was very bitter, yet the demands of the chartists were no more than a free people were entitled to. The demands chiefly concerned annual sessions of the parliaments; universal suffrage; voting by ballot; the abolition of property qualifications for members of the House of Commons; salaries for those elected and a reorganization of election districts to achieve an equalization of representation. Those whose unjustified privileges and class usurpations were threatened by the proposed reforms, apprehensive that they were losing in the arguments that were going on not only on political platforms but in print, pressed the government to exercise severe repressive measures. John Edwards devoted all that he had in the way of energy, ability and public spirit to the furtherance of the rights of his fellow citizens. Attacks and recriminations grew ever frequent and more bitter. There was disorder. There were clashes. And eventually rioting. Neither my grandfather nor my father participated in the acts of violence. But they were both most earnest in their appeals, and my grandfather suffered the venom of his very powerful opponents, by reason of his written propaganda and addresses. Eventually officers of the Crown were sent to arrest him, but fortunately friends of his learned of this in time to warn him, and to aid his escape. My parents were living at this time in a little brick house located in a small court called "Wine Office Court", and just off Fleet Street, so well known all over the world. Just at hand was also the historical inn called "Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese". This inn was a celebrated rendezvous as far back as Shakespeare's time. It was the favored resort of such celebrated patrons as Voltaire, Lord Bolingbroke, Pope, Oliver Goldsmith, "Rare Ben Jonson", Samuel Johnson, Joshua Reynolds, Thackeray and Dickens. In fact it had been the rendezvous for celebrities in England for centuries. Prior to the utilization of the site as an inn, it had been utilized by the White Friars, and the Friars had spacious vaults for the storage of wines, etc., and even a long secret tunnel all the way to the Thames River, and connected too with a subsurface well. It was in this subterranean retreat that grandfather Edwards took refuge, until such time as my father and his other relatives could arrange to smuggle him aboard a ship to carry him to the United States.

At this juncture in the affairs of my ancestors I reflect how often it happens in the affairs of nations that the pioneers in reforms, those who have discerned the truth, and have had the temerity to spread it, and

have been ridiculed, opposed, denounced, suppressed, silenced or exiled, have nevertheless eventually been vindicated by the acceptance of their inspirations by mankind. So it was with my forebears. As Plutarch, the father of history said "History repeats itself".

The voyage of grandfather Edwards and his son Lewis, following his escape, or their escape, proved to be a most eventful and romantic one. The ship bearing the two fugitives, encountered a series of severe storms, which drove it from its course, and eventually one storm was so great that it wrecked the masts, almost destroyed the rudder, and in the general damage killed all the officers including the Captain. It developed that none of the crew who were fortunate enough to survive had the requisite knowledge to navigate the ship, however competent they were otherwise, and for a time they were all in a most serious predicament. This they made known to the passengers. It happened that my grandfather like very many Englishmen, had been very fond of yachting, and that in this sport, he had acquired at least elementary knowledge of navigation, though he had not had much opportunity to utilize it on extensive trips, or "on his own" only. In the absence of any more competent person, however, in the emergency, he was selected as the navigator, to pilot the ship to the nearest available harbor. The crew rigged jury masts, and repaired the rudder as far as practicable, and all hands, sailors, and passengers mingling, proceeded as well as they could. In addition to the troubles enumerated, it developed that there was a shortage of both food and water, but they proceeded as best they could, my grandfather as navigator, until eventually they reached Bermuda, and from there in the course of time my grandfather eventually reached the United States.

Apropos to all this narrative, Mary and I had an amusing experience. In our first visit to London in 1900, I hunted up Wine Office Court, and guided by the information given by my mother years before, I soon identified the cozy, neat little brick building in which my parents had lived, and it was apparent that there had been but few changes notwithstanding the many years which had elapsed, since their occupancy. But on our last visit to London Mary and I were in the vicinity of St. James Palace, and I was looking around trying to identify something I was interested in but could not discern, when a stranger, poorly dressed, but with intelligent features, and a breath which disclosed he had recently indulged in some intoxicant, stepped up to us and said "I see you are a long way from home, Can I help you"? Since his question disclosed that notwithstanding his indulgence he had discernment, and that he was moved by good intentions, I did not hesitate to respond affably. Conversation followed, and it very shortly developed that he had a remarkable knowledge of all the places of interest around and about us. It transpired that he had been a Cook tourist guide of very long experience and training, but that he had lost his job because of a fracture in the Cook rules. I happened to mention that we were going to see Wine Office Court the next day, when he immediately said "why not right away, and take me along, and I will show you too the Cheshire Cheese, and the great vaults under it". We agreed at once, summoned a taxi and off we

sped. When we reached our destination we found my parent's former little dwelling had been torn down, with several others, and that a big business building had taken their place. But the Cheshire Cheese had not been altered in the least. We invited our guest guide to dine with us, but he demurred. It was not "good English" for the guests and the guide to dine together. So we dined in the main room, while he dined elsewhere, but close at hand, and the waiter brought us his check. In the Cheshire Cheese there are massive old tables which bear brass plates upon which are engraved the names of some of the most famous of the inn's old time patrons, and placed just where they formerly sat. Dishes served nowadays are prepared just as they were prepared many generations ago, and they are as famous now as they were then. We no sooner ended our meal than our guide and mentor rejoined us. I had rather feared that out of sight our chap might prefer liquor to food, but this was not the case, and he was in excellent trim. Every one seemed to know him, and he made good as to his promise that he would conduct us to the vaults, etc. Thus it came about that approximately 85 years after my grandfather taking refuge in those vaults and eluding his pursuers, Mary and I had the pleasure of standing there and proud that what he strove for had been accomplished.

THE DEPARTURE OF THE GERMANIA
BEARING THE MEMBERS OF THE EDWARDS AND FIRMIN FAMILIES
TO JOIN GRANDFATHER EDWARDS & LEWIS EDWARDS
IN NEW YORK
AND WHAT OCCURRED FOLLOWING THIS

Prior to the escape of grandfather Edwards as elsewhere set forth, it was arranged that the rest of the family left behind should follow as soon as possible, and accordingly those left arranged to sail on a ship called "Germania". Those concerned loved their native land notwithstanding its deficiencies, and it was painful to them to sever the ties that bound them to their friends. In a note written by my brother John, he mentions as among the friends from whom they parted several of exceptional distinction, including Heinrich Heine, the celebrated poet and author, who I surmise must have been visiting in England following a sickness he had experienced; Robert Owen, the celebrated social reformer, and who I know was particularly esteemed by my mother; and George J. Holyoke, the last man in England to be imprisoned for atheism. When I was a young man I remember Holyoke visited the United State, and that my mother went to see him while he was in New York, and that she told me they had a very enjoyable time reminising about their early days in London. Holyoke created a sensation in England on the occasion when he undertook to ascertain what had become of a young fellow who in a public gathering had risen and denounced Queen Victoria as the murderer of her husband, and had thereafter been whisked away in consequence, but to what place of concealment was a mystery. Holyoke was a fearless man, and both loved and hated. Another friend father had known in England, was our most celebrated historian, viz George Bancroft, who from 1846 to 1849 was our Minister to England, and after whom I was named at least in part. The friendship of father and Bancroft in England was renewed in New York, when Bancroft returned to New York, to resume his work as an historian and for other reasons. Among those who said "Farewell" as our group leaving the dock reached the deck of the vessel, was Charlotte Cushman, one of America's most famous actresses, who was not only esteemed here, but in England as well. She sang for the occasion. Originally she intended to be an operatic star, but ultimately determined to be an actress instead. As the Germania moved off from the pier my father, who, brother John said had a fine baritone voice, sang with little sister Annie, "Farewell to Albion". As little Annie was but 3 years old at the time, she must have been a precocious child. I have a poem composed by a friend of the family and a letter from the poet's brother, who was likewise a friend, which were delivered to my aunt Kate at the time of departure, and which were brought here by her. These came into my possession through a strange chain of events almost a century after the ship sailed. So far as known the Germania's trip to New York was uneventful. All our kin arrived safely, and on a most auspicious occasion, namely, the FOURTH OF JULY 1849.

On arrival in this country my grandfather had resumed his pro-

fession, but in the case of my father though he had intended to establish a school, he found it was impracticable to do so, but he was resourceful, and having taught bookkeeping as part of his curriculum, in his school, he temporarily turned to that, and procured a position with Johnson Brothers, manufacturers and outfitters of gas appliances and equipments. But shortly he graduated from this job to an establishment of somewhat similar character of his own, and his inventive mind quickly built up a flourishing business. Even before he came to this country he had made some study of the utilization of gas for various purposes, though to what extent I do not know. In the story of my childhood I have told of the comforts which our family enjoyed as a result of my father's industry and ability for a considerable period, and also of the subsequent misfortune which crowded upon him, and of course those dependent upon him so it is not necessary that I now say more on the subject. On the other hand it is interesting to recall the political and social conditions which our family encountered in their new home land. It may seem strange that my parents, refugees from abroad, desiring to acquire here the peace and justice which they so sadly lacked in England, should so soon after arrival in this country, the "Land of Liberty", have become involved in a still more bitter struggle than that from which they had fled. But history discloses that in all ages the struggle for human liberty has been widespread, though varying in detail and intensity. Thus it came about that our forebears who shortly after their arrival became citizens, soon found themselves involved in fresh controversies. It will be recalled that they arrived in 1849, and that slavery had already become a hotly debated subject, and that the partition of the country was being considered in connection therewith. Naturally both grandfather Edwards and father Firmin, with the background of their experience with the Chartist movement in England, and their racial views, regarded slavery with horror, and they at once became abolitionists. Sensing the involvements of secession, they likewise stood strong for the maintenance of the union. In this connection it is interesting to note here in connection with what has been mentioned by me elsewhere, in respect to the vicissitudes of Aunt Kate and her husband Oscar Swayze, and all that they suffered in the South in connection with their loyalty to this country and to the abolition of slavery, that there were serious disturbances in New York which involved the rest of the family. But before dealing with that I call attention to the unique phase of secession in New York, which not infrequently is overlooked even by those well informed on the subject, and which shows the extent to which some agitators here went in respect to secession. The proposal of the agitators was for New York City to secede from the country as a municipality, and to assume the right to tax imports as though the City were a nation. As to this extraordinary conception, Fernando Wood, who was elected Mayor of New York City for three successive terms, and who was also elected by our citizenry to Congress, and served therein for 13 years, startled our community by saying in effect, that he considered that the secession of certain states would be inevitable, but that it would be well for New York City to secede

alike from the Nation and the State of New York, and to thus achieve a wholly independent status. Thus was secession proposed to be compounded. While decrying force for the accomplishment of this unique conception, he set forth the reasons which he considered justified it, thus blowing hot and cold at the same time. He represented that New York City if relieved of its contributions to both state and federal governments, and enabled to levy a tax on all imports arriving at this port for distribution throughout the country, could sustain its government without contribution by its citizens, unless it be a nominal tax. Further, that the citizens of New York would be enabled thus to secure their desired imports for home consumption free of tax, though those living elsewhere would continue to bear the burden. Simultaneously there was much disaffection in the city because of the interference of the war with the commercial and industrial activities of many of its business men and merchants. There was also much dissatisfaction with the Draft Law, which provided that those drawn by lot for enlistment could procure exemption by the payment of \$300, so that well to do men could get exemption, while those of minor incomes had to go to the front. In view of the status of affairs prevailing in New York and produced by these current issues, for about two years prior to the enactment of the Draft Law, it is not surprising that when in July 1863 the authorities were directed to enforce it throughout the city, disorder and violence followed. The Draft Boards were attacked; buildings were set on fire; the firemen who came to extinguish the flames were driven back; and, because the war was largely incident to the status of the negroes, the mobs turned against them with great animosity, and pursued and killed many of them. One historian says the negroes were hunted as though they were wild beasts. The Colored Orphan Asylum was burned, and there were atrocities in almost every part of the city. Approximately 1,000 people were killed or wounded, and this notwithstanding, the police were reinforced by the militia. Grandfather Edwards was known to be an abolitionist, and a group of harassed and threatened negroes sought his protection. He and his son John Edwards, my uncle, held off a besieging group of rioters. A few of the negroes had pistols, and others had or were furnished as far as practicable with hammers, axes, hatchets, knives and clubs to use in their defense. It happened that my grandfather had a small brass cannon, of the type then in use to start yacht races with, or to salute visiting yachts etc. This cannon was hastily planted in a strategic position. For the cannon my folks had powder, but no shot, so shot was substituted by bolts, scrap iron, etc. For a while the rioters were held off, and though stones were thrown and a few shots fired, none of the rioters came near enough to set the house on fire or to inflict serious injury. The situation though was growing more and more desperate when suddenly the police arrived in sufficient force to drive the riotous back. The little cannon was long preserved, and there was also a picture of it, and this picture I recall full well. It was regarded as the principal thing that held the rioters back. The negroes were grateful for the aid that was given them. My grandfather and uncle John were not the only members of the family who were threatened. Strangely enough both my

mother and father were threatened too, yet they were both in different parts of the city, and neither knew of the danger of the other. My parents lived at the time of the riots at 1163 and 1165 Broadway, and early on the day of the riots, some of the rioters began to gather in front of our house, under the impression that a draft board had met there and was going to meet there again. Many of the rioters were Irish, and mother had an Irish maid, a good talker and gifted with a high sense of humor, and she went to the front gate and talked to those who had assembled, and finally succeeded in convincing them that they were mistaken as to the identity of the house, and that the place they sought was diagonally opposite. The rioters then left and shortly gathered in a dense crowd in front of the place that they had designs on. Shortly they set fire to it, and the fire spread and burned down most of the block. It was then feared that the rioters would spread the fire further, and mother laid out sheets in every room in her house, and on these she piled everything that could be thrown out of the window and reach the ground unbroken, and the sheets she made into bundles, and quite close to the rear of the premises in which she had a garden, and this adjacent to gardens of other friendly neighbors. The firemen came to extinguish the fire across the street, but they were attacked by the frenzied mob, and as they spread their hose it was cut to pieces. Police arrived but they were not able to control the situation in time to prevent tremendous damage. In after years my mother pointed out to me a tree but a few blocks from where she had lived, upon which the mob had hung a negro.

My fathers' experience in connection with the rioting, was in another direction. He was a friend of Horace Greely, an historical figure for very many years, and at the time of which we are now considering he was the editor of the New York Tribune. Father had done considerable work for the Tribune, and at the time of the riot he was still engaged at it. When he reached the Tribune he found an immense crowd threatening to destroy it. Unable to enter the building in the usual way, he nevertheless reached the interior through some underground connection with another structure of which he had knowledge. The crowd kept growing in numbers and threatening to lynch Greely as well as to fire the building. My father had in mind the practicability of cutting off all gas connections in the event of the building being fired. Inside he found Greely's principal aides arguing with him, for Greely was insistent upon going to a window and addressing those who threatened him, while the others were telling him that he would be killed if he did so. My father being the last one to pass through the mob, added his protests to the others and Greely yielded. In the meantime the crowd grew ever more furious, but eventually sufficient forces arrived to subdue the violence of the rioters. Brother John in writing about our father mentioned that father contributed a device designed to make practicable the use of a "rotary press" and "stereotyping" machine that was to be adopted by the Tribune, and I think operated by gas. Father was ever working on various ways in which gas could be profitably utilized as power. Greely was the originator of the slogan "Go west young man", and father venerated him. He wanted to

name me "Abraham Lincoln Horace Greely Firmin", and I have often heard my mother tell of her difficulty in persuading him not to do so. Eventually they compromised on "Albert Bancroft Wilcox Firmin", but in the interest of efficiency and economy in the course of time I reduced this to Albert Firmin for business purposes, and my chums have cut even this to "Bert", much to my delight.

I am now about to shift my narrative to details pertaining to my own childhood. My own childhood is so interwoven with the details pertaining to my parents in the identical era, that it is the logical thing to do to avoid repetition. I have never undertaken to write my own biography in detail, though there are extant a multitude of condensations of it, and these will suffice for the present. The tale of my "Childhood", is just the link to the foregoing data pertaining to my ancestors. The last and the missing link.

MY CHILDHOOD

I was born April 9, 1868, at 327 Sixth Avenue, between 20th & 21st Street, New York, - 327 was the number of the house in which I was born, and at the time of my birth, but frequently since then the numbers on this Avenue have been changed but the location of the house, between 20th & 21st Street is correct.

The building in which I was born was torn down many years ago. Sixth Avenue is now known as The Avenue of the Americas.

(In 205 East 16th Street) It is strange, but it appears that in my very early childhood, even babyhood, I developed a repugnance to clothes, a sort of anti-clothesmania, and to a degree this still lingers with me, for the less I have on the more comfortable I feel. One summer day my mother gave me a bath, and having done so, she thought that an afternoon nap was in order for me, and she proceeded accordingly. When she became satisfied that she had actually gotten me to sleep beyond all doubt, and was not feigning, she left me to do some of her household duties. Nevertheless, I woke up, and it seems I thereupon developed a big idea of my own, for when mother returned she found me as naked as when I was born, and sitting on the floor with a box of strawberries between my legs, and eating the berries as fast as I could, and with obvious gusto. The absence of clothing was no surprise, for previously I had disposed of my infant garments "on my own". But mother was amazed by her pet having the strawberries, and the speed with which I was tucking them into my little tummy. She sought an explanation, but on my part there was both a lack of vocabulary and cooperation. At the very crisis in the drama, my father came in, whereupon my mother immediately surmised that he had been in just previously, and that he had brought the berries in with him, and with that lack of sense which all husbands are afflicted with, where babies are concerned, had given the berries to me. She was wroth, and she pitched into him as every orthodox mother would under like circumstances. He pleaded "Not guilty", with certain reverberations as to what sort of an imbecile she thought he was. Just at this point sister Annie floated in, and then mother turned upon her and taxed her with the gift of the berries, but Annie denied all knowledge of the matter just as father had. Again my mother was very sorely perplexed. A few days later my mother went shopping for food, and dropped into her grocery as usual, but when she made her selections and thereafter went to pay for what she had gotten, the grocer said "Oh, there is another item Mrs. Firmin, it is a box of strawberries". Then it flashed on my mother: "Who was it got the berries, was it my husband or my daughter?" "Neither" said the grocer, "It was your little baby boy". Then he told her in effect that I had come to the store by myself, stark naked, and after looking around a few minutes I inspected a crate of strawberries and after selecting a basket from it, started off with it all on my own.

There were several women in the store at the time who recognized me and as I trotted off with my plunder they followed me to see what would happen and to take care of me. The women told the grocer that I trotted back to home, and climbed the stoop, and that the door was part way open and that I slid in, and that thereupon they saw the door close. All this happened in a busy neighborhood, at the juncture of Third Avenue and 16th Street. I must have trotted along close to a block and a half each way. Many times I heard my mother tell this story, possibly in evidence of my infantile depravity. A few months after this escapade, sister Annie and a young fellow friend, were coming home, when they noticed a little group of people close to our home, and as they approached closer they asked a boy who had turned away, what he had been looking at, and what was the matter, and his reply was "A boy", and he trotted off. Then the young folks got closer to the group to see what kind of a boy it was to gather the crowd. To their amazement, I was the boy, and again in a state of nature. My sister gathered me up in her arms, and her chum gave her his coat, and together they brought me home. All my life I have had a passion for out door sports, principally walking, boating, swimming, canoeing and the like. These I have enjoyed with the least practicable clothes. For cards, bowling, billiards, indoor games I have never cared. In fact for these I have had repugnance. We were still living in the house where my nudist proclivities had gotten me into difficulties, but I had grown older, when another misadventure occurred. The house had a high stoop, which reached to the parlor floor. In the parlor there burned a very cheery fire in an open grate. I had come up from downstairs and was alone, when I noticed on the large ornamental fender in front of the fire and the grate, some pieces of hot coal which were still red with heat, and which had fallen from the grate, but rested on the fender which was designed to catch them. I spied a little broom, only a little over two feet long, which was used to brush back under the grate such ash as might ordinarily be cool enough to be thus disposed of, and I spied also a few fallen pieces of coal. I had been told never to touch the fire, but the juxtaposition of the coals and the broom over-came me, and I yielded to the desire of doing what I had seen my elders do. The coal proved to be much hotter and more elusive than I had apprehended, with the result that it set fire to my little broom. I realized what was occurring. The broom burst into flame, I knew I had been disobedient. I wanted to quench the fire. I tried to do so but failed. Then I rushed to a window with the thought that I would throw the broom into the street, but it was burning like a torch. Vainly I tried to open the window to thrust the broom out, but the window stuck, and instantly the curtains caught fire. The shades followed. Then in terror I rushed to the second window, and all that happened at the first window was repeated, except that I did get the window open a wee bit. A breeze came in, and the carpet began to smoulder. Just at this crisis I saw my brother Lewis coming up the stoop, and with a fresh fear of coming punishment, I rushed from the windows, intent upon hiding in the rear of the room. As I rushed past the door from the hall into the parlor I turned the key that happened to be in the door, thus locking my brother

out. Finally I crawled under a couch way in the back of the room. My brother's screams and the noise he made as he attempted to break in the door, brought all who were at home to come to his aid. Also passersby seeing the flames came to the rescue. A combined rush on the door I had locked broke it in. The men rushed to extinguish the fire, which had spread to the woodwork, and this they succeeded in doing, and before the arrival of the firemen. My Mother and my sisters rushed in to find me, but fearing that I might have been badly burned or killed. I was pulled out from under my hideaway, neither dead nor even scorched but scared beyond measure. My mother wept. She was hysterical with joy to find me unhurt and unscathed.

By the time the fire was quenched, the smoke blown out, and order restored, it had grown quite dark, and my father had come home. My parents took me back to the room in which everything had happened. It was now quiet and the fire in the grate burned with its usual merry, cheery glow. Sitting in front of the fire, tactfully, patiently and sympathetically, they endeavored to get from me all the circumstances that had led to the blaze and my subsequent conduct. There were no threats, scoldings nor corporal punishment, but they explained in a way even my infantile mind grasped, why my mother had wept, and why she kissed me, and hugged me, even though she knew I had been a very disobedient little boy. They told me too how little transgressions grow into big ones, and all in a matchless way I have never forgotten, even though there have been times when I have disregarded their excellent advice. Such is the frailty of human nature. Every detail of what happened, young as I was, was indelibly impressed on my memory. In all my childhood I have no recollection of ever being spanked, whipped, or otherwise corporally punished by my father or mother. I was deprived of indulgences, liberty of movement, prohibited from going out etc. only.

As soon as I began to talk, my sister Katie who was an elocutionist and an actress, began to teach me how to recite little pieces of poetry as soon as I began to talk. Thus it came about that when the Sunday School in which my aunt Harriet taught, was preparing to give an entertainment, a feature of which was competition in recitals among a group of very young children, request was made of my aunt by some friends who had happened to hear me, that I participate. The night that I was to make my debut in the church, my grandmother took me upon her knees and told me that the little boy or girl fortunate enough to win, would be given the first choice of all the prizes, and she explained with much patience all about it. Then she said a friend of hers had contributed a very nice book to the list of prizes, and she tried to inspire me to do my very best, and she urged that if I should prove to be so fortunate as to win the privilege of first selection in the case of the prizes, to be very certain to select the book described. She explained that even though I could not read all the book myself, that she and other members of the family would be glad to read it for me. In this connection I should explain that when I was very young indeed, my father taught

me the alphabet, and how to read the little books which were given to little ones, such as "See the cat and the dog", with a picture of each along side. By some freak of good luck I won in the competition, and was awarded the right to make the first selection from among the prizes we were competing for, and just as my grandmother desired. After a careful inspection, I made my choice. My aunt Hattie then took me home in high glee, and we were received in glory as my aunt rushed in and shouted "Mother, mother, he won, he won"! Both my grandparents congratulated me. Then my grandmother said "Bertie, show your prize to your grandfather", I hung back, squirmed, and wriggled, but finally stammered, "I ate it". "For heaven's sake child, how could you eat a book"? Then I had to confess that I had not selected the book, but "a big sugar candy horse". "The little boy who ate a horse" became a family reproach with variations that lasted for many years. In my middle teens when I earned a little money on an extra job, and I was interested in the classics, I bought several second hand books, viz "Seneca's Meditations", "Ovid's "Art of Love", and "Epictetus", I proudly showed them to my grandmother for approval. Approval was expressed for Seneca and Epictetus, but the "Art of Love", brought forth a sniff of caustic disapproval, which my grandmother not infrequently made when she disagreed, and she muttered "another sugar candy horse". I owe much to the good advice my grandmother gave me, even as she lay on her death bed, just a few days before her demise.

Shortly after the fire episode, my brother Arthur, approximately nine years older than I was, began to chide and to tease me, because I was still required to wear more or less infantile frills, kilts, little caps, and fancy stockings. All such things he referred to as "sissy stuff". I appealed to my sister Katie, who was a few years older than Arthur, for enlightenment as to what "sissy stuff" was, and what was the difference between boys clothing and "sissy stuff". Also "why do boys wear pants and girls skirts". Further, what was the difference anyway between boys and girls? As near as I could understand from her answers, all babies are born alike, but the good ones grow into girls and the bad ones grow into boys, and most of them into very bad boys at that, and that Arthur was probably the worst boy that ever happened. Also she gratuitously added that from the way I was misbehaving, it was likely I would be worse even than Arthur. But I got a little understanding from her about "sissy stuff", that it included frills, plaids, edging etc., etc. Also I got a conception that I should pattern after Arthur good or bad, and at least so far as clothes went. I had kilts, and I shut myself in an immense sideboard that belonged to my grandfather originally, and I cut the kilts up. I had plaid stockings so I proceeded to cut the plaids out when the stockings fell apart. I had a coat with a little frill round the neck, and I scissored the frill off, and so I proceeded to rid me of practically everything in my wardrobe that in my eyes, (or brother Arthur's eyes) might look sissified. The adventure was comprehensive in scope and successful in detail. My mother sometimes punished me by putting me in a room by myself, and by telling me how long I must stay there, which was usually

until she would return, but she would not lock the door for I was on my honor not to leave until given permission to do so and she instilled in me a fair understanding of what honor meant in such cases. Well by the way, part of my cutting in this case was done under a table on which a tablecloth hung over the edges, and though my father was within a few feet of the table, yet he was so absorbed by what he was reading, that he had no knowledge of what was going on. I have no recollection of either my mother or father ever whipping me, or of other corporal penalty.

In my description of the funeral of my grandfather, I mention my deep grief when his funeral occurred, and they removed his coffin and for the first time came to a realization of what death really meant. Upon his death his body was placed in a coffin in our parlor, and on my tip toes I could just peep in and see him. His beard was white, and all his pictures show that it was very well kept and became him and seemed to add to his dignity. But as I gazed at him at first, led to his coffin by my mother, I merely regarded him as asleep. I loved him much, and after a while when there were no others in the room, I picked some of the flowers from the floral pieces which were near the coffin, and placed them in his beard, and some others I put here and there in the casket. My father had given me a number of toy blocks, each bearing a letter or a number, and like "A for Ape", "C for Cat", etc., by which I was learning to spell and with good results. (There was an exception, A for ape had a picture of an ape on it, but to me it looked like the monkey my father had shown me in the park and the whole family could not convince me that ape did not spell monkey. Well I spaced these blocks all round the edge of my grandfather's coffin, as I thought decorating it. I realized that flowers had been brought in by many persons and from what was going on that it was in some way for love of him, and thus I added my mite from what I could gather by plucking from the floral pieces. My awakening to what death meant did not occur until the body was carried to the hearse.

Reverting to my father, he not only undertook to teach me by the blocks and simple papers, but by the newspapers etc. In this connection I recollect very well that he explained pictures in Harper's Weekly and other publications regardless of the style of type. My father made a companion of me even though I was but about 5 years old when he left for California. When he took me for a walk, it was like taking me for a lecture, invariably directing my attention to whatever there was of interest and simplifying what he said to make clear to my childish mind even complex things and occurrences. There were times though, not frequent, but now and then, when his mind became so absorbed in some of the problems he was burdened with in connection with his business and studies of the manufacture and utilization of gas, that all other matters were excluded. At such times, meals, dress, sleep and all distractions were excluded. As an example, he took me down one day to the establishment of H. B. Claflin & Co., which was at that time the largest of its kind in America. It was a very large and gloomy looking building, and the more forbidding by a great gloomy shed that extended from the building line to the curb,

for the protection from rain and snow of the vast quantities of dress goods etc., which were passing in and out. On arrival, father lifted me up to the top of a very large packing case, close to the house line and told me to remain there until his return. It happened the purpose of father's visit was to observe the operation of a gas installation he had just put in operation with experimental fixtures, apparatus, etc. Business became dominant. He completely forgot about me, and when near the end of the day, he left Claflin and started home, he left by a different door than the one he had entered and where he had left me. He went home completely oblivious of what had occurred while I was in his care. On arrival home the first thing occurred which awakened him, Mother asked "Where is Bert"? The lid was off the pot. He rushed back to Claflin & Co. as fast as he could. In the meantime Claflin began to close for the night. Everything was either dispatched by trucks, or brought indoors except the case in which I was perched. The night watchman had arrived and he, the boss day man, and a cop were in consultation as to what they should do about me. What a relief to all concerned when my father explained everything and we started back home. Throughout my infancy and until I was about four years old, my father maintained his family amid very comfortable surroundings, and in good neighborhoods. This is exclusive of my brother John, who had gone to California prior to my birth. But a calamity fell upon us. We entered a period of trial and tribulations. First there was a fire which destroyed a very valuable importation arranged by my father. It was reported that the ship bearing the importation would arrive on a certain day, and my father insured it accordingly, but favorable winds brought the ship in a day ahead of the date in the insurance policy and it happened that a fire occurred the night of the importation's arrival, or just prior to the coverage of the insurance. This ruined my father. He would in time though have likely recovered from this, had not his health failed. But he became very ill and the doctors recommended him to seek a milder climate and a long rest, whereupon he headed for San Francisco where his eldest son, John, was in business. Following his arrival in Frisco, he wrote me little letters in print, and to these I replied in the same way. I was not yet familiar enough with hand writing to read satisfactorily, though I could read simple things in capital letters. My father's sickness, his misfortunes, and his worries were too much for him and very shortly he died. His misfortunes, including the fire, were of course hard to bear, but a further calamity was the failure of the life insurance company in which my father had been insured in mother's favor. Annie was on the road I surmise, and likely spending as fast as earning. Katie may have earned a little, but I think her earnings were precarious. So it went. The whole country was in a panic, and I think that it was the worst we have ever had. Just prior to father's departure for San Francisco, my mother had rented a house at 124 East 22nd Street and she was the sole tenant in the beginning, but later she rented furnished rooms. Subsequently she got another house on East 31st Street but this also proved a failure. Thereupon mother had to seek refuge in a wretched poverty stricken tenement. Here we had a few rooms on the top floor, five flights up, with no baths and the only toilets four flights below, and which had to be shared by all

the tenants in the house. Originally each floor (two tenants) shared a toilet, but the tenants (and sometimes others from the street) broke the doors to the toilets, so that there got to be access to all the toilets by all the tenants. The women of the house ordinarily went to the toilets in couples only, to protect themselves from intrusion. Only persons who have had to endure such conditions can fully realize the horror of it. It was known as a "cold water tenement", but this meant but little for there were few tenements, that had any but cold water. Even the cold water had to be pumped to get water on the upper floors. For heat we were dependent upon wood by the bundle and coal by the pail, for there was nowhere to store coal in larger quantities. It was from this house that brother Lewis said farewell when he went to California to join John. My mother in her terrible predicament had to take in washing to survive, soliciting laundry as best she could. The washing was exhaustive labor, what with carrying coal, pumping water and carrying the clothes to the roof to dry and thereafter watching them to prevent their theft. Arthur had an old sleigh, and on this he would take the clothes to our patrons during the snow period and I would go along to try and keep the bundle on the sleigh from falling off. When we first moved to this place, my mother sensed the danger to me of falling off the roof, for commonly children gathered there, and we were but one flight removed. She proceeded to teach me the danger. Knowing that sooner or later I would be going to the edge, she first showed me how I could lie on my belly and look over, and then how to stand on the edge; the poise to take etc. We stood on the edge together in the course of instruction. Both she and father had told me often before that all men are made in two groups: "Props and Leaners". If mother saw one of her children leaning against a wall, or a table, she was likely to throw a pin cushion, or anything handy at the culprit and say something sarcastic that would bring the child to attention. She trained me in self reliance. If I went out, it should be to a destination or for a reason. When but 8 years old I went to Philadelphia alone. A few years older I went to New London alone and from New London I came home alone. One day I rushed to my mother and told her a woman was removing clothes from our line. Mother rushed up and there was a terrible struggle but my mother was triumphant. I was mischievous and one day I went to the edge of the roof and looked over, prone on my stomach for the sake of safety. There was a saloon on the street level, and in front of this there was a circle of fellows who it appeared likely had just come out, and were saying farewell to each other before dispersing. Immediately it occurred to me how nice it would be to drop something right into the center of the group to startle but not hurt them. A broom lay close at hand. I got it, I poised it and I let it go. Thank God it was a good aim, it hit right in the center of the group but hurt nobody, but it did startle them as they had never been startled before. I was so interested in watching them that I did not draw back quick enough to escape recognition. I saw them rush round to the house entrance and I bolted for safety to my mother. I was hardly by her side when several of the chaps who had recognized me banged loudly on the door. They suggested every kind of punishment short of hanging, and mother promised that what she would do would prevent any further similar

misdemeanor. Well, I never did do it again. And it did not involve a whipping. Another incident involving marksmanship occurred and this involved my father. He took me to my grandmother in Morrisania. Next door there was an outside toilet a little way from the house, but on the extreme end of the lot. I aimed a stone at the toilet, intending no harm but it broke a window. Shortly after the owner of the place came around and told my father what I had done and gave him the particulars. My father was very much surprised and explained that at my age it seemed to him very unlikely that I could throw a stone so far. But, he said he would call me and question me. He got me and told me to stand where the complainant had said I stood when the stone was thrown and then he told me "Here is a stone, let me see if you can throw it as far as that toilet", or words to that effect. I promptly threw the stone and again the stone entered the window and from the house there came a scream and the wife of the complainant came rushing out holding her hands to her head, for the stone had struck her head as she sat on the toilet! Then my father had to pay for the broken glass and also for the damaged head. It was from the tenement I have mentioned that I first went to school. Aside from irregular attendance I got along fairly well, but with one strange exception. Prior to my father's departure I had been able to read simple books such as are usual for beginners. But something happened to me at school and my reading was abominable, with just one hesitant word following another that had been likewise equally hesitant and two teachers had done their utmost to help me but with no success. My second teacher was much concerned about this. Then one day she called upon me to read again and it happened that I began on the first paragraph of the first verse, when to the teacher's amazement I read the whole page off in fine style. The teacher went to my former teacher and called her in and then she asked me to go on reading, and this I did without a flaw. What happened to me, and the why and wherefore neither the teachers nor I have ever found out. My mind runs back also to that part of my very early childhood wherein I witnessed my sister Katie while she was an actress. Katie came walking down the stage beautifully bedecked and I called aloud "Mama, Mama, look at sister Katie coming out of a valentine". I think I was less than four years old. About this age too, I saw her dressed as a Spanish or Italian Prince, and I again went into ecstasy and called to her "How did you get to be a boy"? "Do you like it"? And then my mother put her hand over my mouth. Later on when I was about nine or ten years old, I think Katie spent a whole season in a theater located near Astor Place, on Broadway and here I too participated when opportunity offered. Part of my time I sold photographs of the actors and actresses in emergencies acted as usher, or "call boy", or distributed programs. Best of all to my liking, I filled minor parts, as a darky in Uncle Tom's Cabin; as a street gamin in a play where a cop pulled me across the stage by my hair. Two other plays were "Dick Swift" and "Trodden Down". I recall too the son of the veteran actor Harry Watkins, who was but a little older than I, was and who subsequently died while still in his early teens. Otis Skinner published a book about Watkins which had a large circulation. Watkins daughter under the stage name of Amy Lee was another of my friends and she eventually became famous. Later on I got an occasional job in some of the theatres further up town not as an actor but for minor and casual jobs as a substitute.

There was another incident in my childhood, when I think I was about nine or ten years old and in which my brother Arthur figured. Arthur had a religious tendency, with his affiliations shifting from time to time according to the tendencies I think of his girl friends and he took me with him when a church with which he was affiliated went upon an excursion by boat. Such excursions were very frequent when I was a child. The children on the boat had been playing with bean bags quite a while when one of the bags ripped and the beans scattered about. Some of the youngsters including myself began to flick the beans about and at each other. I hit a chap with a bean and he immediately resented it in a savage way, which resulted very quickly into a fist fight, when a friend of my opponent came to his assistance, whereupon one of my associates came to aid me and thus the trouble spread until the whole steamer became an arena. But eventually the minister and his associate deacons restored order and thereupon started an investigation. The result of which was disclosed the following Sunday when I was called to the platform of the Sunday school and told to sit on the edge of it while the minister and the chief aides proceeded to denounce me most bitterly as the incipient. I never returned to the church. Nor did I ever go on another Sunday school excursion. But I had one consolation and that was nearly all the young folks resented my punishment and expressed their sympathy.

Our neighborhood was a tough one. One Christmas day I had been given a little toy watch that cost I surmise about ten cents, but it was my only present and I prized it. I wore it out and was proud to display it, but a couple of kids attacked me and there was a struggle, close to the iron fence of a bank, the top of which bore a row of little iron pyramids and my head was banged into one of these and made a dent that brought blood trickling down my forehead. For many years I bore the scar that followed. I hung on to my toy watch, but it was hard to identify it as an imitation watch. It was no more than a crumpled piece of tin but it taught me never to flash jewelry whether valuable or otherwise. Long we were very hard pressed, but eventually mother got enough money scraped together to rent a small basement store on 11th Street near Broadway in which she opened a "Home Laundry", and in this she installed Katie, hoping to secure more business, but it was scarcely opened before Katie contracted typhoid fever, at that time very prevalent and then I contracted the same disease from her. Eventually we both recovered but it was a very narrow escape for both of us. Of course that put an end to the "Home Laundry". For a time we lived almost wholly on Indian meal. When eaten only occasionally, this meal is tolerable but as a steady diet it is abominable. Yet we pulled through. But throughout all this heart breaking period, mother had been learning all that she could about dressmaking, aspiring to abandon washing clothes and to resort to making them. Then Katie got an engagement and matters began to brighten. Arthur also got a job. Mother then rented an apartment on Sixth Avenue which at the time was a very busy thoroughfare. Macy had a big store at 14th Street, Altman had one at 19th Street. H. O'Neil, Simpson, Crawford and Simpson and many other firms were scattered from 14th Street to 23rd Street. In our new apartment we had an entire

floor with a private toilet. It was a paradise compared to our old place. Mother had a showcase at the front door and in this she displayed on a dummy figure a beautifully made tailored waist, one side showing the outer finish and the other side the inner finish; an exhibit that was wholly novel at the time and not elsewhere duplicated. The exhibit brought customers. By this time I had advanced some at school and mostly attended the school at 30th Street, just west of 6th Avenue. But I also helped Mother all I could and in many ways such as running errands, shopping, kneeling on the floor and turning the wheel of the sewing machine when she had long straight seams to sew, etc. Mother was a marvel of industry with exceptional strength and endurance. I was able to earn a little outside by delivering orders for butchers and grocers, carrying messages for nearby harlots, of whom there were many in the neighborhood and who when they wanted to send a message or get something from a store would call any nearby boy they knew to do whatever was required and they were generally liberal in their payments. Of course there were no telephones in those distant days. In this neighborhood at the time I am writing now, there was no effort on the part of the prostitutes to entice boys into their establishments to seduce or to rob them, though later on and elsewhere, such crimes were common. Notwithstanding the odd jobs I got, there was still time for boyish tricks and escapades and there are always temptations in such a city as New York and in the neighborhoods such as I am writing about. For instance I was a member of a "gang", and we had ideals in this gang, that is, as to the quality of boys we would admit. Newcomers had "to show what they had." We would be required to ring a doorbell, and to tell whoever answered the ring. "I want to see", and then he would have to give his own name, and insist, protests notwithstanding, that he was sure a boy of that name lived there. Many boys would get scared or would burst out laughing. In such cases they were not admitted. If their demeanor was regarded as O.K., they became members. It all sounds easy enough but experience showed to the contrary. There was another test. The applicant would be taken to a basement store, and put a "tip tap" on the window and when the storekeeper came out the kid would vanish. Then he would throw pebbles lightly at the window, when again the kid would vanish when he detected movement within. Finally the kid would be given a big demijohn of the type with cane outside the glass, and in our case with the glass broken. This, the kid would be told to throw down in front of the tenant's window but in a way to do no damage but make a great noise as of a broken window and then to run as fast as he could. The scheme was to get the tenant to rush out and pursue the fugitive in the belief his window had been smashed. If the boy eluded his pursuer so much to the good, but if he got caught, he would try to persuade the pursuer to take him back to the store to show him no damage had been done. This program worked all right several times but then a calamity occurred. Our novice got flustered and instead of throwing the demijohn into the area and on the pavement without damage to anything, he threw it through the window and damaged much. Such are the calamities that befall aspiring youths! On Broadway, our principal thoroughfare, and near 28th Street, there was a large hotel known as "The Coleman

House", and it had a very pretentious entrance, in front of which there was a life size statue of a lioness. The Lady Lion had her mouth, which had a lot of fierce looking teeth, wide open as open could be. She fascinated me and I long had an intense desire to see her come to life and see what she would do. I also thought that the sculptor was negligent in not depicting prey within her lusty jaws. For what were mighty jaws made? I felt challenged to do something about it. Then one day I came across a dead cat and close by some pieces of wire, and it was very, very dead. An inspiration seized me. Here was an opportunity to make good all that was deficient in the statue. I borrowed a pair of pliers from a friendly tin-smith and I put the wire around each end of Thomas and left ample margins to twist round the head of the lioness and keep the cat in place. I had once seen the unveiling of a statue, and I thought I would have one too, so I got a couple of sheets of old newspapers and wrapped up the cat as though in a flag, and on I went to the Coleman House and its splendors. The paper concealed the cat for just long enough to twist the wires tight and bind the puss into the waiting jaws of the statue, then I tore away the paper exposing the artistic conception to the world at large. I ran a little way off for a few minutes, until a crowd gathered round the freshly unveiled statue and joined in the merriment. Very shortly word of what had occurred got the hotel staff busy, the porters came rushing out to get the cat free, but they had a tough time of it for the pincers loaned me were large and powerful, and I had bound the wire very tight. Well, by the time all the ceremonies round the monument were terminated, it was time for me to go home. I was no sooner in the house than mother complained of a bad smell, and when it was traced to me, there was an uproar. What had I been playing with, a cat, and I surmised it must surely have been that cat. I was made to strip, to take a bath and to hang my clothes on the pulley line, and as far away from the house as possible. Even to this day I feel certain that though some details may have been omitted by me in the ceremonies about the statue, that the unveiling was the most oderiferous in the history of the world.

It has just occurred to me that in writing about my mania when a child for ridding me of my clothes and reducing me to a state of savagery, I omitted an interesting occurrence of this kind when I was not much more than a baby in arms. We had relatives in Spring Valley, N.Y., and when I was only a toddler, Katie took me to visit them for a day or two and one day she left me in a cot quite close to a window and in a short time later she heard a great commotion, and saw her uncle and nephews running up and down a little creek which a very short distance away, operated a mill utilized by them in the manufacture of files. It developed that I had gotten out of some of my little garments together with the tidies in my crib and thrown them out of the window. Some one near the mill saw little garments floating along and immediately surmised that I had fallen into the stream, and all hands were running up and down in the hope of rescue. The occurrence was frequently referred to in my early days.

Reverting now to the financial situation in my home, and it is

necessary to do this in order to understand my status as a child, for children are very largely affected by the financial standing of their parents, and by their environment socially. For several years my mother's business after we moved to Sixth Avenue prospered, but the families which lived above us moved away and the new tenants who replaced them proved to be prostitutes. The owner of the house knowing that he could get higher rents from prostitutes than respectable people raised our rent hoping that it would oblige mother to move, but she endeavored to get rid of the undesirable instead, but this effort proved to be a failure. The owner of the house, the undesirables and the police proved to be in league and the conduct of all was outrageous. Mother, was most courageous and persevering, but the political and financial influences of her opponents were too strong to be overcome. Her business began to fall off, her customers sensed the situation and began to fall away and she had to seek another apartment, and this she rented at 448 Sixth Avenue. Reverting to prostitution, the situation in New York at the time I am writing about was in my opinion worse than it ever had been previously or has ever been since. There was a close alliance between the politicians, the police and the evil prostitutes. The police farmed out blocks to street walkers and from them exacted toll in this and in other ways. Frequent fights occurred between those favored and the independents. Frays were numerous and often very desperate. A common weapon was a long stocking in the toe of which a stone was kept, of about the size of a big egg. This weapon was concealed by being hitched up under the skirt of a "polanaise", with a loop under a belt, but could be pulled free easily with a jerk, where upon it became a terrible weapon. Far worse than a club. The stocking being very flexible, would bend over a person's arm if one was raised in defense, whereupon the stone in the toe of the stocking would keep on descending and land on the defender's head. I could fill a book with what I have seen or otherwise learned in respect to this subject but will let the above suffice for the present. While at our old address we had fallen behind a month or so in our rent, incident to the loss of customers due to the influx of disreputables as just previously set forth. In fact our removal was coincidental with ejection. A friendly truckman transported our furniture on credit; friends of my brother Arthur influenced the representatives of the ejectors to go easy with the "dispossess", and they actually helped load our truck instead of scattering our furniture along the street, and though we were all very unhappy over our situation, we entered our new premises with hope and courage. Shortly my mother succeeded in getting enough together to liquidate her indebtedness, but it was a most distressing strain.

There was a period in my childhood wherein I became so delicate that my mother further became alarmed and she appealed to a couple of friends, Doctor and Mrs. S. R. Elliott, who had a beautiful mansion on Staten Island and a very lovely summer home at New London, Conn., (besides his office on Washington Square, Manhattan) to ascertain if they would not harbor me for a while and let me endeavor to compensate their hospitality by such service as I could give them. They were very exceptional people, and the doctor had gratuitously given me medical attention

previously and had been fine friends of my parents and grandparents. They accepted me at once. Mrs. Elliott went to New London shortly and I followed her. But suddenly she was obligated to hurriedly return to Manhattan and she left me in care of a man she had employed as a gardener and general helper. She left this man with a note he was to show to the butcher, grocer, baker and others that she would pay them on her return. Mrs. Elliott was hardly out of sight when this fellow disappeared and left me alone, and by the time she returned he had run up bills all over town and had, it developed, been drunk throughout the whole period. A kind caretaker of an adjoining property named Captain Edwards, supplied me with essentials that were lacking but these were few because fish, oysters, clams, lobsters, crabs, mussels and numerous vegetables were available. I had been adopted previously as a companion of this veteran Captain Edwards, the caretaker of a wealthy nearby property and he treated me as though I were his son.

While in New London, I became acquainted with Willie Winter, who became a guest of Dr. Elliott. Willie Winter at the time was New York's most famous dramatic critic, and further the author of numerous biographies including Shakespeare, and as an orator he dignified any audience he was called upon to address, and there were many. Two widely known women were among the guests of the Elliotts, namely Genevieve Stebbins and Miss Thompson. The first an actress and the second a teacher of elocution. Yet these and other distinguished personages were most democratic in their demeanors and they permitted me to sit at the table with them on a basis of equality, though I wore nothing but tiny patched pants and a little shirtwaist and if I asked a question it was answered. In compensation I was responsive to their every wish, carrying off plates that had served their purpose and bringing from the kitchen the different courses required. Up and down and back and forth. I was sent and went without instructions sometimes to distant parts of New London, sometimes helped by memoranda, and sometimes with verbal instructions, and I can remember no instance in which I did not succeed.

I am about to come to an end of my "Childhood" narrative, and in a way as a sort of addenda to it, there are some incidents that practically link my childhood with my boyhood and I add these herewith.

My schooling did not extend even so far as the completion of the elementary course. I never reached a class taught by a man teacher. The two upper classes of the primary schools in my time, were the only ones employing men teachers. I left school I think when I was about twelve years old, but even up to that age my attendance at school had been very irregular, for there were constant demands upon me to help by errands, jobs and assistance on numerous appeals of all kinds and which made attendance irregular where it should have been uninterrupted. My first salaried job was as an office boy in the office of George A. Halsey, a lawyer, at 48 Wall Street, Manhattan, and he paid me a princely salary of

\$1.50 per week. This lawyer's office was approximately three miles from my home, so that I had to walk approximately six miles a day or hook rides in order to bring my weekly wage to my mother intact, and this I did. To earn my meagre pay I had to keep the office clean, run errands and copy and file papers, etc. There were no typewriter machines in those distant days and so far as I can recollect no duplicating of hand written letters by carbons. Subsequently I got a better job in the office of a couple of lawyers. This proved to be the only sinecure I ever had. The lawyers were Andrew H. Sands and Henry De Peyster. Both were members of our aristocracy of those early days. Their office was at Pine Street, quite close to Halsey's office. Both partners were men of wealth and I surmise they only kept their office as a matter of pride, and in evidence of their profession, De Peyster travelled much, and I seldom saw him. My chief job was redirecting their mail for they were commonly at such places as Newport and Saratoga, or other high class fashionable resorts. Next to the handling of the mail came the winding of the clock daily. I found a Bible in the office and I read it for the first time and all the way through. Also I read some of their law books occasionally. When Sands found me reading a law book, he thought it a great joke and for a while he would ask me questions about it and what I read last. But my job did not last long. Mr. Sands met with a very severe accident. What became of De Peyster I have forgotten. This was the easiest job I ever had. This job paid \$3. per week. I still had to walk or hitch hike in order to bring my pay home intact. While I was still going to school, but in a period when the schools were not in session, Katie became a member of the theatrical company of Harry Watkins and his wife, and of whom Maude and Otis Skinner wrote a very interesting history several years ago. The Watkins had a theatre a little south of Astor Place on Broadway; and among the plays of their repertoire were Trodden Down, Under Two Flags, Dick Swift and Uncle Tom's Cabin. The Watkins had a daughter whose stage name was Amy Lee and she also subsequently appeared with Harrigan and Hart and who shortly became famous throughout the country. The Watkins also had a son named William Shakespeare Watkins, who was a few years older than I was and who became my chum and remained my chum until he died a few years later of appendicitis. Both young Watkins and I attended every performance we could and our duties were diverse and numerous. We sold pictures of the actors and actresses on a percentage basis. We served as ushers if the regular ushers failed to show up or there was need of extras. We filled in on the stage in a number of the productions, blacking up and dancing jigs for Uncle Tom's Cabin; acting as street gamins in other plays, and as general supernumeraries. Also we were employed as "call boys" and in helping shift scenes, etc. For all these things we got no salaries but "hand outs", and these varied according to the circumstances. This experience later became valuable to me for similar "fill-ins" or extras at other theatres, notably the Old Eagle Theatre, on upper Sixth Avenue and near home. My earnings were very small but I liked the jobs. When I was about thirteen, Uncle John got me a job in the Pomeroy Truss Company at 788 Broadway. I started at \$3.00 per week and I earned every cent that I got. It was tough



MYSELF, WHEN I WAS ABOUT 20 YEARS OLD.

going. The office of the Company was one flight up over a big store and the building extended 100 feet along Tenth Street with a frontage of 25 feet. In the establishment there were four stoves and inappropriately called "Self-Feeders", which meant that you could put enough coal in them to last several hours, or overnight but that was about the limit for warm days but on cold days they had frequently to be serviced every little while. They were the hungriest stoves I ever had to feed. For all four stoves I had to carry the coal, a scuttle in each hand from a cellar to the sidewalk one flight up, then 100 feet along the street to the front of the building, then 25 feet across the building, then up a very high flight of stairs and then distribute it to the four stoves, one of which was taller than I was, so I had to do this several times a day in the cold weather to feed the stoves sufficiently. In the large main room of the office the stove was higher than I was tall and to get the coal in at the top of the cylinder, I had to swing the scuttle back and forth and then make a spring for its proper landing. The secretary and part owner of the establishment was named Charles Dean and he sat at a window far removed from the stove and by his side he kept a thermometer, and the first thing that he did on arrival in the morning, was to ascertain what it registered. If it did not register in excess of 70, I was promptly called to task and no defense would be listened to. The other stoves were distributed in the work rooms and the fitting rooms, and in these also standards had to be maintained. To have the heat high enough Monday mornings, I had to come down and feed the hungry stoves on Sundays and with no extra pay. I swept carpets, mopped floors, cleaned windows and otherwise kept the establishment clean and in good order. Also I ran errands, attended to some clerical work and did all kinds of odds and ends. I was supposed to get off at 6 P.M., but if there were packages to be delivered, I would be given them upon leaving for the day and if they were delivered north of 59th Street, I was allowed five cents for carfare but if not north of 59th Street there was no allowance. In time I asked for a raise to \$4. and after a considerable struggle it was allowed me. A little later I had a scrap with one of the older employees, who persisted in ordering me to go time and time again on errands that I thought should be consolidated and the outcome of it was that I was dismissed. A little while after I was dismissed I was asked to come back again. The Company had hired a much older chap than I was and it paid much more than I had been paid but yet failed to meet the requirements. I declined to return and then the company hired two fellows. There was an aftermath to the situation. The man with whom I had the quarrel finally saw that he had been unreasonable with me, and we resumed our friendship and this lasted until he died many years after. And this man, when I aspired to get a job in the post office, helped me to do so. Also he ran for Congress and in addition to the many duties I had at the time of his campaign, I conducted his campaign. Though he was not elected he secured the largest percentage of his party vote that was received by any of his comrades. Reverting to my early job, my hours were ordinarily from 7 A.M. to 6 P.M., eleven hours, plus the time required to make delivery on my way home of any packages that might be given to me for delivery. Compare these figures with the labor statistics

of today. What a marvelous change - 40 hour week, vacation with pay, time and a half pay for overtime, cumulative sick leave, extended vacations for the long service men, etc., etc. My next job was secured by a Civil Service examination. I entered the Postal Service and therein I remained for 50 years, rising from junior clerk in the New York Post Office to eventually become Postmaster of Brooklyn. Fortunately I was a very strong and vigorous youth, abstained from liquor, and resorted to every form of exercise that I thought would aid in my physical development, and I studied hard to make up for my previous lack of schooling. I joined the largest Y.M.C.A. gymnasium in the city. In this gym I was soon enlisted by the management as an aid, and I did my best to enlist the interest of the paid staff in my progress. I divided my time between the educational and the physical benefits offered. Penmanship, bookkeeping, French, etc., mingling with gymnastics, fence vaulting, rope climbing, wrestling, fencing, single stick, etc. (Outside the gym,) I boxed a lot, and in the neighborhood I lived in, this was a prime necessity. But of all the sports I most enjoyed rowing, sailing, canoeing and swimming. I won many medals and still have a good percentage of them as souvenirs. I had two chums who were good pedestrians. We undertook to walk 50 miles in 12 hours. They were Jim Wilson and Abe Goldwater, and Jim and I were successful, but Abe said 40 miles satisfied him. Later on though Abe and I covered 120 miles in three days. When on vacation with my wife, we frequently joined others in long wagon trips, of 20 to 25 miles, but I usually trotted along on foot while the others resorted to the farm wagons. Autos were unknown in the early days. Between July 4, and Labor Day, for several years, every other Sunday, I rowed a 14 foot boat round Manhattan Island, and this before Spuyten Dyvil was developed as it is now, but remained as a difficult and dangerous body of water, such as prompted the name it bears. Legend has it that a Dutchman, swore he would swim across 'Spuyten Dyvil', meaning in spite of the Devil, and when he tried it the Devil rose up and got him. I have often cussed when navigating the creek, but refrained from any references to the historic chap whose name has clung to it. Reverting to my "strong stuff" along with what appears here, I plan to submit a few pictures of me when I was 70 years old, and yet still able to do stunts which many young chaps failed to do. Among my stunts I frequently lifted a 100 pound dumbbell with my right arm and a 90 pound one with my left arm high as I could stretch. Reverting to fence vaulting. Under the old rules competitors faced a wooden fence made of narrow planks in slots, one plank being inserted after another, the higher the competitors could leap. It was a difficult stunt that required skill and experience. The rules were exacting in minute details. I still have numerous medals won by me.

Among my most cherished letters of commendation I have received in the course of my life as a government employee, during my connection with the postal service, and coming alike from Presidents, Postmaster Generals, Assistant Postmaster Generals and other distinguished officials, including Senators and Congressmen, I received another

letter from a wholly different source, and involving an entirely different chain of circumstances, which has had a place in my esteem that has never been rivaled.

A movement was on foot to raise a million dollars for the benefit of the Presbyterian Hospital, and in this I enlisted, not for sectarian reasons, for I am a member of no creed, but I recognized the worthiness of the appeal. After the desired fund was raised I received a letter from Bishop Stires, Diocese of Long Island, and in it he said:-

"Dear Mr. Firmin:

Please permit me to say first of all you were one of the fine group of men who, not members of our church, were yet willing to help in the great enterprise in which we have recently been engaged, you will remain an outstanding figure. Your interest, your constant attention by day and night, your anxiety for victory and your joy in its attainment could not have been exceeded if you stood in my place and been charged with my personal responsibility. I am confident that I speak for the Diocese of Long Island as well as for myself when I tell you that the great personal service which you have rendered shall ever be held in grateful and affectionate memory."

Ernest M. Stires.

Reverend Parkes Cadman, was another clergyman of very high repute not alone in New York, Brooklyn and throughout our country but in Europe as well and on a number of occasions he invited me to occupy his pulpit and to address his congregation, and this upon the Sabbath as well as upon week day services. I regarded this as a high honor. Rev. Henri F. Gondret is another Brooklyn Minister who for very many years has been a close friend, has often shared his pulpit with me from time to time and I have been his special guest on Anniversary Day.

In Volume IV of Henry Isham Hazelton's book pertaining to the Borough of Brooklyn and Queens, there is a narrative that sets forth the creation of a Joint Commission of the Senate and the House of Representatives to investigate and improve the postal service. This Commission arranged with three successive Postmaster Generals, namely Work, New and Hays that Mr. Firmin be assigned to the work that was to be done. The Secretary of the Joint Commission was Mr. E.H. McDermott, who was obligated to keep the Commissioners informed of the progress of affairs as the investigations went on, and in writing about the subject he reported:

"Throughout the work of the Commission I have had the opportunity to study Mr. Firmin carefully, and I have never observed such an indefatigable worker, nor can I imagine anyone with greater enthusiasm for promoting the interests of the service. His zeal, his knowledge, his executive ability, his penetration, his ability to elucidate complex matters render him conspicuous even among the ablest, and his exceptional ability wins the admiration of all who come in contact with him."

MY WIFE - MARY E. McCOOL (Maiden Name)

The lives of my wife and of myself were so closely interwoven from early youth to old age that reference to her will be found in very many places throughout all my narratives about members of my family and such events, travels and adventures, as I have selected for inclusion in the "Chronicle" of which this is part.

Mary was the sweetheart of my youth,
MY WIFE FOR LIFE.
THE COMFORTER OF MY INCREASING YEARS.
WHO WAS MORE TO ME THAN LIFE ITSELF.
AND MEMORY OF WHOM WILL BE EVER
TREASURED BY ME.

In my youth I had a dear friend, an old gentleman, who advised me and guided me to a considerable extent, and who would say to me from time to time, "Albert, I know the girl you should marry", and he would urge me to meet her. But I repeatedly told him that I was working all day, and studying at night and that I had no time for any girl. Further that if I did have time for a girl I would do my own picking. But the old chap was ever persistent. He told me that I was as insistent as the girl was. That he had almost begged her to let him introduce me; but the girl had said she would "Do her own picking", and further that if she yielded to his insistent appeals and we failed to match, her friends if they heard the facts would say much that would embarrass her. We all three stood firm. But one night an organization I had once been a member of, held an entertainment and dance and I took an evening off to attend. On arrival I found the affair was called "An apron and necktie raffle". Every girl wore an apron and also came provided with a man's tie made of the same material and pattern. The girls put all the men's ties in a pillow case and the young chaps were directed to form in line and march past the pillow cover and upon reaching it to put a hand in and pull out a tie. With the tie in hand each lad searched for the girl who had the corresponding apron and upon finding her they became partners for the evening, and all were hilarious as young folks could be for the rest of the evening. Before my partner and I had danced but a few minutes, I asked what her name was and then to my amazement I found that she was the very girl my elderly advisor had picked for me! In fact the discovery was mutual. There followed a long courtship but we eventually married and our relatives and friends on both sides long joshed us as getting our mates in a lottery and in a raffle. When we went to Mary's priest about our marriage to be, told him the story, he was apparently both amused and elated and said we had evidently benefitted by the kindly benevolence of an Angel.

Mary was born in "Greenwich Village", that particular part of Manhattan loved by those born in it and the Mecca of eccentrics, authors, actors and actresses and artists. But her mother shortly following Mary's birth went south and Mary lived there during part of her childhood



MARY (MY WIFE), MYSELF, OUR SON, WILLIAM, MY WIFE'S SISTER SALLIE AND HER HUSBAND CORNELIUS SHEEHAN. ALSO A LITTLE DOG CALLED, "HYPO", WHO WITHOUT BEING SUMMONED INVARIABLY CAME TO BE INCLUDED IN EVERY PHOTO TAKEN BY HIS OWNER, THE PHOTOGRAPHER.

and until her mother returned to New York, and to a more northerly section of Manhattan than Greenwich Village. While Mary's mother was in the South, Mary's father was drowned. Her Mother succeeded in supporting her offspring though the task was most difficult and eventually returned to Manhattan supporting her children until they were able to get sufficient schooling to enable them to support themselves. It was a hard struggle for several years. Mary's mother was very kind, industrious and bright.

In the many years I knew her, I never heard her speak an angry word or do an unworthy thing. She was marvelous, and from the time of Mary's marriage, her mother was a member of our family; and Mary's sister Sallie was likewise beloved by both Mary and myself and all four of us lived under the same roof, though sometimes in separate apartments from the time of our marriage to the time we were separated by death, except of course when Mary and I were travelling or temporarily occupying rented summer homes.

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While still very young Mary was employed by the Royal Baking Powder Co., and very shortly she became an aide to the chemist who was a very clever and fine old fellow. Mary was shortly assigned to work of importance and she had to apply herself diligently and assiduously to meet the requirements. She was selected for her assignment because she was regarded as the most competent of the staff who were not graduate chemists. Often on calling on her I would find her studying. But not satisfied by chemistry alone, she took up stenography and as I was studying stenography at the same time, we commonly discussed our problems together. Thus we made good use of our courtship.

We married while I was still working for low wages in the Post Office and had to assist my mother at the time because of her ill health and scanty returns from her dressmaking. To make "both ends meet", I worked in the Post Office during the day and in a pharmacy at night. For a time it was my ambition to become a pharmacist and eventually I achieved this. Following our marriage, Mary helped in the pharmacy in which I had achieved part ownership. Through all of our experience in the pharmacy Mary's services were very strenuous and her application and labor were extraordinary. Approximately a third of Mary's life was spent in Manhattan and the other two thirds of her life in Brooklyn and in her many trips with me, mostly throughout the United States, Canada, England, France, Spain, Italy, Austria and Germany. Mary was very anxious to visit Ireland, but unfortunately she was too sick when on our way to Ireland to stop there and she always regretted that she could only look at Ireland from the deck of our ship as we discharged passengers there. We also saw some of Mexico while she accompanied me to Laredo, Texas, to which I had to go to make an investigation for our government, pertaining to the postal service. Mary very quickly made friendly connections with many women there and our departure for home was so far as she was concerned, in the nature of a demonstration. Her attitude in respect to the equality of women, had aroused those she had met. For very many years Mary was very

active in civic work and particularly for the extension of suffrage for women. In this movement she labored assiduously from approximately 1890 to 1930, in which latter years, suffrage was secured for women throughout our country. This was the greatest ambition of her life, so far as political matters were concerned. She was very active in planning and in participating in the numerous parades and demonstrations of the suffragists which aroused so much attention during the period of propaganda, and which were held in New York, Albany and Washington. Among those Mary labored with and who were so very prominent while the struggle was at its height were Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, Mrs. Harriet Stanton Blatch, Mary Garret Hay, Lilly Devereaux Blake, Susan B. Anthony, Rev. Anna Shaw and Mrs. James Lee Laidlaw. Following the attainment of suffrage for women, Mary became greatly interested in the League of Nations and its endeavor to promote universal peace, and the further promotion of women throughout the world to a status equal to that of men. Her disappointment was keen when her aspirations were shattered by the second world war. Mary was interested in the formation of the New York City Federation of Women's Clubs, of which she became the Treasurer shortly following its foundation. Among other organizations in which she retained membership for very many years and wherein she was very active, were the Long Island Federation of Executives, the Long Island Federation of Women's Clubs, The Priors and The Chiropeans.

Mary was brave and venturesome. We had some extraordinary experiences. But preliminary to narrating them it should be said that she could row well, handle a canoe with skill both by paddle and sail, operate a motor boat or "out board motor boat", but she was ever averse to swimming. We had numerous adventures with boats. Among these was an adventure with a young fellow who later in life became the husband of Mary's sister Sallie but who at the time was accompanied by a girl friend who Mary liked very much. We four were in a row boat in the Spuyten Dyvil Creek at that time connecting the Harlem River and the Hudson River. It was then a very turbulent rushing stream. To make the stream navigable for increasing traffic, a considerable force had been employed, but as it was Sunday, the men were at rest. When at work they drilled and blasted a great mass of solid rock which stood like a great wall on the northerly side. It towered above us as the great body of water went rushing on. Four of us were in a boat of mine known locally as a "Hell Gate Pilot Boat", for it was of a pattern then in use by the pilots of that dangerous body of water. As we approached, we saw ahead the great derrick on the big heavy barge on which the crew were resting because it was Sunday. The bulky deck of the barge was approximately 5 or 6 feet above the water. As we got closer we became aware of the great danger of our situation, and I quickly urged my chum to help turn our boat back, and we both pulled the boat around, but it was but partly turned when our oars encountered an under water chain which we could not see, whereupon our boat held by the unseen chain beneath us, capsized throwing us all into the turbulent water. Fortunately our two friends were able to reach up and grasp a suspended rope, but as our rowboat went over, it caught Mary by the neck and

it caught me with an oar between my legs, with the flat part - the blade - far extended from my body & fairly twisting me in half. As I partly freed myself I had to force Mary's head still further under water to release her and then with her half unconscious, make for the rope where the others hung. Reaching them, we all were suspended, but too far for the men to reach us. But there was one very tall and muscular fellow who threw himself on his belly at the edge of the scow while half a dozen others held his legs and then it became possible for me holding the overhead rope in one hand and one of the others in the free hand to pass them one at a time to safety. It was the toughest job of my life. Notwithstanding the very great danger, Mary was in throughout, and her full comprehension of it she maintained her equilibrium and was cheery with the crew of the boat. The crew turned a cabin over to the ladies, and thereafter they put their clothes through a wringer, likewise furnished by the crew and by that time the men fixed them a lunch which the girls ate, notwithstanding all that had occurred. For several months after, Mary would now and then wake up trembling from dreamy repetitions of what had occurred. As to myself, upon reaching the barge deck, and seeing the girls cared for so well, I went to the stern of the barge, looking down stream and saw what was still floating down stream (which was comparatively smooth water) moving slowly owing to its expansion after passing the barge etc., (and the rocky canyon).

Mary was muscular and she was courageous. In some of our many trips here and abroad, we occasionally came in contact with strange dogs. She was skillful in making friends with them, even when their attitude was antagonistic. She had the necessary faculty. In our many trips both at home and abroad we encountered roughs and persistent importunate beggars, but she was as skillful with them as with the dogs. She had the required faculty. In some of our trips we climbed mountains, traversed forests, penetrated areas of doubtful character but she did not hesitate to take a chance if I thought it practicable to do so. We explored numerous famous caves, such as the Carlsbad Caverns, and though she could not walk the full length of some of them, she always walked as far as any of the other ladies we chanced to meet. I have referred to Mary's support of woman suffrage and particularly in Washington and in New York City. Among the cities visited by her in connection with her advocacy of women suffrage besides these were Albany and Washington. The women she accompanied met with outrageous treatment in both these cities. Boisterous, contemptuous crowds assailed them. The women were not only derided and taunted but missiles were thrown at them. The conditions in Washington were the worst of all for a presidential inauguration was in progress and the streets were filled with drunken throngs, consisting largely of celebrants expectant of jobs I surmise, jealous of possible competitors and they did their utmost to annoy the women. Another memory comes to me of Mary's activity in another direction and this right here at home in Brooklyn. Several school teachers including a Principal of one, came to me for assistance

to remedy a terrible condition which prevailed in a nearby neighborhood in their surroundings, wherein there were vacant lots. They set forth that young fellows gathered therein as the girls attending the school crossed the lot for short cuts. At first the lads struck up an acquaintance with the girls and this established, they gave them candy, and the candy was followed by narcotic handouts and these gifts eventually resulted in sexual depravity. I investigated and got sufficient evidence to bring about action by the police. But Mary was not satisfied by this alone and she insisted further effort should be made to attract the attention of the young folks to legitimate amusement.

With this in mind we thereupon gathered a small group of friends to plan what could be done. I had previously been very active in procuring a high school for our vicinity and we naturally turned to that to see if we could not utilize it. An organization was formed, which of course included Mary and also her sister Sallie and Sallie's husband. Thereupon we secured the privilege of utilizing the High School and in presenting lectures, moving pictures (then in their infancy), civic classes, musical programs and dances and all at the smallest possible fees, and without compensation of any kind to any of us. Mary and her sister Sallie chaperoned and managed the dancing particulars and they maintained perfect order. Mothers and fathers came to look on and all were happy. We were very successful for a considerable period but eventually we struck a snag. Certain politicians of the neighborhood marking the success we attained, joined our group, a few at a time, and they seemed to cooperate loyally, but eventually an election came about, when without any suspicion on our part, that any conspiracy was existent, they brought scores of their political followers in to vote. They were victorious, but their victory was very, very brief. We left the organization and in a few weeks, much to the conspirators sorrow, they had to give it up. What they planned was suicidal.

It will interest our friends I think, when I tell you that one time Mary had a ride with the richest man this country has ever known; no lesser personage than John D. Rockefeller! It came about this way. We had been advised by our doctor to get a home for a time at least, for Willie where he could get plenty of sunshine to supplement prescriptions, etc. Some dear and long known friends of ours, the Goldwaters, had for several years leased a cottage on the Rockefeller's estate, famous the world over and within commuting distance of the city; but which it would not be practicable for them to occupy again for quite a while, but they explained the difficulties that could not be avoided in the transaction, in the way of getting an authorization from Rockefeller. We took the matter up, and after an investigation of our character, the consent was secured. We moved in. We had not been on the estate long when Mary and Sallie were strolling along one of the private roads of the estate, when along came Rockefeller and his chauffeur, and the chauffeur was told by his famous Boss to slow up and Rockie invited Mary to step in with her sister and addressed her by name and told his chauffeur where to go. Mary was amazed, but she got in and chatted with him. How he came to recognize her and to be aware of just where she was, we never

learned, except that I surmise he very carefully went over whatever papers were involved in the preliminary inquiry. I personally never got inside the fenced-in Estate more than 150 feet where under heavy guard there was an office for the watchmen, etc. The routine Rockefeller Estate maintained, at the time in the way of protection - we learned, and it is very interesting, I will explain it, so that if any of you who read this and get very, very rich, may have something to aid you. The reserved, private part of the estate was surrounded by an exceptionally high wire fence. (All laborers, gardeners and such were located elsewhere). At intervals along this fence there were reported to be little watchtowers, wherein watchmen were stationed each night. Then close to the mansion it was said, was another ring of watchmen and inside the mansion, it was said, there was a body guard and a captain who supervised everything. Nightly, the old millionaire would wake up several times and turn to the side of his bed, touch several electric buttons used to signal to the scattered guardians, and if he failed to receive a response, the supervising guard would be directed to investigate. I never knew if Rockefeller knew me by sight or not but I was told by some of his helpers that he did. I think that this was likely based on the theory that he knew everybody in the vicinity. There was a little Sunday School on the estate, but every now and then at dismissal time, Rockefeller would go outside the fence and hand the children some dimes. This was only on anniversaries or special events. Mary knew very much more about what occurred on the estate than I can remember, but I do recollect she would tell of episodes that made folks laugh a good deal and that it involved household demands she made, in the way of window shades, etc., and including repairs, and the friction over securing what she believed we were entitled to.

In the latter part of the 1890's Henry George, who I have long regarded as one of our greatest economists and philosophers, reached the peak of his career, aided locally by Reverend McGlynn, one of our most prominent Catholic priests. Though in my youth I was first opposed to George and his theories. I soon changed my mind and did my utmost to further his followers. The alliance of George and McGlynn and their ambitions soon became the outstanding feature of the day. But, in the course of time, Reverend McGlynn was criticized by some higher ecclesiastic of his faith to the extent that for a considerable period he was suspended from office. It was a period of unprecedented conflict and turmoil.

Mary favored and did her utmost to further both George and McGlynn, notwithstanding that she was a Catholic. A great fair was held in Madison Square Garden to raise money, and great gatherings were made boisterous by the enemies who besieged them. Mary conducted a booth in Madison Square Garden to raise funds, and labored elsewhere for the same purpose. We had not gotten acquainted by that time and it was quite a while later before we learned of each others devoted attachment to those who were prominent. I was mostly close to George at the time, meeting him frequently and we knew each other. I first made his

acquaintance at a time when he was receiving much mail from the Post Office and we became friendly, but this is unimportant, and what I want to bring out is the courage of Mary. Her independence, her exceptionally acute examination of the merits of the situation. Her early association in a public way with the questions of the day while still in her youth, that her independence was not curbed even though religion was involved. It was not that she violated for her personal pleasure what was forbidden, but that regardless of her personal interests or social opportunities, she supported what she held to be worthy. This was characteristic of her life.

Mary had a love for little chicks, of which at times we had many and it was amazing how they reciprocated. I recall a tiny little chick that in some way unknown to us was deprived of all its feathers. Mary cleverly made a little jacket and panties for it, to protect it from further injury. The little creature looked very ridiculous as it fluttered around our country kitchen, which Mary in her kindness permitted it to do. In a few days she taught it to be clean and when Mary would leave the chicken and me after breakfast to attend to the upper rooms, the little chick would go to the foot of the stairs and chirp for her persistently and it annoyed me. But after a few days the little creature got strong enough to follow Mary upstairs and much to my surprise and my relief, and upon overtaking Mary, it would follow her from room to room chirping very musically. When the two got through with their upstairs duties, down they would come and they kept company until it became practicable for it to rejoin its natural associates by reason of the growth of a second crop of feathers. Shortly after this, Mary put it out permanently but it still clung close to her kitchen door anxious for special handouts. In several cases where chickens were nursed when they got injured or some sickness that called for Mary's attention, they likewise got her attention even when they got to an advanced age & assumed special affection for her. This was shown in part by their assembling close to the kitchen and quite a distance from the rest of the flock. Passing from the chicks, I noticed that whenever Mary and I went to the country for the summer I found that within a few days somehow or other Mary would get a cat. In one instance we were in our new quarters, when within a few minutes Mary got acquainted with the owners cat and after but a few minutes petting when the owner picked it up and was about to say goodbye to us, the cat struggled to stay with Mary, but the owner insisted on taking it away, yet in a few minutes, back it came. For a week or more the owner would come after her cat but she finally gave it up, and let the cat have its own way. In another place we rented for the summer, there was an outside staircase, at the top of which there was a little platform, which I immediately chose as just what I wanted for a porch. I would sit there in my bathing tights and read. Again Mary had a pet cat. It would stay with her most of the time but when I was on my porch it would visit me about every half hour, when it would want me to pet it. I did not want to be disturbed but would give it a pat or two. If I did not, the cat would put its paw on my bare legs to attract my attention. If I did not respond at once it would scratch with a paw & press



MY WIFE, MARY AND MYSELF

more. If this did not make me respond, it would put its claws out a little, and then if it failed to secure a response the claws would scratch hard. That always made me surrender, then the cat would go back to Mary and stay with her for a while. Mary was the loved one and I was just the guy that had to be made to mind. At 8:30 A.M. the cat would climb up the outside of the house and come to my window and tap on it or meow to wake me up. The moment I responded and opened the window the cat would rush to Mary's room.

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Though this is the finis of Mary's obituary I realize full well that what I have written includes some items that may seem too simple to insert but a very large percentage of all normal lives consists of simple experiences. In fact the daily routine that life is made of. Mary had a very exceptional number of friends, and very widely scattered throughout the country. She mingled with postal employees of all ranks and their wives and offspring, and fraternized with them at conventions held in many states. Upon her demise hundreds of friends and associates participated in the ceremonies which were held in her honor. Much of interest pertaining to Mary, I have not included here for it would be more or less of a repetition of matters pertaining to me which I have previously covered.

MY PARENT'S OFFSPRING - VIS MY BROTHERS AND SISTERS
IN THE ORDER OF THEIR BIRTH - MY SISTER ANNIE AND HER
HUSBAND AND SON:

The first child of my parents, Annie and John Firmin, was my sister Annie who was born in London, September 14th, 1846 and who died in Philadelphia July 20th, 1925. Annie was a blond, and to use "an apt alliterations artful aid", let me say that she had a pulchritudinous physique and a pretty physiognomy. Annie was 22 years old when I was born, so that of her girlhood I have no personal recollections derived by observations, but there was one instance of her illustrious youth of which I was told by my mother and which in my boyhood I much enjoyed. Possibly it appealed to me particularly because of my youth when I first heard it, and when pranks of a variety of fashions most appealed to me. Mischievous conduct seems to have been strong in the youth of all the Firmin clan. It seems that when Annie was in her early teens, her fondness for music prompted her to practice singing the scales and all the fanciful variations thereof her capricious, whimsical mind could invent, and that a raucous, giant parrot of "high pressure", which was owned by our next door neighbor inspired by some motive as yet unknown, alike to gossip and to science of the period, endeavored to compete with her. The polly had the advantage of his galaxy of tropical screeches piercing high notes, whistles and savage profanity and all these combined to not only embarrass but harass Annie. It happened that the neighbor, a lady who owned the parrot found very great amusement in the rivalry of Polly versus Annie, and this was the more obvious when Polly invented some new variations of an exceptionally irritating character, as for instance, an attempt to impersonate Annie's technique or ambitious adventures. Our neighbor was exceptionally stout and her superfluous avoirdupois was a serious defect in the estimate of youthful Annie, who was a sylph, and with no thought that she would ever be otherwise. Annie went as least as far in retort when she spoke about her neighbor, as to say that she was no beauty. It happened after a period of tension, that our neighbor of generous proportions, had to leave the city for a while and as she and my mother were good friends, she asked my mother to care for polly in her absence. This mother agreed to do. While the absentee was away, Annie spent much of her time in striving to divert the parrot from his operatic aspirations and his offensive competition. As soon as the pol' tried to compete, Annie would cover him with heavy drapes or a shawl and she would remove all food from his cage. When her periods of practice ended, she would remove the coverings and she would then begin to teach the bird what in her youthful estimation was more decorous conduct and how to expand his vocabulary along lines compatible with Annie's peace of mind, etc. She drilled Old Pol' as he had never been drilled before, rewarding him constantly when his efforts were compatible with her designs, and with every available dainty she could procure. Old Pol' proved to be an apt pupil and the more dainties he got the more he shouted what she had selected for him. All this went on unknown to my mother, for it happened that within a day or two of our neighbor's departure, my mother had been called out of town too, so that from the start

Annie had "been on her own", and practically the head of the family so far as the household was concerned. It happened that our neighbor returned home just as my mother did and immediately the Pol', who loved his mistress greatly, showed his great delight. In a joyous spirit and natural pride in the extraordinary accomplishments he had achieved in her absence, he shouted out at the very top of his voice "Hello, Hello. Hello, old fat belly, hello!" All this adinfinitem. It was summer, the windows were all open. The news spread throughout the neighborhood and for the first time the folks all round who long had regarded the bird as a public nuisance, took time off to laugh. It was the prank of a kid girl, but it resulted in a curb upon the part of the parrot, and the gratification of the neighbors. Some time following the parrot episode Annie began to regard her future seriously and to look upon her musical talent as an asset worthy of development as a means of support. It was said by critics that "she had a soprano voice of rare excellence", and this endowment prompted her to study for the lyric stage. Unfortunately though our father suffered a financial business reverse and sickness that followed, so that he could not afford to continue her instructions and this necessitated the abandonment of her plans. In the emergency, she sought an opening in the theatrical field and she accepted an offer made by Charles Whearleigh, who was at the time a very prominent theatrical manager. This engagement took her clear across the continent to San Francisco. Closely following this engagement, she was so fortunate as to be selected by John Brougham, another manager of high distinction for his company; and to crown all this, she was offered and accepted a good contract to appear in the elite Fifth Avenue Theatre in New York. Later on another opening was arranged by Mrs. John Drew, who then was the outstanding theatrical manager in Philadelphia. In fact Annie traversed our country from coast to coast and became well known throughout the entire theatrical profession. In the course of time Annie became acquainted with John Jack, and I will divert here for a moment as he is to figure largely in this narrative, and tell of his interesting background. John Jack was born in Philadelphia, February 1, 1836 and died in the same city September 16, 1913. Annie was his second wife. His first wife was Adelaide Reed. The date of her death is uncertain. As early as 1852 Jack became a call boy in the Walnut Street Theatre in Philadelphia. Shortly thereafter he made his appearance as an actor, and in the course of a very few years filled many parts in many plays and built up an enviable reputation in a wide area. In addition to his reputation as an actor, he gained experience and reputation as a stage manager. But upon the outbreak of the civil war he severed his theatrical connections and enlisted in the Federal Army. The patriotism thus showed dominated his whole life after. Promptly following his enlistment he became a Second Lieutenant and a little later was promoted to a Captaincy. Incident to the prominent part he played in several of the great engagements in the vicinity of Richmond and the second Bull Run, etc. In one of these engagements he was wounded. He was convalescing from his wound in the vicinity of Philadelphia, when the people of that city and in Washington as well, became greatly alarmed by the threat of rioting in connection with the drafting of

different forces. Notwithstanding his still unhealed wounds, he recruited other men around him who were in much the same condition he was in, and in the same hospital, or similar neighboring hospitals, and for his prompt action in this emergency, and the work done under his leadership, order was restored, and for this he was rewarded by the approbation of the authorities. Reverting now to Jack as a theatrical man of distinction. John Jack and Joseph Jefferson were warm friends from boyhood, and they appeared together in many theatrical productions throughout the country, and particularly in Rip Van Winkle and The Rivals. Jack was a versatile artist, equally good in such characters as Falstaff; the father in Hazle Kirk; the father in Tess of the Dubervils; and in society and character men of various ages. Aside from his acting he was a Shakespearian scholar. It was a pleasure to listen to Jack even in ordinary conversation, so charming was his voice, and so expressive his face. He had keen sense of humor and a fund of stories. I remember of his coming in one time and telling us he had been in a horsecar, when a big stout woman got in and sat opposite to him and with her baby in her arms, and no sooner had she gotten seated than she opened her dress and offered her bosom to the infant, but he was not hungry and refused what was offered him. The mother insisted, however, that he must take what was offered him, whereupon he whimpered, and he thrashed round with both legs and arms. The mother likewise continued her insistence and finally in desperation she shouted at the troublesome infant, "Take it you little brat. Take it I say, or I will give it to the conductor man." His story was repeated so often that it got to be a standard "chestnut." But no one ever equalled Jack in the inimitable way he told it. Though Jack got to be stout, yet when he appeared as the very portly Falstaff, he thought it best to have Dalzell, at that time the best known theatrical costumer in America, make a big horse hair belly for him as part of his costume, and I have a photograph of him showing him as he appeared when wearing it. He started from New York on his tour, but after appearing several times in a neighboring state, he telegraphed to Mother "Have Dalzell ship new belly immediately. Cat has had kittens in mine. It stinks." In the course of time he and Annie not only met, but formed a friendship which was furthered and cemented by their professional relations. They were professional stars of approximately the same magnitude. They appeared together in the same productions, and strove to do so, but when this was not practicable they procured independent engagements until they could procure co-engagements. They had very many remarkable experiences together. They shared dangers and unique adventures; and much that savored of romance. They travelled on stage coaches in the far west, over routes that involved considerable risks, not only because of primitive roads, but possible attack by bandits, even raiding Indians, yet their trips were profitable. They were together in Virginia City, Nevada, where the world famous Comstock silver mines of fabulous wealth were located, and when that city was wiped out by a devastating conflagration, which was driven to maximum speed by a violent wind storm, locally known as a "Washoe Zephyr." In this catastrophe they lost almost all they had. Sister Katie was with Jack and Annie at the time and shared

all their vicissitudes, dangers and losses. Katie at the time was a member of their theatrical venture. Virginia City was a remarkable place. It was a modern Golconda, but many times richer than that great and fabulous city ever was. Virginia City was the center of the "Comstock Lode" and other deposits of gold and silver which in wealth surpassed everything of the kind previously discovered. Among those who became conspicuous by reason of the wealth they derived from the mines, and whose names are likely to be remembered by most of us. I recall "slippery Jim Fair," and at the other end of the line, Lord Fairfax, also George Hearst, the multimillionaire, whose vast wealth was subsequently inherited by William Randolph Hearst, who later became the most conspicuous newspaper publisher and editor the world has known. Then there was John Mackay, conspicuous not only by his great wealth, but by the uses he made of it in the development of our telegraphic and trans-atlantic cable system. In the great fire of Virginia City in which my folks were involved, they lost most of their possessions, including ordinary clothing as well as all their theatrical costumes and equipment. John Jack left the hotel early in the conflagration to give aid in fighting the flames where the fire was intense, and it was not until after the flames had spread to the Hotel where Annie and Katie had remained, that he became aware that the conflagration had encircled him. Annie and Katie tried to save what they could, but in the terrible panic which occurred in their vicinity they lost nearly all they had. They became separated from each other and they filed in different directions. Katie struck out for the suburbs, and she was fortunate enough to find a little deserted cabin, distant from the flames and not in their path. This cabin at least protected her from the terrific wind. Annie was struggling up a little hillside with what little she had to her possessions, when she met an old woman who was likewise fleeing, but making slow progress. The old woman was struggling with a basket which seemed to be too heavy for her feeble strength and told Annie that it possessed all that was dear to her that was left. Annie took pity on the poor soul, and offered to help her with her load. The basket was quite heavy and several times the twain had to rest before they reached the crest of the hill. Just as they succeeded in reaching the crest, Annie thought she detected a movement in the basket and turning to the old woman said, "My God Grannie, what have you in the basket? Is it a child?", "Oh no, not a child" the old woman said. "A child could walk, but I have four of the dearest little Newfoundland pups you ever saw." But eventually they located each other and they resumed their venturesome plans. They played in any structures they could get and which would hold an adequate number of people and permit of at least crude scenery. They garnered big receipts even where their auditors lacked sufficient government currency to meet the requirements of the box office, but made good by the substitution of gold dust, or silver in little bags, etc. In some cases admirers became so enthusiastic that they presented wealth of this kind across the footlights or what substituted for such lights, and particularly when the vicious villain was artistically killed by a vigilant veteran who carried a favorite six shooter, yet never required more than a single shot to finish his opponent. In numerous of these emergency performances of a primitive character,

utilizing whatever could be procured as they moved further along. Katie was a participant, but like a large percentage of similar adventures in theatrical circles of those distant days, their earnings were as quickly spent as they were harvested. As soon as practicable Annie and Jack ambitiously sought new fields of exploitation and they determined upon a world tour. By this time they had become successful in a normal way, and had at least a basis in reserve. To the best of my knowledge and belief, Jack and Annie were the first of our American actors and actresses to venture upon such a trip. As the first advance in this direction, they set sail for Hawaii, and on arrival they were not only acclaimed by the ordinary run of theatrical audiences but by the rich merchants of the Islands, and supreme over all, by King Kalakua and his sister Liliuokalani and then by the ruling native sovereigns and other dignitaries both native and foreign of the government. Annie made a great hit by learning in but five days an original native song set to native music. It delighted the Royal Family and their subjects as well. Annie brought back pictures of her poses in the native costumes of the Hawaiian royalties, a picturesque combination of silks esteemed by the Queen but of foreign origin. Annie was also presented with expensive jewelry, tokens, trinkets, etc., etc. Some of the most expensive articles were presented between the acts by persons of consequence and in the presence of the audiences. Next they sailed to New Zealand, and in Auckland played a two months engagement. Here again they were met not only by the government dignitaries but by the native Maori's chieftains as well and all welcomed them enthusiastically. The natives entertained their guests with their dances and feted them on native delicacies, including shark meat. Some of the festal contributions were regarded at first with considerable trepidation, but were found actually to be delicacies. Thence the voyagers went to New South Wales, Melbourne, Adelaide, etc. They met with success wherever they stopped. The next aim was India, and this country big as it is, they traversed from coast to coast. They gave performances in all the principal cities and I still have some of the interesting small paintings they gathered while there. India covers such a great area and there are so many populous cities there, that they lingered long. When they did bid India farewell, they headed for British Burma, the land of pagodas and temples. Then Shanghai centered their attention. Here Jack sprang a surprise. He found both American and German Naval vessels in port, with the German fleet more pretentious than ours and though he visited the German officers they welcomed him only with outward courtesy, tinged, he thought with sarcasm. Thanksgiving was about due at the time and Jack got the American Consul General, David H. Bailey, to suggest to Rear Admiral Patterson of our fleet, that it would be a fine thing to have American sailors, marines, bands, etc., parade through the streets of Shanghai to the race track on the far side, and there hold exercises of a patriotic character and then return with all the pomp and glory they could put into the event. The showman in Jack cropped out regardless of his whereabouts. His suggestion was enthusiastically followed to the letter. How much further they would have continued their theatrical adventure, I know not, but after leaving America, Annie and Jack had married, viz October 16th, 1876. In the course of time, Annie discovered a baby was likely to increase the



MY SISTER, KATIE



MY BROTHER, LEW

personnel of the expedition, and that there would have to be a diversion from what they had been planning. They continued to travel but they headed directly for Paris. Little Arthur Jack was born in Paris, March 30th, 1880. The infant was immediately recorded in the office of the American Consul as "Arthur Firmin Jack" and as a child of American parents, and all other precautions taken to make certain of his American citizenship. The world tour was made I think in a little over five years. Eventually the trio headed for home and they brought with them a nurse for the baby, and fully guaranteed to be a French nurse, and of whom Annie was very proud, since French nurses at the time were in the height of fashion. I was but a kid, and I was expected to look on at all goings-on with awe. But, shortly the nurse deserted and then we all began to take her place on a sort of part time schedule. Annie issued laws. She prohibited me from whistling and singing or even talking directly to the baby and this even before the baby was weaned, for Annie was fearful my contributions in this line would impair the musical ear of her star infant and jeopardise his future as an impressario or theatrical star! My speaking voice too was subject to severe criticism for it lacked the sophistication, modulations and emphasis which would be expected of a child of hers, so he should not be exposed to contamination. I just did not have the requisite rhythm for an embryonic tragedian, etc., etc. Nevertheless, I was found to be good enough in an emergency to wheel the little chap round in a baby carriage if I kept my mouth shut, so that I was not a total loss. Looking back at myself as I was then, I visualize myself as being a not too happy blending of two influences of diametrically opposite character. First there was the beneficent training and the good influence of my parents and grandparents, who endeavored to inculcate industry, honesty and graciousness. Second, the evil influences of the highways and byways of the most depraved area of the metropolis, by which I was surrounded. Some of this evil I have described elsewhere so I will not repeat it here. But I realize well that these were events in my boyhood, critical moments, dangers and temptations which but for fortuitous circumstances might have wrecked my life. Possibly some of these spots were more conspicuous to Annie at the time I am now covering than I realized, but I still think it was ridiculous ~~to~~ ^{it} her to contend that I must keep silent for fear that an infant who was too young to speak a word would be corrupted by such faults in speech as I may have been guilty of. Annie's baby was christened Arthur, after my brother Arthur, who had always been Annie's favorite and he grew to be a lovely and clever child. He was exceptionally intelligent and gracious at an early age. When he got to be three of four years old, he imitated his father wholly on his own initiative, selecting little episodes or fragments of various characters Jack portrayed and either witnessed by the little chap during the father's rehearsals or on the stage. These imitations were so numerous and clever, that it was obvious that he had inherited the skill of both his parents. All who heard him or saw him in his imitations, including his father enjoyed what he offered them. It was amazing to see one as small as he was, imitate so faithfully such an imposing figure as his father. In the course of time Artie Jack went to school, and much of the time he had to go to boarding schools, owing to the parents being "on the road." He attended such a school in Philadelphia and

it was an excellent one. The management encouraged the scholars to write articles on various subjects and to take assignments as reporters and so on. Much of what young Arthur wrote was eventually incorporated in a little book entitled "Chet." One day an argument arose in the school about the height of a big office building, and a few days later Arthur was assigned to fill the role of a reporter and to inspect and to report upon the matter. He went to the structure and it is believed that he wanted to get out on a ledge of the upper floor of the structure, the better to look down but in doing so he slipped or became dizzy and he fell approximately 125 feet and was of course instantly killed. It was a terrible tragedy. A loss which every one who had ever come in contact with the lad, long grieved over. Some of Artie's writings were published in a little Memorial Book, gotten out by his parents. The tragedy occurred November 16th, 1895, he was a little over 15 years old. I think that neither parent ever fully recovered from the shock of his death. Both parents continued their careers for a considerable period after the events which have been narrated but along lines more prosaic than have been indicated thus far. It is a remarkable fact that though Annie lived to be over 79 years old, press clippings show that a few months prior to her demise, she entertained various groups and gatherings in Philadelphia with dramatic readings, song recitals, etc., and she was actually on her way to another with a similar purpose when she lost her pocket-book, and sought the assistance of a neighbor to get her carfare, unfortunately the excitement of the experience overcame her and before aid could be procured she lost consciousness and expired. Both Annie and Jack in their old age became guests in the Forest Home For Retired Actors and Actresses, and it was from this retreat that they were both buried. As a sort of addendato, the narrative of the life of Annie, I would have liked to include an adequate compilation of the hundreds of newspaper clippings she treasured because of the praise received therein from the many dramatic critics who in the course of her career witnessed her performances, but it appears from the data found among her papers, that most of these clippings were lost in two fires. The first fire was undoubtedly the one that occurred at Virginia City and of which details have already been given but the second fire I have no details and I have no recollection of, so surmise it was likely some accidental blaze of limited extent and not a conflagration. I have though, a great quantity of clippings from all parts of the world, that is, that were visited by her as previously mentioned, which disclosed that the critics praised her greatly. To give excerpts from these, would involve extending this narrative too far and necessitate an expenditure of labor, I am not feeling well enough to risk. But I will preserve much of what I have for a while at least so that any member of the family may refer to it who cares to do so. There is one clipping that is particularly interesting because it includes Annie, Jack and little Arthur Jack and this I present here. "Miss Firmin in 'Fun on a Ranch' gave evidence of remarkable versatility. Her dialect as the Irish Boy, the French Actress and the German Girl convulsed the audience with merriment. Mr. Jack recited 'Polonius' Address to Laertes,' and his reading of the beautiful lines was excellent. Between the acts Master Arthur Firmin



MY SISTER, ANNIE AND HER HUSBAND, JOHN JACK
THE FIRST AMERICAN DRAMATIC STARS TO GO ROUND THE WORLD AND IN-
CLUDE NEW ZEALAND AND HAWAII.

Jack sang several selections and was compelled to respond to several encores. Miss Firmin also gave several vocal selections, all of which were received with much favor. Taken as a whole, the performance was one of the best ever seen here and the audience left the theatre in a highly pleased state of mind." Little Arthur participated in public performances even as an infant, and as a young child filled parts that called for both speech and song. Of all that I listened to and witnessed of Arthur as a little chap, the most cherished recollections I have are of impersonations of his father and given on his own volition, and wholly spontaneous, with little quips which disclosed his close observations and critical appreciations of what he saw and ability to reproduce and better, what he saw.

There was one critic who praised Annie who was outstanding in his profession and whose approval carried great weight, and whom I met as a child, under conditions which are interesting. I will, incidently, refer to herein to some praise he gave Annie. I tell of my experience with him as a matter of general family interest. I refer to Willie Winter. Winter referred to her thus "Miss Firmin was like a bright vision of oriental loveliness". Again that she "Was exquisitely graceful and eloquent". There are numerous others, but these will suffice. Willie Winter was not only our major and most distinguished critic of his era, but a poet of distinction and an author of numerous biographies and other publications. He was a Shakespearean scholar and an orator. He dignified any assembly he participated in. Strangely enough, I came in contact with him in an interesting way. I had been very sick and delicate for a while and my mother appealed to Dr. S. R. Elliott, who was an affluent friend, after she had become impoverished, to do something for me. Doctor Elliott had a beautiful home and other property on Staten Island and a country home at New London, Conn., and mother knowing that Mrs. Elliott ordinarily spent the summer in New London while the Doctor shuttled back and forth, thought that I could make myself useful for her, in compensation in part, at least for my keep. Dr. Elliott was a most hospitable man and he at once acquiesced, and so it came about that I went to New London, and on arrival found Mrs. Elliott in her home three miles from town. The house was of stone, it was on a rocky mound and only a stones throw from a beautiful beach on Long Island Sound, which at this spot was about 3 or 4 miles wide. The property was not made up of lawns and flower beds, but to the contrary, was an example of pristine beauty and primitive simplicity. Across the sound could be seen Fisher's Island, a view of eternal interest and delight, ever varying in its aspects. In addition to the stone house there was a dilapidated frame house and this faced a little pond, to which it was quite close. Upon my arrival I lived in the stone house with Mrs. Elliott and a hired man lived in the frame house. The Elliott's nearest neighbor was Dr. Valentine Mott, the second of two distinguished physicians of this name I believe. The Mott estate was of considerable extent, but, on my arrival no members of the family had yet arrived but there was a neighboring house which was occupied the year round by a care-taker of the premises. This care-taker was a retired seaman known as Captain Edwards; and as soon

as we met we became staunch friends. He became my hero forthwith. The Captain proved to have a wife and two daughters. There was a very large adjacent estate, which was sort of "No Man's Land", for the owner had died and the dwelling once upon the property had burned down. The land was in litigation and of this more anon. I had but just begun my sojourn with Mrs. Elliott, when she was called back to New York in great haste. Before she left she directed the hired man to take good care of me, and she wrote a note for him to present to the general store in New London, directing the owner to charge all the hired man's purchases and that she would pay for them on her return. Off went Mrs. Elliott, and immediately after her departure, off went the hired man too, thus leaving me with no provisions for more than a day or two. The man proved to be a drunken crook. Upon the return of Mrs. Elliott, she found that the rascal had run up all kinds of purchases and had them charged to her, while he lived the life of Riley. Of course he was fired. The man had been hired on the expectation that he would care for a little vegetable patch or garden of the Elliott's, take care of their boat, go to the village and do the marketing, chop wood, carry up water from the well, etc., etc. Of course Mrs. Elliott was in a quandary, or thought that she was. But when a very young child, I had learned to row a boat, and like all the rest of the Edwards and Firmings loved water sports. While only a very small child I had haunted the water fronts of Manhattan, and lost no opportunity to converse with the sailors. My Mother at one time became alarmed, and feared that some day I might run away or rather sail away. The knowledge that now I had right at hand a SEA CAPTAIN, gave me a great thrill. The Captain in addition to his salary from the Mott Family, had the privilege of fishing and lobstering, etc., "on his own", and this added materially to his income. Within a few days of our first contact the Captain had invited me to be "his mate". My enthusiasm was almost delirious! As soon as daylight permitted we would meet at the Mott dock, and promptly start off in the Captain's flat bottom boat, with the Captain at the stern and Me with the oars. The Captain handled the lobster pots and directed while I did the rowing. We would start with a spare pot, which the Captain would bait with menhaden or other fish and we would visit pot after pot, distinguished by his efficiently marked floats, and as we would reach one, we would drop another and so on for a mile or so. One of the first books that I read was written by Captain Marryat, and even before I was able to read, Arthur read some of Marryat for me. I am confident the love of the sea was an inheritance shared by all the Firmings and all the Edwards. In our trips ("Edwards & Co.") I wore no shoes, and the lobsters caught, which would be thrown on the bottom of the boat, would crawl over my bare feet, which was all safe enough if the feet did not move, sometimes a foot would slip from the brace through a bang from a heavy wave and several times I got severe bites. In addition to lobster pots, the Captain had a long gill net. This was from 150 to 200 feet in length and about 6 to 7 feet deep, the upper edge of which was sustained by cork floats, while the lower edge was held beneath the surface by anchors or lead strips. All such nets were set at right angle from the shore line. It was a task to raise a net for its full length, several feet at a time and to disengage the entangled fish and to

bring them within the boat. When it came to unloading the catch on the return dock, we had to grasp the lobster skillfully and throw it between our knees in such a way as to hold one claw fast, while we grasped the other claw and drove a little wedge into the jaw in such a way as to prevent bites. It required technique, but I quickly learned the trick from my efficient instructor. All involved in our tasks in connection with success had the interest of a lottery. It was not a question only of how much we caught, but of what damage was suffered in the catching. That is of damage done. Sharks occasionally got into the nets and tore them badly. The weather also involved damage as in the case of high winds and choppy waves. But I do not recall a single instance in which the captain had to relieve me of the oars. Before parting from the Captain upon completion of our trips, he invariably handed me some of the catch to compensate for labor, though to me the permission to be his guest filled me with happiness and this happiness is still with me even as I write this. I was further indebted to the Captain for the schooling he gave me as to the time, place and means of acquiring not only the fish we gathered as I have described, but other fish, crabs, line fish, etc., together with berries and other fruit in the neighborhood, and more particularly on the abandoned estate where the fire had occurred. Aside from the houses I have mentioned, there were a couple of others half a mile away in one direction, and a few others somewhat further off. Much of what I have thus far said developed so quickly following Mrs. Elliott's return, that she realized she could depend upon me for the replenishment of her larder. Further, she no longer needed a hired man to take the place of the rascal. In all things along the line the Captain showed me what was required and how to do it. I was able to row Mrs. Elliott to town and back, a distance of about 6 miles per round trip, a feat in which I took much pride. After she had company, I made the round trips daily twice. Incidentally, I gathered all the drift wood required for her stove, and carried all the water up hill from the spring. The result was that we were happy all round. Mrs. Elliott did though engage a girl to help her in the kitchen work, as additional visitors arrived, whereupon too, I was crowded out of the big house and installed in the little frame one. Here I was monarch of all I surveyed. Furthermore, I was permitted to have our big Newfoundland dog sleep at my feet. This, the dog liked as much as I did. The dog had long been the pet of Mrs. Elliott, but Mrs. Elliott had a little spitz dog also and the dogs had to share her affection. This, the big dog disliked and I was the solution to her problem. I had never had a dog as a pet before and to have one now filled my cup to overflowing. Now, here at last, after all this insertion into what I meant to say in the beginning, I revert to Willie Winter. There came an eventful day when Willie Winter arrived with Dr. Elliott. The critic who had praised Annie. With them were two ladies as guests. One was an actress named Genevieve Stebbins and the other a teacher of DelSarte Elocution and Dramatics, named Miss Thompson. I soon sensed what fine characters Elliott and Winter were. I realized that I was nothing but a little poverty stricken youngster, minus hat, minus shoes, minus underclothes. The dog had carried off the few pieces of underclothes I had brought with me. I recall having nothing but a couple of little shirtwaists and my trousers, both sadly worn. Yet, I was

permitted to retain my place at the table along with the dignitaries. Not only this, but Willie Winter's whole attitude was kindly, considerate and even gracious. This was also the same with Dr. Elliott. I distinctly recall, I even asked a few questions in the course of their conversations and that they were answered graciously. Throughout the meals I had to keep my eyes open and be alert in bringing from the kitchen whatever was required and in carrying off what we dispensed with, and aiding Mrs. Elliott. Between meals I also occasionally enjoyed the company of Willie Winter in the absence of the others. When he questioned me about what I had been doing not only since my arrival in New London, but previously. Yet in no instance did he ask about my sisters nor our home. Whether he knew of my relationship with Annie or Katie at the time, I am not certain. The marvelous thing about the situation at the time was the democratic conduct of Winter and Elliott in treating such a little waif as though I were their equal. Under the same conditions and surroundings, others would have hustled me off to the kitchen or the cottage and merely given me a hand out. Of course I was useful not only in the dining room at meal time but later in the washing of dishes and similar duties. Since this section of my narrative was designed to tell of Annie as the major subject in it and not of myself, of whom I have written so much, I have reserved as the finis of an episode of her life which has a certain charm in my mind, by reason not alone of its invention and novelty but because it occurred in her very old age and it included a blending of her old age, with the aspirations and the accomplishments of young men and women. The episode is typical of the history of mankind; of one generation passing to a succeeding generation the best that it has, to be nurtured surely, and to be improved upon or enhanced if that is possible. Shortly before her death, Annie chose as the setting for her stage, not the conventional devices of a scenic artist but a natural canopy of live oaks in a sylvan glen, and here she presented a group of attractive girls she had enlisted and trained, a scene from Shakespeare's "As You Like It". This was undertaken not for her personal profit, but for the benefit of a charity. Fifteen girls participated in this worthy object and their charms were supplemented by a choir of young men whose lusty voices added zest to the presentation, though their presence was concealed by a screen of shrubbery. It was all a happy blending of chants, interludes, recessionals, etc., woven by Shakespeare's unsurpassed genius and presented with the enthusiasm of youth and the skill of an experienced artist. It was a very happy feature of several contributions of exceptional character which distinguished the close of her career. Her eighty years were packed from youth to old age with adventure, most of which was of a character that made her the center of interest to great audiences which not only studied her every expression and action but largely had knowledge of her private life, and throughout she won the approval and approbation of all.

MY BROTHER, JOHN LEWIS EDWARDS FIRMIN
AND HIS WIFE ANNA (MAIDEN NAME CAROLAN)

John was born in London, England, but the date of his birth is uncertain. In the family Bible the date is given as 1849, but even casual inspection shows that the last figure is written over another figure, and in different ink, and in the same Bible is written that the ship the family arrived on reached New York, July 4, 1849. Mother often referred to John being a child in arms while on the ship and it is my belief that he was actually born in 1847 or 1848. Sister Annie, I know was born in 1846 and I am certain that John's birth followed soon after. John left New York for San Francisco before I was born and I was over 25 when on his first visit to New York I met him first. Hence, there is nothing I can tell of his youth from personal observation. The cause of his leaving home, notwithstanding that the family was at the time comfortably situated, I do not know, and for many years there seemed to be a sort of mystery about it but eventually mother told me in a general way, without details that a girl was involved. I was young and never having seen him, I was not much interested in details. I recollect though that when my father became ill and was advised to give up work here, and to seek the benefit of a milder climate, he too journeyed to San Francisco and joined John there. My father stayed with John until death overtook him. Further, that when my brother Lewis left my mother and me to try his fortune elsewhere, and "on his own", he too headed for Frisco and for John. In those days there was a continuous stream of both men and women from the east to the far west, and "Go West Young Man", echoed throughout the land. For many years, and until her death, Mother's heart ached and she suffered very bitterly, yet with never an outward reproach, as one after another of her beloved offspring deserted her. Her sons left home in the order of their births, John, Lewis and Arthur. Once John came to New York to attend a convention of the Master Plumbers' Association and it happened that at the time mother was on her death bed, and within the few days that he remained here he witnessed her death.

My sisters left home and returned, left and returned again repeatedly and at intervals of various lengths. They were perpetual transients until a few years before the death of my mother, when Katie became a permanent fixture to our household. Through all the many years my mother maintained her home, following the departure of her husband and her offspring, she held one outstanding ambition and that was to have them all assemble about her. It was pitiful to witness how this was thwarted. For a time while John and Lew were in California, and while mother was in distress, they made occasional remittances, but this was not long continued. Time lengthened between these kind remembrances and the amounts diminished. In the case of the girls, there were also occasional gifts but more frequently they spent as fast as they earned. This is detailed here, simply because John was the first to start the parade, and to set the example, though in justice to him I must add that it likely never occurred to him that this was so. Reverting now to his career. On reaching San Francisco, he

took up plumbing and gas fitting as the means of his livelihood and for a while worked as a "journey man", but I believe he very shortly opened a shop of his own. Shortly following this he aided in organizing a "master plumbers' association", and became an officer thereof. Eventually he abandoned his shop and devoted all his time to the organization as the paid secretary. I believe that he also became an official of the state organization as well as the local San Francisco body. There was a National Organization as well as local ones and this held conventions and I believe also conducted a journal with a large circulation, to which he contributed numerous articles. As the years progressed and John's age grew apace, he found his burdens too heavy for him, whereupon his associates retired him upon a sufficient pension. Upon his retirement John left San Francisco and acquired a lot in Los Gatos, California and upon this he erected a home of his own design and largely by his own hands.

Notwithstanding John's retirement, he maintained his interest in the affairs of his old associates and he continued to attend their conventions until a very short time before his death. As to John's family life, he married a girl named Anna Carolan of Irish descent, the date of her birth and the date of their marriage is uncertain. They had no offspring. Anna died July 18th, 1941. Anna was also known as Annie. Annie had a sister, whose given name was Mary and she married John's (and my) brother Lewis. Not infrequently John's wife accompanied him on his various trips to conventions, etc., and in this way got to be widely known among his associates. In respect to John's personality, qualifications, interests, etc., aside from his vocation, I can only speak from brief experiences in his company and scattered over many years, - when we met during his trips east and my trips west. He was clever with his pen, brush and paint, as evidenced by various sketches which he made, illuminating and scroll work, a faculty which was also enjoyed by his maternal grandfather and maternal uncle John and his brother Arthur. He recognized skill in the work of professional artists and occasionally, but not frequently he talked intelligently upon what he observed in galleries, fairs and so on. In my opinion this was because he had an inherited artistic sense which enabled him to criticize with accuracy, as well as to do what he did in the way of creation. I think in short that the talent he showed was not the result of study, or acquired by effort, but inherited. I saw in him no evidence of intensive study, or even the perusal of educational books, but simply evidence of innate ability. He was undoubtedly a qualified mechanic not only in his trade but what may be called household mechanics. I detected no evidence of study of physics, the laws of nature, mechanical principles, etc., and in his home he had no books of any consequence. As to the history of mankind, politics, science, etc., his knowledge was superficial and not beyond what would be acquired from newspapers, etc. I was surprised by this for both my grandfather and my father had many such books and were well posted in current sources. John's conversation was very largely confined to occurrences in his trade, including trade conventions and to the laws and amendments of laws pertaining to the plumbing trade. In conversation he was a monopolist. Any effort to divert him from his chosen field was almost invariably a failure. He talked with-

out any seeming effort, and as long as he could get anyone to listen to him, regardless of any interest they might show or fail to show. Yet I found that he was well liked by very many of his associates and that they regarded him as a man of affairs and wide experience. That is their mutual trade affairs. But, I think he sought not those from whom he could learn, but those who would listen, a method not conducive to the improvement of one's intelligence. He certainly showed extraordinary vitality, incident to which, he lived to November 30, 1941, attaining an age of about 93 or 94 years. He was never muscular, athletic, or in any way interested in exercise, walking, skating, boating, swimming, gyms, or outdoor games or sports of any kind whatever. He had no interest in what we know as nature or natural history, or horticulture. It was most difficult to get him interested in what we generally regard as sight seeing, as when we show a visitor who is a stranger, to whatever of interest we may have in our home town. Mary and I for instance took him down to Coney Island, where millions of people gather for recreation, and if to do nothing else, at least look at each other. To him it seemed to be no more than a vacuum. We tried him on Rockaway Beach, not so popular as Coney Island, but nevertheless, an extraordinary resort of long repute. We could not even get him to sit on the sandy beaches at either resort, though millions sit there year after year. When Mary and I stretched out on the sand, he merely squatted as a child does when petting a cat or a dog. Of course such a position could not be held for more than a few minutes, and we had to start strolling again. We took him to a restaurant, and we had a good meal which he disposed of in due course, but when the meal was finished and it was time to get out, we had much difficulty to make him understand that folks were obligated in such resorts to dine and vacate, to make room for others, particularly when as commonly happens there are scores waiting on line to get whatever vacancies may become available. I took him to see our great Washington Bridge, which had but recently been opened and people were coming long distances to examine it. We rode across and returned, and though I tried to entice him to look out of the window and see as much as possible, he never even turned his head, but concentrated on telling me of conversations he had had years before with Mike, Henry or Charles about the relative merits of lead and iron piping.

There was though one tragic event in John's life in which he departed from his usual routine, and that was the great earthquake which occurred in San Francisco in April 1906. This was the most disastrous quake in the history of our country. About a third of the city was ruined, and this third included much of the business section. The quake itself was a terrible disaster, but the fire that followed was probably the worst feature of the catastrophe. About this, John told me much. It seems that he and his wife were awakened about 5 A.M. by the shock, and that they found that their house had been damaged but was nevertheless intact. Then they saw that a great fire was burning in the business section, but somewhat remote from their abode, John thereupon set out to investigate as to the damage done. He ascertained that the shake had greatly damaged some of the very large structures and had shattered or wholly demolished very many

which were less rugged. In this wreckage innumerable water pipes had been broken or torn apart, and the water was flooding some of the streets. On the other hand some of the pipes which were intended to carry water to hydrants for use in the event of fire had been made useless by the quake. The situation was entirely beyond control. John told me that not only were millions of sparks rising to the skies, but that long splinters of planks, fragments of wood, pieces of roofing, and many varieties of materials from homes, warehouses and factories were also rising from the vortex of flame and heat sucking them with great speed high into the sky, to be borne along for the while by the wind and then to fall and form fresh conflagrations. He said he realized that much of the fiery matter was going in the direction of his home and he started back to it at what speed he could, but that he arrived too late. He was minus all his tools and implements and most of his household furniture, etc. What little Annie had been able to save was all that they had left. My recollection is that they sought refuge in a park, or in a cemetery, and that it was several days before they were able to find shelter. They were very nearly wiped out financially and the loss of John's tools was particularly unfortunate coming just when the demand for his trade was exceptionally good. Mary and I sent them what little we could at the time and we both did all we could to aid in the collection of funds for relief which were carried on in Brooklyn. It took John and Annie a long while to recover from this catastrophe.

In connection with what I had written in the early part of this narration, in regard to John's departure hence, and the heavy burden which mother had to subsequently carry, and following my father's failure, and the difficulties she had to face for extended periods without aid from her sons, I should say that it is only fair to explain further that during the time my father was sick following his arrival in Frisco and preceeding his death, I surmise that John may have supported or helped him, for I have no knowledge of how far my father's financial troubles affected him after he reached John. Brother Lew may also have had help for a while from John, though there is no certainty as to the facts. Lew was, I think active, strong, industrious and specially competent. Also he was sober. Further, in respect to John before closing, I should insert that following his death, which occurred November 30, 1941, Mary and I flew to San Francisco to attend his funeral and that at the funeral ceremonies we met many of John's associates, nearly all of whom belonged to the several organizations of plumbers in which he had for so many years been an officer, and it was very clear from their conversations that they esteemed him very highly. John had told me of the aid he had given the municipal authorities, or possibly the state authorities, in the preparation of regulations and laws pertaining to sanitation, plumbing, gas and other matters covered by building codes and the like, and these men in so far as I inquired, verified his statements and united in praising him. The fact that his associates in his old age retired him with the benefits of a substantial annuity, raised by a levy and an annual subscription, has likewise been regarded by me as a very substantial proof that in his field of endeavor he

achieved a large measure of success and deserved the approbation accorded him. I infer he was a specialist, and that this so monopolized his energies that he was largely indifferent to all else. For many years John and I corresponded frequently and in several instances I aided him financially, as when he was robbed, got mixed up in one of his travels and unexpected expenses followed, etc., etc. He wrote to me once to the effect that it was his intention to make me his heir and this not long before he actually made his will wherein he provided that what he left should be utilized in effect for the construction of a joint memorial for himself and Dickens, which I think was under an erroneous impression that Dickens was a friend of the United States, whereas Dickens actually ridiculed the United States and also exploited it to the tune of about \$100,000. The heritage John left was insufficient to carry out his plan, but there was a proviso to it under which his bequest went to one of his associate plumbers. My letter under California law would have been regarded as a will, but it was dated earlier than his actual will was dated, so that it had no value. John did this and concealed the facts from me, though he had ample opportunity to advise me of his change of mind. The why and the wherefore are still a mystery to me.

This data pertaining to John would not be complete without an attempt to describe his appearance, for it was exceptional and it was striking. I think that he was about five feet eleven inches tall, though I do not recall ever asking him about his height or comparing him with my own height. He was thin, but only becomingly thin and not emaciated, or with any indication of scrawneyism. His width and depth of body or trunk were adequate. He dressed well and his clothes were always of good quality and well tailored. He was a striking figure and attracted attention. He always wore a "handle bar mustache", and this like the hair on his head, was reddish in his younger days but turned gray as he grew old. He wore a large, soft felt hat of black, brown or gray and this was split down the middle neatly, and set off by an adequate band and an extra broad brim with a slight upward curve round the edge. His hat had a tilt. John's vests were all specially designed and identical over a long chain of years and they were cut low with ordinarily a wide space at the abdomen. He looked like the typical southern colonel. One glance was sufficient to attract attention, in hotel lobbies and gathering places, he was ordinarily the outstanding character, but he was likely to be classified as a southerner rather than from California, and from city but not a great metropolis. His shirts were all made to order and were set off by tiny frills such as I do not recall seeing on any one else. John's eyes were particularly bright and protruded slightly. When John began to talk, and it was seldom that he was silent, he became so wholly submerged in his subject that he became somewhat vacuous. He reduced the muscular effort of talking to the lowest possible minimum, his words flowing copiously, yet his lips scarcely moving, unless he was interrupted, when automatically it seemed he would raise to a higher key to regain command of the situation and establish the monopoly of the floor which he held so dear. Sitting at a table in a restaurant with a neighbor, he would commonly speak loud enough to be heard not only by the person he was addressing, but by all within his field of vision and audition.

MY SISTER KATIE .

Katie was born in New York City, November 27, 1853, the third child of my parents to reach maturity, and their second daughter. Katie was approximately 15 years old when I was born and from my birth until I reached three years old, I must have been much under her care and guidance. I have heard much from her of her early life and of what went on in New York in those early days. She told me of having had both ice and roller skates. Both of which I know to have been very crude indeed in comparison with what we have now. Both Katie and mother have told me of Katie's prominence during the Civil War, when crowds gathered round a bulletin board which was close to home, and Katie would be held up on some one's shoulder to see the news and read it to those round her. This resulted from her light weight and exceptionally good voice; she was easy to support and her enunciation was clear. Katie began teaching me little pieces of poetry, verses, etc., when I was not much more than an infant, and put me forward to say things that she concocted for the amusement of her chums. Thus she taught me when folks would ask me my name, as so often that is the first question asked of a child, to shout out in my loudest voice "Albert Bancroft Wilcox Firmin."! All this coming from so tiny a kid, was the source of much merriment to Katie's chums. She taught me when there were occasions for passing round candy, cake, etc., to say "Will you have some? Please say "No". The first four words to be said loud and the latter ones whispered. All were said with sly winks from Katie to those present, to make it appear that it was my trick. She was eternally going from one device to another to amuse everyone. Her particular delight was to get me to do something to rig my older brothers and in this she was most inventive and versatile. This brings to my mind that quite early in my childhood I began to notice that there were lots of babies and that after a while they developed into boys and girls, I questioned her about where babies came from and how they got that way. She explained it all very lucidly by telling how the doctors brought them to their mamas in satchels and that in the beginning they were all very small and much alike, but God had a way with them that made all the good ones into girls and all the bad ones into little boys just like Arthur and Lewis, just as I was growing to be. She called my attention to how God rewarded the good little girls through their mamas, giving them pretty dresses, stockings, shoes and hats and nice long hair, while boys were only provided with dirty old shoes, ugly trousers and just short hair. She enumerated the terrible things that Arthur, Lew and even I did, such as leaving our clothes and other duds round the house and mussed up things and fought with each other, while she helped her mother to try and keep the house nice and clean. I got the idea pretty straight in my mind and that she knew I was a naughty boy but still somehow I liked being a boy, and began questioning Arthur about it. He told me that whatever was girlish was "Sissy" or "Punk", and that the girls were always trying to boss everybody but did not know anything that was worthwhile.

Katie was an observing girl, and notwithstanding that, she did

not have the advantage of a college education as so many girls now have, she was as well favored as most of the girls of her period. She had the advantage of a grandfather who was a professional man, (a physician) and in addition to his profession a lecturer; a father who had been a school teacher and subsequently a school master; and a grandmother and mother of wide experience and well read and she benefitted thereby. Beyond all this she had been benefitted by a wide circle of men and women of considerable culture and some of whom were lecturers, artists, travellers, elocutionists, actors, actresses, etc. Katie took up elocution at first as a pastime and then after a while she adopted it as a profession. She had a voice of considerable charm and wide range of emotion, and she had a personality that enabled her at times to portray with equal facility pathos, anger, scorn, affection, persuasion with equal facility. She was petite, yet surprisingly strong and muscular. She was exceptionally vivacious. Her adopted profession opened the door to travel and soon she began to benefit from this. She quickly became cosmopolitan. I remember her reciting at home in preparation for an appearance somewhere, and that mother served as critic, to advise and instruct her. There is a merging of elocution and acting, and gradually Katie drifted or inclined towards acting, but long she swung between the two. Neither my mother nor my grandmother were satisfied with Katie in either profession, maintaining that she was capable of better results than she accomplished and this may have been true, but on several occasions I witnessed extraordinary talent, and strangely when it was most unexpected.

Reverting to Katie in my childhood, my mother took me to see Katie in a new play, along with Arthur or one of her other beloved ones and it happened that mother had to sit a little distance from where we two young ones sat. In the play Katie made her first appearance in a very charming dress which I had seen at home in the making, she came walking down through a very beautiful bower of flowers situated in a charming stage garden which reached almost to the foot lights. Just as she was about to emerge from the bower, I called out excitedly "Mama, Mama, see sister Katie coming out of a valentine in the pretty dress you made for her". I can see this picture today as plainly as I did as a child. Possibly the scolding I got impressed the incident on me particularly.

I recall another instance when she played the part of a young Italian or Spanish prince, and wore a very fine costume which included a pair of fancy high boots which greatly pleased my childish eyes. I was in an ecstasy to see her as a boy. Also it delighted me to hear the applause which several times she evoked in the course of the performance, and in which of course those who were with me and I joined in. Looking back I see that though my mother and grandmother occasionally criticized her, that there were times, too, when her audiences were well pleased. It is pertinent to mention here too, that Katie was pretty and attractive to the point that photographs of her found ready sale, and printed pictures of her were not infrequently reproduced on articles offered for sale, just as at present the pictures of our movie stars are utilized.

While still only a kid, I recall Katie's appearance a whole season in New York, in a theatre located on the east side of Broadway, between 4th Street and Astor Place. This theatre later became quite famous because of the subsequent appearance there of Harrigan and Hart, two of the most famous comedians of their epoch. Katie appeared under the management of a veteran of the stage named Harry Watkins, about whom Maude and Otis Skinner, some years ago published a widely read book, though it did not cover the latter part of his life, wherein Katie was associated with him. During this engagement, Katie played many parts and appeared in every play given throughout the season. I recall that mother was not over pleased with Katie's interpretations of one or two of her characterizations but I thought they were all wonderful and the management must have been satisfied or she would not have lasted the season through. So far as I can recollect Katie was very popular both with her fellow actors and with her audiences and I know that I lost no opportunity of applauding her at the proper moments. I sold pictures of the actors and actresses to the audiences, and those of Katie were popular. In the cast with Katie in addition to Watkins and his wife Rose, I recall Watkin's daughter (Amy Lee, stage name) who became very famous in a very few years. Among the plays in which Katie appeared were Uncle Tom's Cabin, Trodden Down, Dick Swift, if my memory serves me right, I think several others. Watkin's also had a son named William Shakespeare Watkins, several years older than I was but who was my pal and who remained my pal until his death a few years later of appendicitis. During this period as a family, we were far from prosperous. I think that I was about 8 or 9 years old or maybe 10 years, and even at this age, whatever I could do to earn money was essential. The theatre was helpful. I sold photos, handed out programs, served as emergency usher, call boy and messenger, pickaniny in Uncle Tom's cabin, jigged, acted as a street gamin, stole apples on the stage, likewise picked a pocket, got thrashed by a cop, a little ruffian in a den of thieves, etc., etc., but I had no speaking part. The financial returns were but little. Had it not been for Katie's earnings I fear we would have been hungry at times. In my recollections of Annie, I frequently mention that Katie accompanied her and that they appeared together in many plays, but Katie also went on numerous other trips with other theatrical adventures. I recall that she went to the Dakotas thus independently, and when much of the area was wild and sparsely settled. Her appearances were in military camps, forts and reservations or small towns, yet the trips were fairly lucrative. Adventure seemed to be agreeable to her. In the course of time the intervals between Katie's theatrical trips and her period at home shortened. That is her trips shortened. Finally she practically abandoned the stage, whether at home or otherwise. At home she helped mother in her household duties and in dress-making, with only short and occasional intervals on salary. As I grew older and earned more, this became the more practicable, for until my marriage I invariably turned my monthly check over to my mother and covered my own expenses by such additional earnings as I could make, over and above my regular wage. Practically the whole Firmin family loved boats and boating, thus it came about that the first property that I acquired was a boat. It was a second hand but first class 14 foot, clinker built row boat,

lap streaked and designed for two oarsmen, with capacity for five persons in all, and generally known as a "Hell Gate Pilot Boat." It cost about \$50. and in those days that was a lot of money for folks in our circumstances to spend, but it was from my extra earnings. In this craft I commonly rowed round Manhattan Island in a single day, and the distance was about 36 miles until the cutting of the Spuyten Dyvel canal. It was not only the distance that meant so much, but the swift and treacherous currents, the many vessels of all sizes, both sail and steam that were encountered, together with frequent thunder storms during the boating season. But, notwithstanding, all this Katie frequently accompanied me, and she enjoyed the trips immensely. I had a vacation coming to me and I was determined to spend it with my boat, and of course Katie wanted to join me. The fact is that practically the whole family were aquatic minded. Grandfather Edwards, Uncle John, Mother, Lew, Arthur, Katie and I were enthusiasts. Mother when 57 or 58 years old rowed with me twenty miles in one day and she never missed a stroke. I may mention here too, that she was a wonderful walker. She had an easy, swift stride, that just seemed to smooth her along with the least possible effort yet efficiently. We planned to row to Albany and back, a distance of about 280 miles, to be covered in 18 days. For our boat I made a collapsible tent or cover with a jointed ridge pole, sustained by inverted rods which spread out to meet the upper edges of the boat, and with the ridge sufficiently high enough so that Katie could sit upright without discomfort in the event she desired to do so. When not in use, that is while we were rowing etc., the whole tent could be folded up and stowed away under the bow grating. We had an old fashioned champagne basket and in this we stowed our dunnage. We could so arrange our articles that Katie could sleep in the boat comfortably and at full length. Of course we carried an anchor. We had no sail. Ordinarily we did not erect this protective tent and Katie slept with Heaven as her only protection. Following the start of our trip, we met at an appointed place, a large group of friends who were holding a 4th of July celebration some thirty miles up stream. Katie carried my coat and vest and a few other articles, while I carried our grub and some heavy things which we were afraid to leave in the unguarded boat. We had a glorious day in every way, with Kate -- as the principal entertainer in the elocutionary line. Then at dusk we returned to the boat and Katie again with my coat and vest. In the vest was a watch, and thereby hangs another tale. I had found a watch chain in a post office corridor, though I did all I could to find the owner, I had been unsuccessful. I asked a jeweler what he would give me for the chain and he offered me \$12. I thought that if the chain was worth that much to him, it must be worth much more to me so I kept it, even though I had no watch. My Superintendent, aware of this and of my trip as well, offered to sell me a watch he had whereby I could put the chain into use. When it came to the price, he hesitated, it was then decided to leave it until my return. Now to revert to Katie and my possessions she had been carrying. When we were about to shove off our boat, she discovered that she had lost my vest and with it the watch and chain. Some of the group were still with us and immediately we all started back along the woody trail we had

covered, but never a glimpse did any of us get of the missing things. On my return to the office, I was shy of telling my Superintendent of the loss before settling with him, but we fixed the price and I told him afterwards.

The Hudson River is actually an estuary, with all the lower end water far too salty to drink, but the upper beginning is fresh water, though the tide rises and falls through the salt water from the ocean pushing back the fresh water from the mountains and then receding again. But I had canoed and rowed on so very many different parts of the river at different times, that I was acquainted with its every vagary. We had all kinds of weather on our way up, and Katie took everything that came with no sign of fear. On our way back we were rowing towards a little Island, since popularly called Bannerman's Island but previously known by several much more poetic appellations, when clouds began to gather and the day grew very somber. Then the wind began to freshen and very shortly it was evident we were going to experience a severe thunder storm. The most violent thunder storms I have ever witnessed have been along the Hudson. This one was terrific. The waves were not only very high, but very choppy. Had we been less competent, we would have had to make at once for the nearest shore, but we stubbornly held to our course. There was reason for this too, because the shore line offered no safe shelter for the night, nor any anchorage at all. It would have been a case of abandoning the boat and all our traps. Therefore, we aimed for the shelter of the beautiful little Island ahead. As we neared the Island, with our boat rising and falling with jerks and much splashing. I saw a tiny little beach on a sheltered spot on the Island and on this two men who were sheltered somewhat by the encircling trees and bushes; and, also a tiny shed, or bath house and it was on this spot I determined to beach our boat. The men waved to us and it was evident that they were welcoming us in. As we got closer, I discerned that the men were big chaps and roughly dressed but apparently very well intentioned, and kindly in their demeanor. We made the beach with a spurt at full speed and Katie promptly responded with perfect skill when I called "Shift oars". Of course she was rowing bow and I stern as we approached, so she was the first to land. The men caught the bow of the boat, pulled it up the slope of the beach, and she stepped out. As she did so, one of the men said in effect, "Fine job Miss, and you made ten dollars for me". "How did I make ten dollars for you?", said Katie. She had a momentary idea that he had some sort of a strike for a tip or something on his mind, but he explained that he and his brother had been watching us closely from the moment we came in sight and that his brother thought there were two men in the boat, but that he contended his brother was wrong and that in the bow there was a girl, and they bet ten dollars to back their views, so that is how she made ten dollars for him. The men proved to be brothers, they promptly invited us to accompany them to a tiny cabin they had among the trees and to get out of the storm. We went up, the men helping us with our dunnage, and all of us soaking wet, yet jolly as a group could be. In the cabin we got on dry duds, and by the time we accomplished this, we were all ready for "eats". We pooled our provisions and Katie acting as chef and the rest of us as helpers. We soon sat down to a rough but clean table with plenty for every one. During the meal the brothers invited us to spend the night as

their guests, saying they would turn the cottage over to us before bed time and cross over to their own home in Cornwall, a nearby hamlet, and return to us in the morning. During the meal we began to exchange experiences, and in a while they began to tell us of their rowing experiences and races, and the dignitaries they had met not only in the United States but abroad. Then a light dawned on me. I said "Either you two chaps are trying to kid us, or you are two of the Ward brothers, the greatest rowers in the World," and this they proved to be. They not only won pretty much everything in the way of prizes offered here and in Canada but they went to Europe and they were equally successful there. Our two hosts were Hank and Jeff. Following the quartet's retirement from competition, they all became coaches in our big colleges and two of them long held the very highest standing in their profession. After supper Katie began to entertain them with her very best in the way of recitations and elocution and I also followed with the best that I could do along the line of entertainment. Tired as we were from our long day in the boat, it was long after midnight before the "curtain fell", and our hosts left us in a flood of beautiful moonlight, which had succeeded the storm. In the morning our hosts came back with water from a famous spring that they knew of, eggs, milk, butter, etc. All gratis. Katie could have received no greater tribute than these men gave her in their humble way. After proceeding down the river some distance, we came to a little hamlet and I left Katie to care for the boat while I went inland to replenish our stores. On my return to the little dock to which the boat was moored, I saw to my surprise quite a group of men looking over the edge of the dock, apparently at something that interested them all. I was mystified and somewhat alarmed, for I could not surmise what could attract so many at such a spot. When I got closer I found that it was Katie who was the attraction, and there she sat in the boat all by herself, with the men grouped up above as her audience, as though in a gallery. She was chatting away with the whole bunch, entertaining them, making them laugh and then serious in turn and occasionally applauding, giving every indication that they were having an exceptionally jolly time. It developed that her audience started with a single wanderer who after a few minutes had hailed a chum and subsequently the two hailed others with whistles and messengers. It was all characteristic of what Katie could do when she was in good humor. Later, particularly in middle age, she could be just as caustic and cynical as humorous and apparently with equal pleasure. I had a chum that she disliked, and when he would call on me and she would chance to open the door, she would address him or refer to him as "The Beast". He did not resent it. In fact, it often made him smile or laugh. One night Katie and I were strolling down Sixth Avenue near 23rd Street, and a short distance ahead of us there was a man who was likewise strolling along at the same pace, so that for several blocks there was no appreciable change in our relative positions, when suddenly a couple of rough necks stepped up to him and accosted the stroller. In a moment we saw one of the ruffians grab the stroller's hat rim, jerk the hat down upon his nose, then slam his free hand down on the crown of the stroller's hat full flat upon his head. In a moment there was a tussel and the stroller put up a snappy fight against the two assailants but two against one was too great

an advantage I was carrying something or other and I handed it to Katie along with my hat and started forward to give a helping hand. In less time than it takes to tell it, the stroller's hat and the hats of the two muggers lay on the sidewalk and the four of us were engaged in a lively scrap. In those days men mostly wore derbies and there was no exception in this instance. Katie rushed up, picked up the stroller's hat, added it to mine which she was holding, then stamped on the hats of the aggressors and kicked them into the roadway. The scrap was of short order. Though the stroller did not look particularly athletic, he was ginger and pepper with all that he possessed and in a very few minutes both our adversaries were vanquished and vanished. Of course the fracas had attracted a small group and there were congratulations. A gentleman stepped up to Katie and said in effect "I was watching you young lady and I never before saw a girl who seemed to be having such a good time as you were having and your disposal of hats sure entitles you to a gold medal". In connection with this affair I am reminded that one of the dearest friends of our whole family, who after age had debilitated and all his hair had become snow white, was within a couple of doors of his home one night when muggers assaulted and robbed him. He was courageous, and he had been very sturdy in his youth but they were too much for him and he died in a few days from the injuries he received. A photograph of him has adorned my desk for fifty years.

Mother had a spare room and this she rented to a gentleman who was engaged during the day and whom we only saw at night. One day Katie went to his room to make the bed and tidy up, when to her amazement she saw his door open and an unknown man come out carrying the gentleman's valise. Realizing instantly that the stranger was a thief, she rushed for the valise and a tussle ensued, whereupon the thief dropped the valise and tried to make off but Katie chased him and together they went rushing and tumbling down the stairs and out to the street. He ran along Sixth Avenue and she after him, shouting with what breath she could spare "Stop thief". Though she knew she had saved the bag but feared the man might have stolen other things and have them in his pockets. Our butcher, hearing the cries, and recognizing Katie, joined in the pursuit, but he was not young and he was too stout to run swiftly, nevertheless, he and Katie continued the pursuit, turning the corner and continuing down the street towards Broadway, but could not gain and suddenly the thief pulled a gun. That was too much, the two pursuers slowed up, perplexed and bewildered. The thief turned down Broadway and was forever lost from sight. There was always something happening in that neighborhood. A little while after this episode, Mother came to me and said "There is nothing funny in that trick you played. Where are the blankets?" I did not know what she meant. It developed that she had made a bed in one of our rooms and that a few minutes later she entered the room again and saw that the blankets and a coverlet had been removed from the bed. She thought I had removed them for a lark. It seemed that someone had slipped in while she was absent and made off

with their pelf. Again I was sitting in our front room some years later, and all was quiet, when I heard a very faint knock on the door, and it was so faint that it instantly raised my suspicions. Then came successive knocks, each just a little louder than previously. Then I saw the door knob slowly turned and I could sense pressure was being put on the door, but it was locked. There were three doors in the length of the hall: front, middle and rear. Mother and Katie were in the rear reading and I went to them and signaled to keep quite, and that something was about to occur. Then came the same procedure, but I had thrown off the catch on the door, such as had prevented the intruder from opening the doors previously tried, and slowly and very, very softly a big negro came peeking in. He got no further than head and shoulders, when I socked him with all my might. It was but a moment and he tried to escape, but I followed after thumping him hard and heavy. Katie and mother followed down the hall to the head of the stairs and then with a parting kick he went tumbling down. But, that was not all, for it happened that my friend Joe Darling, weight 220 pounds, was at the foot of the stairs as the darkie came down and he comprehended that he had committed some offense. Such was the quiet life on Sixth Avenue and our neighborhood as experienced by Sister Katie. Joe Darling, just mentioned, occasionally attended public meetings with me, at which meetings there were likely to be open discussions pertaining to politics, social reform, socialism, anarchy, etc. One evening we were about to set out, when Katie said she would like to join us. So off we three went, aiming for a little east side hall, with seats for a hundred or so poorly lit, untidy and squalid. Shortly following our arrival the place began to fill up and the audience was principally composed of very tough looking cranks. By the time the Chairman rose to open the meeting, the place was jammed full and over flowing. The speaker proved to be no less a crank than Herr Most, then attracting much public attention and being denounced by the papers for his radicalism and ultra vitriolic attacks on prevailing conditions, with intent not only to amend, but to destroy all existing government and to adopt one of his own design. His appearance, quite aside from vituperations, was ordinarily sufficient to unnerve those who would otherwise like to oppose him. His address in this instance was fiery from the start, and one blast of invective was quickly followed by another with ever rising crescendo and vituperation. His gestures were violent and perspiration was not only oozing from his features but seemed to pour from them. When he sat down the aroused crowd stamped and shrieked with delight and approval. Then to the amazement of both Joe and I, Katie rose and looking quietly and composedly all round the hall and in a voice as sweet and musical as she could make it during the very softest moments of her ingenue impersonations of innocent girlhood on the stage, she proceeded to lambast Herr Most and all his theories. In a very few minutes she had the whole audience listening to her with concentrated attention and when she finished her speech the applause that was given her was every bit as vigorous as it had been for Herr Most. Joe and I marvelled at it. It was astounding. I have no knowledge of her participating in any open debate previously or subsequently. Some times I wonder if she just acted the part.

Sometimes I wonder if what she did was an inheritance from her grandfather; a sort of outcropping.

As the years passed on Katie's departures from home and engagements of a business nature became ever less frequent, and she gave ever more of her time to assisting mother in her dressmaking business. Then in the course of time mother's health failed and it developed that she had a cancer. Several years intervened between the determination of the doctors of the cause of her trouble, and her death. During the long interval, mother showed amazing strength and courage, and it was marvelous how she continued her business. Katie not only nursed her mother, performing all the distressing duties incidental to the obligations of a nurse, but as opportunity offered, she aided in all else that had to be done in the household. I had married before mother learned that her trouble was cancer, but I still continued to contribute to her household, the going was very hard all around, and Katie's courage and conduct throughout this trying experience was most exemplary. Mother fully understood that her days were numbered, but she never lost her courage.

It happened, that day by day, as death approached closer and closer, brother John came on from San Francisco to attend a convention to which he had been elected as a delegate, and this was his first visit since he left home prior to my birth. I had never seen him before. Also sister Annie and her husband John Jack were in New York. Katie summoned us all together quickly, for she realized mother was about to die and this we did, and in a very short time, death came. The reunion of all her progeny, which had been the ambition of her whole life, it is sad to say, was never attained. I know though that the presence of so many of us during her last few hours and of which she was aware, was at least some solace to her. Mother was conscious to within a few minutes of her death. I think none mourned her parting more than my wife Mary and myself. Everything in the old home passed to Katie and Annie; and the apartment was vacated.

Following mother's death, Katie had several adventures seeking her livelihood, but finally secured a position in the Hebrew Orphan Asylum, a very large and outstanding institution at that time, and it very shortly developed that she fitted in perfectly. At the outset she was assigned to the quarantine section, in which all children entering the Asylum were retained for a short period to determine if they had sickness of any kind and needed medical care. Then after a while she became a sort of combination nurse and matron to the youngest of the children, and soon she was addressed not only by the children but by all connected with the institution as "Mother". It was most interesting to see her walking around the grounds, wearing a very large apron and tiny kiddies hanging round the edge of it, each child holding on with outstretched hand and arm. Circling about, scattered somewhat, but all within chatting distance, a score of other children, a little older than the kiddies, but yet very young. There were no parades, no formal lines, no apparent regimentation, yet no dis-

order or confusion but simply a lot of children "out with mother". I happened to visit Katie one day when there was a fire drill, when hundreds of children from little tiny tots to boys and girls up to 15 or 16 years old came down a flight of stairs, from four or five stories above. The smallest children were assembled around Katie on the lowest level, and they did not have to go outdoors as the others were doing, and as the stream of descending children came in sight there was a continuous chorus of "Hello Mother", "Hello Momie". Looking up I could see women attendants at each landing supervising just as Katie was, yet I heard not a single greeting from any child to any one other than Katie. On inquiry I was told by some of those in charge that it was always the same. When the children graduated from school, which was at 15 or 16 years of age ordinarily, they sought jobs or went to colleges, or while the war was on, enlisted. Katie showed me many letters that she had received from all these groups, and I learned subsequently that this also was exceptional. The other attendants were not thus honored. Eventually, but while still in the employ of the Asylum, Katie was stricken with cancer, and of this complaint she died February 15th, 1927. A number of the graduates attended her funeral and numerous of them were veterans. Katie, like mother, realized when her end was approaching and she looked forward to it with the same courage that her mother and grandmother had done. Katie's funeral services were held in the little old church diagonally opposite the house in which I was born and known as the Church of the Holy Communion, of which Rev. Henry Mottet was the pastor at the time of Katie's demise and it was he who conducted the services. He was one of the celebrated pastors of his time, he served for fifty years. The major part of Katie's life when she was not travelling, was spent within half a mile of this church. The church was noted for its simplicity and as a haven of rest. The doors were kept open all day long and its motto was "Come ye yourselves apart and rest a while". Rev. Mottet died February 13th, 1927.

In the first Annual Report of the Hebrew Orphan Asylum issued after the death of Sister Katie, in 1927, the following notice appeared:

"We regret to report the death of Miss Kate Firmin for more than 20 years associated with our nursing staff. She was a painstaking, faithful and loyal worker, and her loss is felt, not only by the staff, but by the children whom she so deeply loved, and who affectionately called her "Mammy".

MY BROTHER LEWIS JAMES EDWARDS FIRMIN
AND HIS WIFE (Maiden Name Carolan)

My brother Lewis was born in New York, January 13, 1856 and as he left the city when I was, I think, not more than five years old, I can tell but little about him from personal observation. The first recollection I have of him was when I was but two or possibly three years old. We then lived in a house which had a fairly large yard and in this yard Lew and Arthur had rabbits, and I can distinctly recall that they permitted me to pet and play with them from time to time, and that I regarded this as a very great pleasure. They were both good to me. Next, Lew and Arthur built a tall snow slide that reached from the yard to the first story window and I can distinctly recall the boys pushing a sleigh up from the yard to the window and my mother handing me out to Lew and Lew sliding me down to the snow covered yard. These slides were repeated many times to the apparent delight of all concerned. I have written elsewhere how as an infant I set fire to the house, and how Lew rescued me (and the house) just in time, so I will not repeat the story here, but it should at least be said that the event showed Lew's presence of mind and quickness of action. There was another fire when I was a very young child in which Lew figured. I had been put to bed, and thereupon mother, Lew and Arthur went into an adjoining room, but from where I lay, still awake, I could hear them talking. The room in which I had been left had two windows, with a narrow piece of wall and a little bureau separating them. The windows had the usual shades in use in those distant days and some additional lace curtains. The shades then in use (that is before the invention of the Hartshorn shade roller) had little bands on the ends with grooves and strings ran from these grooves down to little contrivances on the lower sides, and to raise or lower the shades the strings had to be operated like pullies, and the contrivances were ever getting out of order, and were very troublesome. On each side of the little bureau there was a gas jet, and whoever left the room last extinguished it, but this time one light was left burning. As I lay in bed half awake and half asleep, I saw one of the curtains bulge out due to a strong breeze that had sprung up and touching the gas jet. It immediately burst into a blaze. At first I was, I now think, amused, but in a few minutes the fire extended to the under shade, and as the breeze strengthened, the shade unrolled in a rush and blew afar along the ceiling and billowed up and down. That gave me the scare of my life, and all the events of my earlier experience with fire came rushing back with terror. I yelled as I had never yelled before. In rushed mother, Lew and Arthur. Lew jumped like a flash for the blazing upper pieces of the flaming shade and curtains and Arthur stamped upon the pieces on the floor. Mother plucked me from the bed and ran for the door way from which all had entered. It was all over after a few minutes, but it was mighty exciting while it lasted and it so deeply impressed me that oft times the details recur in my mind. Of course Lew and Arthur were the heroes of the event. They had prevented a catastrophe. But, to me the best of all was that I was not charged with doing anything wrong, even praised for giving the

alarm. Another vivid recollection of Lewis was connected with the death and burial of my grandfather Edwards. Elsewhere I have told how I placed flowers in the beard of my grandfather as he lay in his coffin, and placed my toy blocks around it in symmetrical order, but the recollection of Lew with the funeral is of a different order. I was too young to really comprehend what death meant and I surmise I regarded all the visits from mourning friends and the flowers and what I saw for a few days, as part of some celebration or function in connection with him and that shortly, and in good time, he would again wake from his sleep and resume their affairs, but on the day of the funeral, I witnessed the closing of the casket, the removal of the flowers, the unhappiness and the tears of all those assembled and then finally the exit of all those who followed the removal of the casket towards the waiting hearse. The exit of all present, that is but Lew and me. Then for the first time I realized that they were taking my grandfather away from me and that I was being deserted by my mother and by everybody else and as never before, it then burst upon me that I would never see him again. Terror seized me. Why were they deserting me? I must follow them but I was restrained by Lew; he held me in his arms and tried to comfort me as best he could. I recall the chair in which he sat, from which I struggled to free myself from his arms. Doubtless it was as distressing to Lew as to me. It was long before his comforting soothed me; but at last I fell asleep in his arms. My grandfather died March or April of 1873, when I was about five years old. Of course at my age I had heard of death before and that it was something bad that happened to people, and that it was to be avoided but the full significance of it had not previously been grasped. This day the finality of death dawned on my childish intellect. Shortly following this experience a paralysis fell on New York. The city suffered great depression, involving unemployment and poverty and our little family suffered greatly for whatever had been left of my parents original prosperity, had been exhausted by my father's losses and the strain incident of his sickness, departure to California and other exceptional misfortunes. I recall our retreat to a wretched tenement, crowded with many poverty stricken tenants, we on the top floor, in a few small rooms; the only toilet on the premises was one floor above the street level. The stalls in this toilet were open to all in common, the original locks on the doors having been broken and only inner hooks having been substituted. The filth was horrible, and the conditions such that visits to the toilets had ordinarily to be made in couples. The only heat in the building was that of the stoves located in the different apartments upon which cooking was done. Our food was very scarce and at times we were reduced to living on indian meal, and this as I remember it, was the most monotonous and unsavory food to which poverty stricken people have been reduced in recent times. To sustain us mother had to take in washing, but at the time even this was hard to get. Lew lost his job, Arthur was a school boy and I have no recollection of my sisters being around for a time, though Katie appeared on the scene after a while, returning, I surmise from some theatrical engagement which had petered out. Amid this situation mother prepared

for the departure of Lew, but just how the money for his fare was secured I do not know, but in any event he went to San Francisco and I can recall my mother making shirts for him in advance of his departure. I recall his departure well. I believe he left by ship for Panama, crossed the isthmus, and thence by ship to Frisco. On arrival at Frisco he joined John and from what John told me years afterwards, Lew was a good mechanic and that he worked a good deal with brass, bronze, copper, lead and other metals, and all this in addition to plumbing, gas fitting and the like. Lew married the sister of John's wife and the name of Lew's wife was Mary Carolan; and by her he had one child, a posthumous son, born I believe January 17, 1883, but the child died May 13, 1885. Lewis died in September, 1882, if the date I have is correct. The mother died about 1887. Lew was the only one of my mother's children who died while still young and his death was from an occupational disease, or an accident incidental to his occupation. According to what I have been told Lew was a robust and healthy young fellow but he worked much with the metals I have mentioned and with tools that caused much dust, powder, filings, etc., to arise and that it was the breathing of these poisonous things that caused his death. In connection with Lew and his occupation, I have been saving through all the years, several items which my mother gave me and which she long had treasured, because they were his handicraft. One of these is a little bronze rabbit. This is a pretty little creature on a tiny base. Another item is larger and quite heavy. It is the figure of a chubby little cupid or rather angel. The figure is sitting, the head poised as though listening and a line of tiny stars are across the forehead and one hand is raised as though pointing to heaven. There are several tiny holes which were drilled through the extremities, and I surmise these were intended for wires of tiny chains to suspend the figure. In the old days when we were dependent upon kerosene and gas for illumination, before the utilization of electricity, large and very ornamental chandeliers were fashionable, and I surmise that the cupid may have been designed as a pendant to some particularly large fixture of this kind. The little chap is within six feet of me as I write this.

MY BROTHER ARTHUR EDWARDS FIRMIN
SON OF JOHN AND ANNIE FIRMIN

Arthur was born in New York City, July 2, 1859, approximately ten years after the arrival of our family in this country, he was approximately eleven years old when I was born. This difference in age made him of course my idol when I was a child, the one I looked up to, and the "big boss", though there were of course times when we had our disagreements, and some of these led to scuffles, even blows but in these there was never any doubt as to the outcome, and the quick resumption of fraternal relations. I remember one time we had been scuffling for quite a while over the possession of a long rattan cane. While out walking I had seen it first but Arthur reached it first. That is when the argument began and it not only lasted until we got home but after we had had dinner, and our mother said it was high time we stopped our quarrel. She said in effect "I told you to stop quarrelling about that cane, but you have not done so, and unless you do stop I will take it from you and break it up". We looked at each other and both knew that the cane could not be broken, for in our struggle we had bent it and twisted it repeatedly only to see it resume its natural shape again. We thought mother's warning a great joke and resumed the civil war. In a minute mother was upon us, the cane was snatched from our hands, and she tried to break it, whereupon we both guffawed. Mother in a flash thrust the cane, after removing the three lids in a row on the kitchen stove, into her blazing fire, and thereupon we both were sent to bed P.D.Q. The war ended before we got our shoes off. Arthur being the older brother, and the leader as far as we were both concerned, was ever ready to rescue me when difficulties occurred. Arthur had a chum named Charlie Stetson, of whom I am about to relate, the son of a well to do lawyer, and Arthur frequently visited him. This friendship lasted for many years after the cane episode, and the Stetsons received as guests a couple of girls who were of an out-of-town family, but attending Hunter College in Manhattan and young Stetson, Arthur and the girls got to be very close friends. It got to be a steady "foursome", and all joined the same church, whereupon Arthur very kindly invited me to join the same church (Sunday school) too. It was really my first experience with a church. It had attractions which included a library, from which I could borrow books, and there were gatherings at which on occasions I was given a few cents to buy lemonade, etc. Also I was permitted to wear the best clothes I had, if in fact there was any choice, though commonly there was none. Well, in the course of time the Church arranged a Grand Excursion On A Big Steamboat, and mother scraped enough together to enable me to get a ticket as well as Arthur. This was to be a very big event. The boat steamed gaily up the East River into Long Island Sound and the weather was as fine as God ever made it. There were many children aboard of my own age and we were having a gala time, when some girls produced bean bags, and for a little while at least, these, crowded other pastimes aside. While playing with these, one of the bags burst, and the beans scattered about the deck. I started to gather up as many as I could and so did the others. Then we began to flick the

beans about at each other, and then some other bags were tapped to add to the ammunition. It got to be a case of "Everybody is doing it now". Then by chance I hit a chap in the mouth with a bean that evidently stung him. He resented it and in anger rushed at me but before he reached me, seeing him coming, I landed with another one. Soon we were at one another hot and plenty, when the chap's elder brother came along and joined the fray. I was being pummeled by both of them when Arthur came along and got into it plenty. Then friends from both sides began to get busy, so busy and so numerous in fact, that the peaceful church picnic was turned into an arena. At the apex of the fray the Elders, the Trustees and the Superintendent of the Sunday School and the Reverend Minister were all taxed to the limit to restore order. After restoration, an investigation was conducted and just about the time our steamboat headed for the dock it was determined by the elders that I had been the culprit. I was found guilty of starting the fray. Possibly they were right, but I felt as I was doing only what many others were doing, at least up to the assault upon me, and that every one but my assailant had accepted the flicking of the beans as fun and that it was he who should actually bear the onus. My juvenile efforts to explain this fell on deaf ears so far as the church officials were concerned and on the Sunday following the trouble, I was summoned to the platform after the children's services were over, and directed to sit on the front edge of the platform, and facing all those assembled, whereupon the Pastor told how the Church had been disgraced after bearing the spotless reputation it had been blessed with for so very many years etc., etc., ad lib. He was followed by other officials of the congregation with elaborations to the same effect, none of whom failed to point at me as the abominable rascal in the drama. That was my first, last and only attempt to be a real nice, good little boy. But neither Arthur nor my mother deserted me. Thereafter, they let me stay at home and without any attempt to direct me to another church. As to Arthur, he had walloped his antagonist in the fray so neatly in the presence of Stetson, the girls and numerous other young folks that they admired him, and he was regarded as the hero of the day! That he certainly was in my eyes too.

I think Arthur's first job was that of an "office boy", in an attorney's firm, but of this I am not certain. Even while going to school, and when we were in the depths of poverty, following the death of my father, when all efforts to sustain us otherwise had failed, and mother had been obliged to take in washing, Arthur would call on her customers for whatever they had to be laundered and then return it afterwards. Frequently I would accompany him. Sometimes he went with a sleigh, and while he pulled, I steadied the basket or bundle upon it. In any event it was shortly after leaving school that he got his job in a law office and very shortly thereafter he selected law as his profession. He worked all day and he studied far into the night. We slept together and most of the time I would fall asleep while he was busy studying law books or making notes. Commonly he would feel so drowsy that he would have to read aloud to prevent from falling asleep. He worked hard and incessantly.

After a while he joined the Y.M.C.A., not for recreation nor religious reasons, but for the benefit of the debating society which was maintained there and for such other studies as would further his advancement as a lawyer. From the very beginning he became prominent in the debates, and he had for several years competitors who in the course of time became very prominent throughout our city. Eventually he got to be a clerk in the law office of W. I. Butler, a well known attorney in the old Evening Post Building. In the course of litigation for one or more of his clients, Butler had reason to investigate the Equitable Life Insurance Co., one of the greatest of the insurance companies of the United States. This investigation disclosed very serious irregularities, deceits and chicanery, combined with fraud and misrepresentations. When he began to expose these abuses, and the very wealthy group of men profitting thereby, a plot to blacken Butler's character was hatched and in the course of time Butler was not only defeated, but exhausted financially and besmirched. To the best of my recollection he shortly thereafter died. Arthur was certain of Butler's innocence and that his charges were justified. But, he was young and too poor to carry the combat further. In those days, and it is largely so to-day, young lawyers are expected to work for older ones with established offices, for practically nothing and it was essential for them to do so in order to acquire practical experience in the preparation of cases and in court procedure. In the course of years, and after Arthur went to Texas, the seeds which had been sewn by Butler, began to grow, this defeat notwithstanding, and public indignation was aroused. Eventually the State Legislature instigated an investigation of the whole situation and Charles E. Hughes was appointed to conduct it. Hughes proved to be fearless and thorough and with the great resources at his command he exposed the rotten conditions which existed were even worse than Butler had alleged. Hughes captured the limelight and not only was rewarded by being elected Governor of the State of New York but later was nominated for President, and would likely have been elected had it not been for a blunder on the part of one of his friends who incidently was also a friend of mine. Butler had long been forgotten and few if any ever gave him credit for his worthy efforts in which Arthur had aided him. I know though that Arthur gloried in the fact that Hughes' expose vindicated Butler's efforts.

I have previously referred to our poverty, and to mother's efforts to support us by menial labor. Much of this labor was expended in her effort to further Arthur's education. For a while mother opened up a laundry office on 11th Street, just west of Broadway and Katie who was unemployed at the time, was established there to take care of the office work, but when she had been installed a little while, she was stricken by typhoid fever and from her I also contracted the same disease. Together we lay as though at the edge of our graves but miraculously for those days, we both recovered. The misfortune though wrecked mother's plans and she had to sell the fixtures and equipment of the laundry, etc., to meet her indebtedness. We all realized full well what poverty meant.

Naturally as Arthur's younger brother I looked up to him as the leader, and envied him his superior strength, and his longer experience. Naturally too, when he became involved in scraps I idolized him as a hero, and I will mention a couple of such events just as examples: They will serve to indicate the life we were experiencing at the time they happened. Arthur knew two brothers, one of whom was a very close friend, but the other not so well liked. In fact there was more or less antagonism between Arthur and the second brother. We had, I should mention too, attained by this time somewhat better financial status than previously described. Several of Arthur's chums, including the two brothers mentioned, a lad named Jack Mead, who in after years became a staunch friend of mine, and Katie and a few other girls, organized a picnic, to include the hiring of a couple of row boats and a basket lunch. I was included, mostly I think at the solicitation of Katie, and we all went up to the Harlem River together. The tough lad, the elder brother mentioned, was the heaviest and the oldest of the group, including the girls. Friction soon developed between the tough chap and Arthur, and we had not reached our landing place more than a little while, before the tough challenged Arthur to settle their differences "like a man". The outcome was that the girls should remain among the trees for a while, while the rest of us traped down to an old dock on the river's edge, which seemed to be the best site for the fray. Then Arthur put me in the custody of Jack Mead, to be kept quiet, and prevent me from throwing stones or otherwise participating in the scrap. The whole group regarded what was to come, as probably the best feature in the afternoon's program. A referee was agreed upon, and then the scrap commenced. It was a long fight and a savage one. Both those engaged were game, but to my intense delight Arthur was the victor. The victory was complete. The vanquished left the dock alone. Not even his brother followed him.

Another adventure in which Arthur was the leading participant occurred years later, and when I had grown older and stronger, and when we were living at 448 Sixth Avenue, in the tough "Tenderloin district", of very unsavory reputation. A short distance down 27th Street, but close to our home, there were a number of notorious dives, and in one of these a fire occurred, and it spread so rapidly that a woman had to run for her life, and with only such part of her clothing as she was able to reach and grasp in her arms. The fire had attracted a great many persons and most of them were of ill repute, and they looked upon the terror and discomfiture of the fleeing women as a divertisement only. At the first alarm both Arthur and I ran out, anxious to ascertain how great the conflagration was or might become, and all that was going on. Quickly our curiosity was aroused by a very noisy group which seemed to be center of attraction. As we got closer we saw that the center of interest was a woman very scantily clad, and holding fast to some spare garments which the rowdies were trying to wrest from her. In a moment Arthur saw the fellows were trying not only to rob the woman of the spare garments in her arms, but of all her garments. He saw too that the woman was trying to reach a horse car that was nearby, upon the platform of which there was a conductor who was looking down on what was going on, and who seemed to be much concerned. Arthur dashed

at the group immediately, and I followed. By this time I had grown much older than I had been when the picnic was held, and I had become experienced in the scraps which were common to our disorderly neighborhood. Arthur with me following him closely, quickly reached the unfortunate woman, whereupon he quickly thrust her to the platform of the much interested conductor, who with the utmost alertness, pushed her through the car door and gave the driver the signal to go. Off went the car in a flash. Immediately the mob enraged at the escape of their intended victim, turned on Arthur, but together we struggled towards our house door. All through the melee, mother had been anxiously watching us from the window and she rushed down to our front door and opened the heavy outer door of our vestibule. The vestibule was about four feet in depth, that is between the heavy and most outer door, and the somewhat lighter inner door. Mother was just in time. We slid in and all three braced against the inner door while we pushed out the outer door. In front of the outer door, there was a step of about 6 inches, and then an iron and glass panel to light the basement. Fortunately for us the panel was slippery, and gave the mob only a poor brace, while we three had the advantage of the inner frame work and door to brace us. It was three against many, but we won. When the mob dispersed, we all went upstairs and mother doctored our bruises as usual. We had a spartan mother, but she had a horror of firearms. As an offset she fostered us in cultivating boxing and wrestling. As a lad, when I invited pals to our home and wanted to "put on the gloves", they were told to pack the chairs and clear the room. Commonly she kept time and acted as umpire. I recall that after Arthur went to Texas, and he was helping build the R. R. to El Paso, he wrote to me to get a certain type of revolver. I wrote back and reminded him that he had been a quaker, and that quakers did not approve of deadly weapons; whereupon, he replied, that in Texas it was a matter of a live quaker with a gun or a dead quaker without one; further, that he had long had a gun, but it was not as good a one as he needed. Thereupon, mother permitted me to do as he requested. Well, eventually Arthur developed into the same old story. "Good by Mother, Father John-Annie-Kate-Lew-Arthur". I was the only one left, the youngest of all. The amazing part of these ever repeated adieus, was the complete and uniform termination of the contributions to Mother. It is true that for a while John contributed a little for a short time, but it was very little and very short considering the very many years of his absence. Katie aided in the home while she was with mother following my marriage, but when on the road as an actress, I think her earnings were absorbed by her expenditures. But Kate nursed my mother in my mother's last illness, which was severe and long extended, and her ministrations were devoted and increasing to the moment of my mother's death. Arthur of course was in distant Texas.

Many years ago, after Arthur had long been in Texas, he very unexpectedly, and unannounced, came in from Texas. When first I saw him I failed to recognize him. I had pictured him in my mind's eye, as a rugged, muscular, athletic fellow hardened by outdoor life and blessed by the

romantic experiences usually associated with a Texas venture. I just naturally and romantically pictured him as thus developed from what he had been when we said good-bye to each other. But, as a matter of fact, he looked exceptionally thin, somewhat shrunken, and his whole frame and bearing shocked me. When he began to talk, I found that his mind was as clear as could be, and that whatever he seemed to lack in physical vigor was compensated by his vigorous speech and mental alertness. It happened that we met in a room to which he had been directed and in which I was supervising a personnel of approximately 200 to 250, made up of both men and women. Most of those at work were operating typewriters, adding machines, comptometers and various other similar devices. He was much interested by what he saw and impressed by the serious demeanor and faithful application of the entire staff. Turning to me in a little while he said "How can you stand all this day after day without going mad? I would not work in a place like this for any consideration". Then I realized what Texas had done to him, or that possibly it was the ambition of his youth to escape from close routine which prompted him to leave the metropolis when he did, even though he may not have sensed it at the time. He took occasion to criticize me for being "tied to my mother's apron strings", but he failed to realize that to me those strings were bonds of affection. I told him that the exhausting labor and sacrifice of our mother in the early days, obligated all of us later in life to compensate her. There, our argument ended; if it can be called an argument.

During Arthur's visit I fortunately "had a date" of an exceptional character, and an opportunity to include him in it. It was an evening date, and it developed that he was still a cosmopolitan as of yore, competent to mingle with many able men on a common level, and that he had a fund of knowledge, a keen sense of humor, a wealth of happy anecdotes, an alert and active mind and a quickness at repartee. The gathering occurred in the home of one of my steady chums, but I have forgotten just what it was we gathered to celebrate. Anyway, my chum's wife had been exiled for the night and the celebration was strictly stag. The gathering included a couple of lawyers, several newspaper men, a poet, a couple of literary men, an anthropologist, an antiquarian and finally a "Big Business Man", who by luck was also my guest, and who never before had attended such a gathering. The table had been set in advance of the exile of the wife and our host had laid in many supplies. But somethings had been left to be done when we gathered. For instance, a wonderful salad had to be made, but it was found there was no bowl in the house big enough for it so the "Committee on Salad" was delegated to go and get one. When they came back they brought back a big, new, zinc coal scuttle, and likewise everything else that could be put in a salad. French, Italian, German, Mexican and Asiatic suggestions were reported to have been incorporated in this wonder salad. I believed it and I did not eat any of it. But Arthur did, and he liked it. I was the "Committee on Steaks", which meant that I had to cook them. They had previously been bought and they were numerous. I had a reputation as a good steak cook, but when I went to the kitchen I found that close to the side of the big range where the broiling had to be done, there was a perch and domineering this was a giant parrot chained and locked by the wife who had been exiled. The parrot was as anxious to get my right ear as any fish hawk ever was to catch a fish. Oh! what a time

I had with those steaks. All those present-except Arthur and "Big Business", were well acquainted and typical "Bohemians". But just because these two were strangers they were given special consideration. Arthur fitted in perfectly, and he became the special guest of the evening. He was in his element. He swapped stories with them all. He told of episodes and adventures in the old days. He gave them darky language with skill and gusto. Quips, repartes, humor, with all possible trimmings which bright minds could summon were exchanged back and forth. Finally the food was eaten, the bottles were emptied, the attempts of the Polly on my ear were frustrated and we adjourned at just the time we had arranged prior to the meeting; and all this so that we could reach another meeting for which a number of us were scheduled. The second meeting was to be that of the New York Literary Society. I was most anxious to have Arthur and Big Business attend this second meeting. I was confident both would enjoy it as an interesting finis for the night. I had long been a member of the Literary Society and the man who had been our host at the earlier meeting, was also a member of the L. S., and in fact I had years previously introduced him to it. This organization had been originally formed by a group of young lawyers, for the purpose of improving them as speakers and widening their knowledge of controversial economic and political problems by means of debate. But it had grown beyond this, to the extent that it covered not only current events and problems, but historic matters as well as far back as knowledge extended. Many of the ablest of those who first benefitted from the meetings, continued on for many years and long after they had become conspicuous in the community, and achieved high office and other distinctions. While in the beginning it had been like the Y.M.C.A. class of which Arthur had been a member, as previously mentioned, it was much wider in scope and its membership was much more mature, and also in fact distinguished. It happened that one of the members of Arthur's Y.M.C.A. group, a very close pal of Arthur's when both were young, left the Y.M.C.A. shortly after Arthur's departure for Texas and became a member of the N.Y.L.A., and remained a member not only up to the time of Arthur's visit but for many years after. His name was T.C.T. Crain, and he had achieved distinction not only as a lawyer and successively a partner in several law firms of exceptional importance but in public offices, including Commissioner of Tenements, Judge of the Supreme Court, etc. Another of our distinguished members was Samuel Seabury, who as a judge of our Supreme Court and other high offices has for years been regarded as one of our foremost citizens. Then we had a member who had been a friend of Arthur who was named Cornelius Donovan, who had introduced me to the Society, and who was still a member of the same when Arthur returned. In the old days it was permitted to bring in a stranger once without asking consent, but not a second time without unanimous approval. When I was introduced I was a little under age, but they nevertheless permitted me to come the second time and eventually accepted me. Way back in 1915 we held a dinner at the Hotel McAlpin, then one of our most prominent establishments, to celebrate our fortieth anniversary, and they honored me by selecting me as Toast Master. For very

many years we had held our meetings in various court rooms, always having sufficient influence regardless of the political status of the authorities in power, to secure this privilege without the payment of rentals. I explained all this to Arthur and it was evident that he was pleased and that he fitted in well with those he met. We held a debate, and it involved both prohibition and the negro problem, but I cannot recall just how the two questions were framed. It was a red hot debate, "with no holds barred", and in a while Arthur rose to speak and within a minute or two he concentrated the attention of every one present by his earnestness, vigor and rhetoric. He denounced prohibition with a vehemence and skill that at once disclosed familiarity with the question, and that he regarded it as a violation of our natural rights as citizens inherent to our political structure and primary declarations. On the negro problem he spoke with equal vigor, and disclosed to me an entirely different point of view than he had held when he was a youth. At the time he left home he was a "black Republican", and he had in his absence become a "Southern Democrat". His speech was able, impassioned and it covered his side of the question in a competent way. When he bowed and resumed his seat he was warmly and long applauded by all present; and quite regardless of how they personally stood on the questions at issue. Somehow, by common consent, they all seemed to look to me to follow him, I infer, because knowing my opinions differed from his, and that he was my guest, they would prefer not to take the negative. Therefore I rose to reply, but at the outset, I announced that I would not cover the matter of prohibition, but confine myself to the negro question. I will not detail my response here, but I expressed my astonishment that in the course of our separation he had so completely abandoned his convictions as to the inalienable rights of man and regardless of creed or color. Then I told of an instance in our family history about which I had always been proud, but which he had apparently forgotten. That is providing he knew of it, and acknowledged that possibly he did not know of it. Approximately a century previous, a relative of our grandfather, who of course was an Englishman, had become Governor of Cape Coast Colony in Africa and that while thus serving he had for a considerable period supported a negress as a mistress, and that by her, he became the father of a progeny of children. I narrated how later on this Governor had died and that it was then discovered he had willed all his fortune, which was considerable, to his progeny. Then it developed that under the laws of the colony the will would be regarded as invalid if white relatives protested it. It happened that our grandfather Edwards, in the event of protest, would inherit all. The very man who in our childhood we loved so dearly and still venerated. Then I told of how our grandfather declined the heritage, and saw to it that our negro relatives got what they were entitled to. The whole episode was quite dramatic. My Big Business man told me after all was over that never in his life had he ever witnessed such a succession of marvels, and this for many years afterwards he would repeat in one way or another. Arthur's stay with us was very brief, but thereafter we never met again. I leave the task of covering his further biography to his Texas offspring, whose natural right it is.

ARTHUR EDWARDS FIRMIN

BIOGRAPHY WRITTEN BY HIS SON ALBERT E. FIRMIN

THIS IS SUPPLEMENTARY TO THE BOYHOOD HISTORY OF ARTHUR EDWARDS FIRMIN PRIOR TO HIS DEPARTURE FROM NEW YORK. THE TWO BIOGRAPHIES COVER THE WHOLE LIFE OF THE SUBJECT AND SHOULD BE SO REGARDED.

This is a poem that was written by my brother Arthur, but of which I had no knowledge until 1954 when it was transmitted to me by his daughter Evelyn. Evelyn's note in respect to the poem will be found at the foot of the poem.

AM I FORGOT ?

In friendship's unity each uttered thought
Of ideals sweet, serene and pure,
The web and woof of life expands
And is not forgot.

The impulse gained in meeting purity
Softens the rugged heart of fighting man;
And guiding his sense of strength and power
To the lines of great Jehovah's plan
Is not forgot.

From ageing hills the past I view;
See pleasant plains stretch back; and you
And other friends whose aid gave grace
To give my life true honor as its base
Are not forgot.

Like guiding sentinals they stand
Scorning not the weak, themselves too grand,
Pointing the road to gracious life
Beyond the tempting sand the strife
They are not forgot.

No soul that touching other soul
Has taught to man where lay the goal
Of his endeavors, strength and mind,
In that man's life oblivion can find.
'Tis ne'er forgot.

That was written by Papa many, many years ago and I had to put it away and found it a few days ago.

When I first saw it I had forgotten it - then I saw the "Am I forgot?" and I instantly remembered. How could I write a poem to tell him he is NOT forgot.

You - forgot?
Life holds no memories more dear
Than your sweet thoughts, which I
Once could hear.

But, I guess I'm not much of a poet, and believe me he's NOT forgotten.

ARTHUR EDWARDS FIRMIN

Written by his Son, Albert Firmin of Texas

My Uncle Bert, that is Albert Bancroft Wilcox Firmin, began the biography of my father Arthur Edwards Firmin, and carried it through from Papa's birth to his arrival in Texas and covered his last visit to New York, then he delegated me to the task of covering Papa's life until his death on April 12, 1929.

After the inimitable and masterful way Uncle Bert wrote the outline of the history of the Firmin family and the biographical details of many members of the family, I feel like a child set to the doing of a man's job, now that I have undertaken to carry on from where he left off, but I will do my best which I have heard is all that a mule can do.

From anecdotes recited to me by Papa, I gathered that he spent considerable time in Mexico before he finally determined to settle down in Texas, and to resume the profession which had won him distinction in New York, his youth notwithstanding. But, he had to earn his living in the meanwhile, and study our Texas laws which of course varied from the laws in the East. His mind was versatile, and he joined a survey party, engaged in determining the route for one of the railroads planned to link our beloved country and Mexico, and though he had had no previous experience in this highly technical occupation, he soon mastered both "level and transit", and reached the title of "instrument man".

Years later, when I was about ten years old, my father made me a transit out of two lard can lids, one graduated to the degrees of a circle, and the other split so that it could be set at the angle he wished to turn, while the paper tube became the telescope and in it two threads were substituted for "cross hairs" and all these units were mounted on a tripod made of three broom sticks, and with this improvised instrument he gave both my brother Phil and me lessons in surveying. That was in fact my introduction to engineering as a profession. But it was in 1910 that I became a "Recorder" with the U. S. Engineers on a topographical survey of the Sulphur River. From Recorder I rose stage by stage to "Instrument Man", etc., etc., up the ladder of my profession and to this profession I have adhered ever since. Returning to my father: I surmise that he was in no hurry to return to his profession as a lawyer, for following his employment as already set forth, he visited different parts of Texas, and apparently by easy stages, and earning his living as opportunity offered. I recall that for a while he was employed by Nussbaumer & Co., the banker, as a bookkeeper, which is further evidence of his versatility and after a while he was promoted to the title of cashier. It was not until 1888 or 1889 that he determined to return to the practice of his profession, and was licensed as a Texan lawyer. Quite a while before my father had left New York, he had secured his title as a lawyer in that city and where it is my understanding, it was more difficult to qualify than anywhere else in our country. In the course of time Papa met Miss Martha Ellen Moser,

and on January 5, 1889, he married her. After the marriage he wooed her as ardently as ever before and until the day of his death in 1929. It was a long and poetic marriage.

Texas in the early days of which I have been writing, was a wild and blustering state. Only 23 years had elapsed since the close of the Civil War. The "carpet bagger days" were still fresh in the memories of many. It took a staunch heart for a New Yorker (a Northerner), to settle in Texas. To the average Texan by birth, migrants who ventured from as far north as New York, were likely to be regarded as "damn-Yankees", pronounced as though all one word and it was against animosities of this kind that father had to contend, and which involved him in more than one brawl. Yet, in the course of time there was much in Texas that appealed to my father, and eventually no one Texan born venerated it more than he did. His career was long, strong and uphill, but eventually he was accepted as a full fledged Texan. Papa was accepted as a verbal fighter, used his fists when necessity arose and he demonstrated his skill whenever he was challenged. He was not a large man but his skill, alertness, experience in defense and his courage won him distinction. Of course Texas in the early days of which I have been writing, was more or less boisterous, as practically all our states were in their early days in their so called "settlement" periods. "Settlement" really signified more than building a shelter for a few or a group, and in the case of my father, he had to face fractious fellows who had not yet adjusted themselves to the ideals of settlement for which the more worthy strove. Papa had aspirations and he stood for them, and he was not of the type that suffered encroachments on his freedom of speech or other inalienable rights. He was ever ready to argue, but occasionally the arguments or other circumstances ended in "scraps", when those who disagreed with him resorted to violence when they found themselves over matched in reason. Father was not a large nor powerful man, but he was a skillful, experienced, alert and vigorous one, who in his youthful days had resided in one of the toughest sections of New York, in which proficiency in self-defense was a necessity. And this prelude I am inserting here in connection with an occurrence which marked my birthday and part of which occurrence I learned from my mother. I, Albert Edwin Firmin, born March 6th, 1890, and I started life a sensation, in that I weighed 14- $\frac{1}{2}$ pounds at birth. It happened to be the coldest day, my father subsequently told me, he had yet experienced in Texas. Maybe that was why he resorted to exercise. But, be it as it may, he got into a quarrel with two brothers and each much larger than he, and they were getting the best of him, and forcing him towards a corner to put the finishing touches on when he noticed there was a barrel in it, and with a lucky counter to the antagonist most closely pressing him, he mounted this barrel, with his shoulders pressing back against the wall, and then as his antagonists tried to grab him, he let fly first one well directed kick and almost instantly after a second one, and both reached the jaws of his antagonists with such force that they were knocked flat. To make sure his opponents were as flat as he wanted them to be, he jumped down and looked them over, but no final touches were necessary. They were

licked, and they knew they were licked and were resigned to it.

About four years after this episode I personally witnessed another fray in which father participated. He had a case in Fairfield, the County seat of Freestone County, and inasmuch as he was going there by horse and buggy and would return home by night, and he knew the pleasure such a trip would give me, he took me along. Fairfield had no Court House at the time, and Court was held in a vacant building on the North side of the square. The Judge sat behind a large packing box, while the Jury sat on cracker boxes. During the trial father's opponent drifted into harsh words. So harsh in fact that in time Papa retaliated, and it was with difficulty when this occurred, for the bailiff to keep the opponents from fighting. After the trial Papa and I were in the buggy and were about to start home, when a friend stepped up and was about to speak to my father, when the attorney who had during the trial been so pugnacious, made his appearance again and grabbed the check of the bridal of our horse with his left hand and pointed a gun at father with his right hand, and at the same time shouted "I am going to kill you!" In a flash Papa jerked the reins with his left hand, and lashed his horse with his whip, which he was holding in his right hand. Instantly the horse reared, our opponent fired and his bullet went through the back of the buggy and just between my father and me. Papa had held the reins taut while the attack was on, so the horse did not run, but reared and pawed the air with his front legs, and one of these descended upon the head of our attacker who fell prone, just a moment later to be trampled upon by the hind legs of our horse and severely injured. We looked at what had occurred, and my father assured that he would not be molested any further, nonchalantly headed homeward. This event had an extraordinary sequel which I learned many years later. My father and his opponent eventually became good friends! There really must be something mysterious in the atmosphere of Texas. Sometime following the episode above described, Papa was appointed to fill an unexpired term as Judge of the Criminal District Court for Limestone County, and we moved from Mexia to Groesbeck, the County seat, and it was there on August 18, 1891 that my brother Philip Merion Firmin was born, and he was a husky too, weighing 13 pounds at birth.

I have not the exact dates of the period Papa served as District Judge, but it was approximately 3 years which is shown by various events that occurred within the period and of which I have recollection.

One recollection I have, occurred when I was quite young, about 1893 or 1894, and it is of a visit to New York to my father's mother, Annie Edwards Firmin, whose husband had died many years previously. I was accompanied by my mother and my brother Phil. My Aunt Kate was staying with my grandmother at the time of this visit. Other members of the family were in several parts of the city. This was my mother's first experience in the East and she had not previously met my father's relatives. I can recall that Aunt Katie made me her pet, and that she did all she could to spoil me, that is as far as petting goes. There is one incident of the visit that

was indelibly impressed on my memory. My grandmother asked me to bring her an ashcan or scuttle, which was in the rear of the house, and on an extension which projected about thirty feet therefrom, and in a way served as a back yard, and had a low parapet on three sides. As I went for the scuttle some girls in a rear building who were employed in a candy factory, saw me and threw me some chocolates and in reaching for them I toppled off and fell two stories, into a neighboring basement. Luckily I fell on a sand pile, which eased my landing to some extent. While my fool neck was not broken, I nevertheless ripped a great gash in my scalp, and for this a doctor had to be called to sew it together. It required many stitches, but after the first one I rebelled, the M.D. had to bribe me with a quart of ice cream to sit still while he did the job. Considering what I experienced in this surgical operation, I thought at the time, and I still think, that the terms which I demanded of all those connected therewith, were not extortionate. Aside from this event though, I have not thought up any other iniquitous experience, which prompts me to say that I hold no grudge against the place, even though my father did leave it and preferred Texas.

Sometime after we returned from New York to Texas we made Galveston our home, but about 1895 we moved to Dallas, and this sheltered us until about 1919 to 1920. On arrival at Dallas, we found it to be a small but active city with a population of approximately 25,000 people. It had both electric and mule cars. "Down town" extended from the Court House to approximately Ervey Street, close to the "New Post Office", between Main and Commerce Street. Main, Elm and Commerce Streets were paved with "bois de arc blocks", but our other streets were merely graded or "Macadamized". Down town there was an eternal clatter and noise from the horse and mule drawn drays as they bounced over the paving blocks. Dallas was a place in those days where a man could find a fight or a frolic, whichever he preferred and both day and night. I do not recall just where we lived. My first definite recollection is of a home on Exposition Avenue, near where the Santa Fe R.R. crossed it. Law, as a profession, in the era of which I am recording, was not very productive and we moved several times in our effort to better matters. Papa accepted a good deal of criminal practice, with the result that he was frequently called in the middle of the night to get some "bird" out of jail. This was a hard period, with not too much food on the table. In the course of years though we mingled both feast and famine, accepting the latter as inevitable in the condition our country was in, and not only Dallas. The only one who actually complained when conditions were bad was Mama, and she complained only because of her intense interest in her babies, who were ever foremost in her mind. Personally I recall little of actual hunger, other than that incident to a healthy appetite just before meal time. One episode though does come to my mind; when there was no money at hand and worse no prospect of any promptly. Mother sent me to the butcher in the emergency to "bum" some scraps for the dog and with what I got and a few potatoes, she made a stew and I am glad to be able to say that it was a satisfying one at that. Such is the ingenuity of a devoted mother. Admittedly Papa was not provident,

but he was generous to a fault, both with his family and his friends. If he was asked for a loan or asked for aid, and he had anything, the applicant got it. As an attorney he was exceptionally successful and this attests his skill as a lawyer, but it was seldom that he collected the total of his fee, those benefitting begging off or vanishing. Even those who paid, ordinarily paid in dribblets. No sooner was a case satisfactorily terminated so far as some of his clients were concerned, than they avoided their benefactor, or squandered what he had procured for them. It is said that "Gratitude is a sense of favors to be paid", but it is rarely found. Even many of the leading citizens of Dallas though indebted to him in both small and large amounts, ignored their obligations, yet he did not sue them, nor impair his dignity by dunning them. Mama many times tried to persuade him to abandon his profession as an independent, and to accept some of the opportunities offered him in the law offices of others, and on fixed salaries, but his pride would not permit this. It is no disparity of my father to say that he had no sense of the value of money so far as he was personally concerned, but he merely regarded it as a medium of exchange, and of much less interest to him than the value he placed on his technical ability which enabled him to be declared a triumphant winner in Court trials. It was like a contestant in a race, who strove to be declared the winner, but would not concern himself to put out his hand for the prize. The future held no fears for him, even to his last days on earth, he sincerely believed "The Lord will provide". Even when he had money, he seemed to want to get rid of it. Once he and I went for a walk to town from our home, and it happened that he had a single five dollar gold piece, which Mother had insisted should be reserved for household necessities, but it happened that he had a habit of reading as he strolled along, and on this occasion he perused a Dallas Morning News. Suddenly he let out a loud whoop, then he grabbed me and said "Dance, Dance", and this we did right there on the sidewalk. I thought he had lost his mind. Then he reached into his pocket for the gold piece that mother had wanted preserved for the household, and thrust it into my hand saying at the same time "Go, spend that, buy all the candy you want". I remonstrated, but he said "Don't worry, I have just read about a great case I have won in the Court of Appeals, and there is a big fee awaiting me in town. Mama will have money enough to buy everything she wants". My cautious nature made me dubious, and I thought it better to take the fiver home to Mama. How big the fee was, I have forgotten, but I do recall distinctly that about noon, drays began arriving at our house and delivering furniture, dishes, groceries and a variety of other things such as father thought mother craved. As to Mama, amazed by the arrivals, she waxed frantic, wondering where father was and what he would send next. I did not hear the conversation when mother and father met, but I surmise it would have made a marvelously interesting scene for a modern television with a nation wide hook-up.

Some of the events set out above occurred before and some after my sister Evelyn Firmin was born viz May 29, 1898. She was a pretty little trick and loved by all of us, but particularly our Daddy. Until Evelyn's arrival we never dared call him Daddy, for he flared if we let it slip out. But,

after Evelyn said "Daddy", there were no further eruptions and it became current. About the time Phil and I reached manhood, father had been referred to so often in our presence as "The Judge", that we began to refer to him also as "Judge" instead of Papa and Daddy, and I am certain that he liked us to do so. So it is, that I still think of him as "The Judge", and you may expect him to be so referred to in my further narrative. Further back you may recall that The Judge was occasionally victimized by some men who had won his deepest confidence, and this was so in some of his partnerships. He had several partners at different times, and before I was old enough in some cases to remember their names, but I recall a man named M. L. Robertson, who was a typical "four flusher", at least in my estimation, and this notwithstanding he was an F.F.V. and a man of high education. Likewise he was a Virginian, and courteous and polished. Yet such a fumbler in the practice of law that the Judge had to prepare and try nearly every case the firm handled. Nevertheless, Robertson was a good mixer, and he exerted himself and prompted his wife to mingle with the socialites not only of Dallas, but throughout Texas. Through his social contacts, he was able to get some very lucrative business for the firm, and these The Judge handled in his usual masterful way, but M. L. R. collected the fees, and these he very frequently appropriated to his own use, or split by some pretense on about a 75 - 25 basis, whereas the partnership was arranged to be on a 50-50 basis. M. L. R. was always representing that he had to live on a plane so much higher than the Judge's plane, that he had to get what he took. For several years notwithstanding this bad state of the partnership, our living was more stable than it had been previously. But eventually the situation reached a climax, and the Judge withdrew from the lopsided arrangement. Subsequently it developed that the practice of M. L. R. fell off after the severance of his relations with The Judge, and to such an extent that Mrs. M. L. R. had to go to work to sustain both M. L. R. and herself. There were other partnerships; Lenthicum & Firmin, Hall, Flippen, McCormick & Firmin, etc., to adinfinitem. The ultimate in heartaches was the alliance with Eric Gambrell, who was the son of E. C. Gambrell, a preacher but whose faith I do not remember, though I recall that he was a fanatic. Incidentally, he was a Prohibitionist and a bitter denouncer of all who differed from his views. This partnership continued for quite a while, and until a day came upon which Eric collected a large fee that belonged to the firm, and immediately started out on a "high lonesome drunk". For many days no one could ascertain what had become of him. Then word came that he had been discovered in the Westbrook Hotel, in Fort Worth, and that he had committed suicide by placing the muzzle of his revolver in his mouth and pulling the trigger.

For many years, The Judge had opposed Prohibition with all his vigor, until he became so prominent that the church with which he was affiliated - The Cumberland Presbyterian Church - J. Frank Smith, Pastor, demanded that he cease his activities, or be dismissed from the church. Father withdrew from the church, and never sought membership in any

other, yet he remained devoutly religious as long as he lived. After separation from the church he accepted a monthly retainer from the Brewers' Association of Texas, and renewed his campaign against Local Option and Prohibition, and with more vigor than ever before. The prohibitionist were so incensed over the issue that the fanatics among them often threatened to assault him, but this failed to intimidate him in the least. One of his contemporaries named Bill Ballew, of Corsicana, Texas, was set upon by a gang of preachers, who in evident defiance of their obligations to establish "Peace on earth", cut almost to ribbons. This dastardly crime occurred at the front gate of the victims home and his life hung in the balance for months. This crime aroused Mama and a host of the Judge's friends, and they did everything they could to dissuade him from further efforts in the issue, but the attempts to persuade him were as futile as the attempts to intimidate him. Among his frequent debates, there was one with Rev. E. C. Gambrell, the father of The Judge's former partner who committed suicide, and during this debate Rev. Gambrell asked what The Judge expected his children to be like if they grew up in the horrible atmosphere of liquor, such as the Judge advocated. The Judge promptly replied "Rev. Gambrell, out of respect for a very dear friend whose name I will not mention here, I can only partially answer your question, but I do expect to raise my children to be sober, honest men and women, and with no suicidal instincts". At the close of the meeting Rev. Gambrell got The Judge aside, and he thanked him for not having taken advantage of the opportunity the circumstances offered. The Reverend never again debated the prohibition question with The Judge.

Reverting to my mention of "Damnyankee", and how cool the Texans were to them on occasion, an incident has come to my mind, and I will narrate it. My mother's brother, William H. Moser, known to me as "Uncle Billie", told me the following story, and though it shows my father's good qualities, my father never told me of the matter. Uncle Billie loved the Judge so dearly. It seems that Uncle Billy and his brother Tom, soon after the Judge began his practice of law in Texas, became embroiled in a "shooting scrap", with a white nestor who had consorted with a negro woman long enough to have sired and raised to maturity two half breed sons. When the smoke cleared away, after the shooting, there were three dead men. Billie and Tom went to Mexia and turned themselves over to the sheriff. Almost as soon as the surrender occurred, the Judge also reached the sheriff's office to offer his assistance. Both Tom and Billie accepted, but Basome Lowe, Joe Shipley, Dallas Perkins and some others, all kinsmen by marriage, declared the Judge too inexperienced and they employed a different lawyer. This lawyer at once demanded a cash fee, and he got it. It took nearly all the money the imprisoned and their relatives could raise. The trial that followed resulted in "conviction for murder in the first degree", and the convicted men's lawyer demanded still more cash in advance of filing an appeal. The convicted had no more cash, and they turned to my father for help. He told them he would make the appeal on one condition only, and this condition was that in the event of a new trial he would

be permitted to proceed alone, totally unassisted and without any interference. This was agreed to. Father's appeal for a new trial was granted and eventually to the surprise of the whole community he secured an acquittal. YET HE GOT NO MONEY!

Through the years he defended many men accused of murder, and he secured acquittals for all but one of them. If my memory serves me right he defended twenty-six in all! His record was very remarkable. His one loss was a source of much regret, for he believed, and later events sustained his belief, that the man he worked so hard to save was guiltless, but a victim of bad associations. As to the details: it happened one night in the early 1900s Holly Van, "Mud McCue" and Burrell Oates, a negro, while on their way across the Trinity River bottoms between Oak Cliff and Dallas stopped at a store run by a man named Aronoff, presumably to purchase a package of cigarettes, but as Aronoff handed out the cigarettes Burrell Oates drew a gun and told Aronoff to hand over his money. At this point Mrs. Aronoff came through a door from a room in the rear of the store, with a gun in her hand and began shooting, whereupon a melee developed but no really coherent story was obtainable at the time as to "who did what?" Soon after though, McCue and Van were arrested and charged with the murder of Aronoff, for he had been shot and killed. But neither of the arrested men was able to employ counsel. Holly Van asked the Court to appoint a lawyer to defend him and explained that he had no money with which to pay one. The Court thereupon designated Judge to defend the accused and my father thereupon accepted the task. It promised to be a fight for Van's life. All three of the accused denied ever having a gun, though Mrs. Aronoff testified that all three had been shooting even though bullets had been found for but one gun besides the one Mrs. Aronoff used. Van's people thereupon assured my father that they would give him the money as soon as they could raise it. The Judge investigated the case from every angle and he came to the conclusion Van's contention was correct and that in fact he had not fired a shot but when the shooting commenced had thrown himself on the floor behind a barrel. Van also asserted he had no fore-knowledge of a robbery being intended when he entered the store. The Judge not only spent a world of time but a great deal of money in the preparation of the defense in advance of the trial. The Court ordered that Van be tried first, and the jury brought in its verdict - "Murder in the First Degree". My father appealed, and in pressing the appeal made a number of trips to Austin at his own expense, and paid for the typing of the transcript and all other incidentals common in such appeals. But alas, the verdict of the jury was sustained, and there were no other means of staying execution. Holly Van was hanged before "Mud McCue" or Burrell Oates were brought to trial. The only tangible fee that the Judge got for his extraordinary efforts was a chicken and a dozen eggs. He was never reimbursed for any of his expenses.

Before McCue was brought to trial he died a raving maniac: body and mind alike destroyed by syphilis. Burrell Oates was backed by the Negro-Masonic Lodge to which he belonged and it was seven years be-

fore he was finally tried and convicted, and thereupon led to the gallows. The night before his execution in a period of religious fervor he confessed that it was he and McCue, not the others accused, who planned the holdup before the group entered Aronoff's store, and that Holly Van had not participated in the affair, and that neither Van nor McCue had a gun.

In his younger days the Judge was a very religious man, and he taught a Bible Class in the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, which stood at the N.W. corner of Harwood and Commerce Street. He attended both the church services and the Sunday School every Sunday, and always took both Phil and me with him. I can picture him now with his long tailed Prince Albert coat, white shirt, stiff collar and the regalia of the late 90s and early 1900s. Though he was an ardent anti prohibitionist where liquor was concerned, he was intolerant in this respect in regard to both my brother and me. Not even smoking was allowed us. To dispute the Bible was sacrilegious. One Sunday we were headed for home, walking South on Akard St., following a sermon which had been about "Creation", delivered by Rev. J. Frank Smith, which had much impressed me, and included much about God and the universe, but confused rather than cleared my childish mind. I turned to the Judge and asked him "If God made the world and all that is in it, who made God?" I did not get an answer but an explosion! Judge cuffed my head, then yanked me across his knee and whaled me as though that was the very best way to knock Hell out of me. I had never heard of Paine, Voltaire, Ingersoll or Clarence Darrow nor that my question was involved in the atheistic tirades of either of them or any other of their ilk. I asked the question in all innocence, and my ignorance still embarrasses me, but I have long since ceased to worry about it. I have cast my eyes about me and I have seen HIS wonders, and learned to my own satisfaction that there is a Living God, and that he is loving, merciful and kindly; but the "When", "Why" and "How", are not only beyond me, but beyond us all.

Then the Judge learned that Phil and I were smoking cigarettes! One night after supper he leaned back, pulled three "Saw Log stogies, (Cigars about 10 inches long, made of the vilest tobacco) from his pocket and said "alright boys, lets have an after supper smoke", whereupon he handed each of us a cigar. We denied any passion for tobacco, but he insisted that if we wished to smoke we should choose cigars and finally ordered us to "smoke up". Phil managed to get his cigar one third smoked then got white around his gills and heaved up, and the heave was plenty strong. While the Judge doctored Phil and put him to bed I nonchalantly smoked mine down to a "lip burner". Then the Judge told me to finish Phil's cigar. I did so, and still undisturbed. Then the Judge became worried, and I could see that he did not understand how I did what I had done, yet remained as yet unaffected. He determined that I was too darn stubborn to vomit and I realized that he was alarmed. He gave me a cup of coffee, put me to bed, and sat beside it the whole night long, even dreading the consequences. I slept the sleep of the innocent, innocent little devil.

The first day that I went to school I will long remember, not for how happy I was to be in a temple of learning, but because I feared what was likely in store for me for possible derelictions. I had a realization that almost everything an active boy wants to do, his more civilized parents don't want him to do, and that teachers are almost invariably allied with the parents. I did not know whether I would be taught Latin, Greek or plain English, but I met a couple of brothers who were delightful companions and they proved to be so wonderful that when we left school we had become boon companions. Their father was named Haney, and he ran a barn for street car mules. We played round this barn until bed time, and then we turned in together. When we woke up, we ate together again. The breakfast was fine. The only thing that discomfited me was that we then had to go to school again. It developed in the course of time that the evening before when the Judge arrived home, he found my mother on the verge of hysterics, because her beloved son had not yet returned from school. The Judge immediately started to search for me. He inquired of all the neighboring kids he could find, and of elder neighbors too, and eventually he ascertained from some one that I had been seen going towards the river. All tips involving rivers are very discomfiting to fathers in search of their beloved and missing children. The Judge had among his great friends an Arthur Ledbetter, who was the Sheriff, and a "Bud" Huffman who owned a pack of hounds. He routed out both of them and they organized a posse, which included some blood hounds. Then they gathered what they could of my clothes and told the dogs to smell them good and plenty. When the dogs got their fill, they headed at once to the river bottoms. (Again the feared river). But the dogs then trailed to the woods, and in the wee small hours they treed a panther. The panther was shot. The dogs fell upon it as it fell from its perch, and when finally they ceased wooling its carcass, a post-mortem was held, or what might better be called a duplex post-mortem, inasmuch as they assumed that not only the panther was dead, but that I was likewise dead and within his capacious belly. The Judge sadly cut off one of the panther's paws, to show mother what had struck me down. The next morning he also sadly knocked on the school room door, and when the teacher admitted him, he tearfully started to tell her of the horrible fate that had overtaken me, the teacher stared at him with amazement and said "Look! Look!, There is Albert, there he is". You can draw your own conclusions as to what happened to me next!

Perhaps the following episode should be included in my own biography rather than in my father's, but nevertheless, it will here again show that his troubles were not all of a business nature by any means. An honorable and respected judge is likely to be called upon at any time to solve problems that would puzzle Solomon. My father's most troublesome and persistent problem was how to keep me in school, not because of my financial shortage, but because of my innate and incurable antipathy to schools. I was a continuous "hookey" player, yet not mentally backward. I was rather the reverse of this. The difficulty was that there was never enough in school that was given me to do to keep me busy. Even when a

very small child I was not content to just sit, or to hear others fumbling over what I could offer but had no chance to do so. Outside the school, in the great big world beyond, there were wonders to be explored and an infinite variety of inviting problems. I suffered ennui in the classroom, and found the cure for it by playing hookey. At first it was a day a week only, then possibly two a week, but gradually the lapses grew in frequency and length. One term I started my lapses but a few days after the school opened, and I became a truant for about two months, before my sin was detected. The first few days I lapsed, I spent reading my text books, and just as though they were enticing novels. The experience was so easy. I could read the whole book through at a single reading, and one reading sufficed for me to remember what was required. Then I regarded the routine of the class room, as a vast waste of time. So in a few days I was fortified for a long spell ahead, with no time wasted while dummies were drilled by the teachers. Even arithmetic was that easy to me. Oddly I was in "Hog Heaven" as I read my books, and I would have been happy if I had had a mountain of them. My mind was just naturally an absorbent of printing, just as a blotter is an absorbent of printer's ink. Eventually I became amazed at my own truancy. During one of my long periods of truancy, I planned meeting some of the kids after school, and thus ascertained the lessons for the following day and then I would memorize the answers and and recite what I had to the Judge, in evidence of my proficiency, and very much to his delight. "But the best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft a-gley". One day a teacher saw me, and she asked a chum of mine why I was not attending school but what she got from him did not satisfy her, and she wrote to the Judge about it. His old razor strap was used on me that night so hard and so often, that I had to sleep, or at least try to sleep on my belly. The next morning the Judge accompanied me to the school, and he stood on the walk until he saw me pass through the front door, where upon he went happily on his way to business. He failed to detect that I strolled through the hallway and at once out the back door. This routine continued for nearly a week, whereupon the teacher inquired about me again. The Judge went through another seance with the same strap and applied with the usual vigor, and he saw me to the school coat room before he proceeded to his office. I waited in the cloak room until the coast was clear, but then left by the same door that I entered. Again I enjoyed a day of freedom, to wander in the woods and to therein study all the mysteries and glories they offered. But only a short week passed when I was again detected. This time I really got the razor strap and applied with a greater vigor than ever before. The next morning the Judge personally delivered me to the teacher in the class room. I was helpless until recess, but then I again bolted to my beloved outdoors. That though was my last attempt. Thereafter the teacher either kept me in the room or held me by the arm while I was walked in the yard. Notwithstanding, I resented the vigilance which kept me confined, I seldom played hookey again.

Though not a "Promoter" the Judge was frequently allied with a variety of promotional projects. Men with ideas were ever and eternally

searching him out and offering him stock in all sorts of promotional schemes to guide them through the maze of laws framed to protect the public. I do not recall any of these men who had really rascally intents. All in all they were fundamentally an honest lot. Some of them I still recall with pleasure. Some of them were men of personality, with friendly miens, and the propositions they tried to sell have long since proved to be worthwhile. There was the company formed to develop the rock asphalt deposits in Uvalde County, but after months of hard work by all the proposition fell through; yet to-day the deposits now owned by John Nance Garner, are being worked by the Uvalde Rock Asphalt Company with marked success. Many city streets and State highways are being paved with rock asphalt, and several Texans have become rich from the very deposits the Judge and his friends tried so hard in the early days to develop but could find no market for. There was the Dallas, Hillsboro Waco Inter-urban Lines. In 1910, in connection with this project a company was formed and of this adventure the Judge was a stock holder, the stock having been issued to him for his legal services, and a survey was run from Dallas to Hillsboro by an engineer from California named Allison, and some of the right of way was bought, but for some unknown reason money could not be obtained to carry the project further and it "died aborning". Yet, less than 18 months later a man named Strickland promoted a Dallas-Waco Interurban Line that ran juxtaposition to the Allison line, and his line was built, though Strickland, too, had a hard uphill struggle to do it. From Strickland's line was bred the now wealthy Texas Power and Light Company.

With another man named Taylor who owned a large tract of land just South of the Midland Railroad, in Navarro County, the Judge undertook developing a bed of lignite underlaying Taylor's land, but no takers could be found. Lignite was not fully developed coal, and it was harder to burn than coal, and as enough coal was being mined to fill all needs, there was no demand for lignite, and the undertaking was abandoned. Taylor, the Judge and others though, got an idea to powder lignite and then to burn it by blowing into the furnaces, but this was hooted at. Yet experience has shown that their idea was excellent. For today in Trinidad, Texas, just across the Trinity River from what was Taylor's land, and using the lignite the Judge and Taylor were interested in, is the giant power plant of the Texas Power and Light Company, where powdered lignite is being blown into the furnaces and successfully generating electricity in volume.

Some twenty odd years ago in a casual conversation with a prominent engineer, I mentioned the efforts of the Judge and his friends in the directions I have described, and he remarked "The trouble with your father was, he was fifty years ahead of his time". I am certain that this was the fact; history has verified it.

Nearly fifty years ago the Judge said to me, "Study concrete, Son, learn all there is about it for it is the building material for the future". This is further proof of his exceptional foresight, and that he was fifty years ahead of his era. As a construction engineer I have been connected with

many great projects where concrete has been used, and have seen it placed from the days when it was mixed "by guess and by gosh", until the present time, when it is as carefully mixed by formula as a cake in a bakery is mixed, every material and aggregate carefully weighed under the "water cement ratio" method, yet new methods of making concrete are being developed to-day, and new uses for concrete are certain too in the near future.

As Phil and I grew into manhood he, the Judge and I came closer and closer together in our affections and our daily living. No father was ever prouder of his sons than he was of his two sons, and he often expressed this by saying as he walked between us he "felt like the ham in a Harvey House sandwich". The Judge was not small, but of average height, but Phil stood 6' 1" and I, 6' 2". In public, the Judge was very dignified, but in private he was as fond of a good joke as any one. Phil and I were indifferent to our surroundings, and were fond of good jokes regardless of time and place. Sometimes we indulged in horse play, quite regardless of our surroundings. Once we played a joke on the Judge in connection with some of our girl friends. On another occasion as we saw the Judge walking along busy and crowded Main Street in his usual dignified pace, we overtook him and as we did so we split, so as to be one on each side of him, and firmly grasping his elbows lifted him until his feet left the ground, and you can realize how ridiculous the situation was as his dangling legs and feet working like piston rods, endeavored to function off the pavement and high in the air above it. It was a daring stunt, involving the dignity of age, and the spirit of youth, yet it resulted in no bitterness, even though he may have been inwardly as mad as a hornet. In fact, with the recklessness of youth we several times repeated the stunt. We also repeated the stunt on some of our girl friends and found that they cut as many capers and made as many comic antics as the Judge had made. Two of the sweetest girls we knew Fanny and Ruby, eventually got so accustomed to our stunt that eventually it neither surprised nor vexed them, and when we grabbed their elbows and lifted they would ride at ease and with composure look into our faces and grin. Oh how full of work, love, fun and sorrow life can be! As I look back over my sixty-one years I find this narrative of my dearly beloved Judge pouring from me like a running stream. I write and write as one episode tumbles after another regardless of chronological order or sequence. I have written so much that the he who reads will likely think that "Surely he has told it all". Yet, as I cogitate on my experiences through the period I have to cover, I realize that as yet I have but scratched the surface. I know also that to recall what my father did, and what he experienced, will be alike a pleasure to me and to those related to him. For much of my time I have written hastily and without actual planning, one episode suggesting another, and one cherished memory illuminating a chain of other memories. But alas there are some links in the lives of members of a family, which are sorrowful, and I realize that it is essential in biography not to reject them wholly, as in the case of sickness and death, though omission is justified where repetition would result in anguish or resentment or serve no useful purpose. Later I may recall occurrences

hitherto neglected, and I may supplement what is here, but just at the present I feel I must approach the end, and leave the future to the future. Between the time Phil and I began to really earn and the time we married and set up homes of our own, we took over the entire upkeep of our home, and gave a rest to father's financial worries. He responded by digging deeper and harder into his own work and prospered more than he had in former years. He seemed to grow bigger, firmer and more determined in his desire to keep apace with us boys, but he must have over exerted himself, for his eyes began to fail, and finally became so afflicted that we had to read law books and so on for him at night. Phil was an expert stenographer, and he would take father's dictation of briefs or other legal matters, either in shorthand or on the typewriter. This was very helpful. In 1914 I had a hemorrhage in my left eye, and suffered an eight months spell of total blindness, and full well I understood what a misfortune the impairment of the Judge's sight was to him. He had my full sympathy and I did all I could to aid him. In the course of time the Judge's sight got better, but he never regained it fully. In the street people would speak to him and he would bow in the direction in which he thought the speaker was, and he would respond, but often he was mistaken as to the direction. However, those he met frequently and who thus became aware of his affliction accepted the situation with understanding sympathy. As to be expected, his business fell off pitifully and Phil and I became his only steady source of income. About the time of my second marriage, I had occasion to go to Eastland, Texas, and when I returned to Dallas I told the Judge how Eastland was booming, incident to oil having been discovered there, and he thought that if he could locate in a place like Eastland he could likely pick up enough practice to support Mama and himself. He was so very wistful that I told him if he wanted to go that I would stake him. When it was decided that he would go, Mama wanted to go along too, but we persuaded her not to, but to remain in Dallas until the results of his venture would be ascertained. Eventually I took him to Eastland, saw him settled in a comfortable room, gave him \$25. for pocket money and returned to my job in Dallas. On parting with him I assured him of \$25. a week from me as long as he needed it. This went on for some time and then business began to come his way. In less than a year a boom reached Ranger, and on my advice he then moved there, when it was again necessary to stake him for a while; but shortly he was able to have Mama join him in Ranger, and then they set up housekeeping. Here at last, he was able to buy the only home he ever succeeded in owning in "fee simple". It was just a little two room and bath clap-board shack, but he and Mama soon made it both attractive and homey. They became not only comfortable, but sublimely happy. Somehow he also managed to purchase an automobile, but Mama did all the driving. Because of his absent mindedness when absorbed in the handling of his professional duties, and his many predicaments previously in his horse and buggy days, the Judge did not attempt to become the chauffeur, but Mama readily assumed the responsibility and let him relax, whereupon he either devoted himself to his business problems or the enjoyment of the scenery. The mention of "horse and buggy days" brings back my memories of old

Charles Van Hise
 Husband of my niece

Lydia
 my niece

Patricia

Robert E. Spruill
 my nephew, the mother
 of two daughters



"Roany Pony", as we called him, and some of the Judge's experience with him. I was so young when Roany Pony was acquired that I do not remember how the Judge acquired him, but I surmise he accepted the pony in lieu of some client's unpaid fee. When the Judge started on his way home with his new horse he discovered that he was neither broken to saddle nor harness, but as wild as a buck. The Judge was really a capable horseman, and he at once set in to break Roany. He proceeded to harness Roany and at once the battle started. The Judge won and he proceeded to hitch the conquered rebel to a two wheel cart, or "gig" as it was called in early days. The Judge took his seat and said "Get Up!" Whereupon Roany mixed matters by backing instead of going ahead. This was good strategy upon the part of Roany, but discomfiting to the Judge, inasmuch as the training was undertaken on a small flat piece of ground alongside a creek, and just beyond the little flat piece the ground sloped abruptly to the water. Soon the Judge and gig were suspended by the traces from Roany's shoulders, and it became evident the horse was trying to free himself from the weight which so provoked him. A few more contortions on the part of Roany, and over went the outfit. The Judge scrambled and freed himself from the mess then separated horse, cart and harness, and as mad as a hornet hooked everything back to proper order. Thereupon he tackled his job again, with punishment to Roany for every disobedience, until the fractious rascal became obedient to his owner, harness broken, and apparently sorry he had been so rebellious. The Judge accomplished more in the short time that elapsed, than many horsemen would accomplish in several days. I was an eye witness to the occurrence, and at times a badly frightened one. At times I feared that my Daddy was a goner. Roany was a good sport by nature and soon became a perfect family horse that any of us could ride or drive. The Judge frequently drove him on business trips around town and in the country, but almost invariably when driving he would drift into a reverie and forget where he was going, even forget that he was in a vehicle, and Roany with the experience he had gained would take advantage of the situation, slow down and finally pull to one side and start grazing, which would leave the Judge free to continue pondering his problem. This happened so frequently, that when autos became common, the Judge foreswore driving altogether. Mama often substituted for him in connection with driving, and too because of his poor eyesight. Mama also would read his legal references for him for hours on end, at night, and even in his office during the day when necessity commanded it. Always close to each other, they became even closer during their "Ranger Days". Not long after my parents made their home in Ranger, I began my contracting experience, and on at least two occasions, the Judge gave me legal advice and performed legal services, and this saved me many many dollars. But eventually I "went broke", and July 2, 1927, I left Dallas for California, where I expected to make a new start. In advance my family and I spent July 3 and 4, with Mama and the Judge in Ranger, and it happened that I had with me at the time some modeling clay, and I got the Judge to pose for me while I modeled a half life size portrait of him, and I had this cast in plaster. Several years later I had it cast again, and this time in bronze. Today this bronze cast still reposes on the mantle of my home on Lake Travis. This is one

of my most treasured possessions, for it perpetuates two cherished memories; first that it is a good likeness, and second that it ever reminds me of the Judge's worthiness. Then too, I have the pleasure I derive from the fact that during Phil's life, every time he passed this memento he saluted it. After father's demise, Phil's salute was invariably a military one. But Phil had another greeting too, that has always had an appeal to me, "Hi! Judge". I knew Phil's heart and his mind and these simple words signified "I love your memory".

Four months in California brought me to the realization we were not made for each other, so I returned to Texas. Then came a fateful day, April 29, 1920, when I received a telegram reading "Papa wants you to come at once" and signed "Mama". Within two hours we were on our way to Ranger. It was Saturday, shortly after Noon when we arrived, and learned the Judge had been ill all morning, but he "perked up" on seeing us. Toward evening he showed that he was tired to the limit of his strength. Owing to the limitations of the house we all retired early. I started to spend the night on a cot in the kitchen, and towards midnight the Judge called me and asked to be carried in and put upon the cot I was using. He said that he was restless and that he did not want to disturb Mama. After I placed him on the cot and made him as comfortable as I could, he asked me to sit beside him. A while later he asked that the light be shaded, and when this was done he said "Son, I am going down into the Valley of Shadows whence no man returns". Even then I had no fear that his end was near and I assured him that he would be alright. Soon he asked me to hold his hand, and he seemed to doze once or twice. I started to release his hand but each time I did so he would clamp down on mine, as if he feared for me to leave him, so that I sat beside him until daybreak. Then he awakened, and he seemed to be quite chipper. About 9 o'clock Sunday morning two clients came in and he talked to them and said that the next morning (Monday) he would go with them to Rising Star to attend to their business. Then he asked me to get him a Fort Worth Star Telegram, and I inferred that it was an excuse to clear the deck of the two clients; so, since they were afoot, I offered them a ride to town. On the way to town I learned that the Judge had won an insurance case for my two passengers and that the Court in Rising Star had two checks, one of which was for the clients and the other for the Judge as his fee, but the Court would not release the checks unless they were endorsed by both the Judge and the others concerned. Judge's check was, I recall for a thousand dollars. Later, a friend presented the checks and turned the proceeds over to Mama, and it developed that this was her only inheritance. On my return with the newspaper, "The Telegram", the Judge was sitting propped up in bed, and opening the papers he said "Well, well, my old friend Joe Bailey died last night" and then he began reading about him. He continued reading about an hour and then asked me to help him back into the cot. There he seemed to relax and he began to nap. Seeing he was apparently comfortable, I expected another night beside him and I decided to sleep a while and lay down to do so. It was but a short while later that Mama called me "Come look, Papa does not look right", at this I went swiftly to him and one glance

MYSELF, AGE 70 - EXERCISING!!

THE LOG WAS WATER LOGGED. IT DID NOT FLOAT, BUT LAID IN MUD. ABOUT 6'4" LONG. 24-1/2" IN CIRCUMFERENCE.



THE PLANK WAS ABOUT TWO INCHES THICK: TWELVE FEET LONG AND ELEVEN INCHES WIDE.



BALANCING CHAIR ON ONE FINGER

revealed that the death palor was creeping over him, then a finger of one of his crossed hands twitched and he expired. So quietly, so quickly, so easily does death befall us. Hardly had he passed when there was a knock at the door and in came the doctor. He had called to check upon his patient and to ascertain how he was feeling. I do not think that the doctor had before his arrival foreseen or suspected how ill the Judge had actually been. A very few minutes later, a man arrived and he announced that he was a minister of the Christian Church and that he was a friend of the Judge's and of Mama, and after offering condolences, he asked if he might conduct the funeral services. Mama agreed to this and I told him his services would be appreciated. This gentleman had hardly gone when another friend, a Methodist minister, arrived and he too asked to conduct the services and I told him of the minister of the Christian Church, whereupon he said that he would see him and that he would offer the use of the Methodist Church, since it was much larger than the Christian Church. By this time the news of the Judge's passing had spread and a few near neighbor friends had come in. Among the arrivals, a Catholic priest called, and he also asked to be permitted to conduct services. I referred him to the other ministers who had preceeded him. Later the three reverend representatives of the different churches came to me and outlined the services they had arranged and would participate in. Of course such exceptional friendliness and cooperation was a high honor to my father and I ever cherished all that was done. So when the Judge's body lay in state in the Methodist Church, the services started with a few words and a prayer by the Methodist Minister then a sermon and a prayer by the Christian, and at the grave side a short service by the Catholic priest. The event was remarkable. Though an actual member of no church at the time of the Judge's death, he was honored by three congregations. He was loved and honored by many of the members of all the congregations. My brother Phil, by a long, hard drive from El Paso, via automobile arrived in Ranger only a few minutes before the hour of the services, but my sister Evelyn, living in distant California was unable to be present. As Phil stood there beside the bier he quoted "The noblest Roman of them all". To-night I say "Amen"

In the foregoing narrative I have told the story of my brother Arthur's life from his birth to the time of his departure from New York to Texas, and his son Albert E. Firmin has narrated the life of his father from the time of his arrival in Texas to the time of his death there. A considerable time after the completion of these two narratives, Evelyn, the daughter of Arthur wrote a third biography of Arthur, feeling that the previous ones had failed to narrate certain very fine qualities which distinguished her father, and which she believed should be brought to attention. Her narration is a worthy one though it is belated and I shall now give a major part of what she has brought to attention. To avoid repetition and not to extend the insert beyond essentials, I shall omit a little. Some of the omitted matter pertained to my brother's life before Evelyn was born, and of this period I am the sole survivor and in view of this I feel I am the best one to appraise what is known as hearsay, not of sufficient consequence to have ever been recorded. Evelyn's views and opinions have been carefully appraised. Ample space is accorded for her views and opinions of her father, but repetition is avoided following the plan that has dominated the narrations throughout.

EVELYN'S NARRATIVE
IN THE FORM OF A LETTER
TO HER UNCLE ALBERT FIRMIN

Dear Bert:

Arthur had a sense of beauty, tenderness and compassion: qualities that not only made him a great lawyer, but the finest father in my estimation children ever had. His son Phil, my brother, called him "The Greatest Roman of Them All" and in this I believe.

To me your brother was moonlight and blue skies with marvelous sunsets; green trees and song birds and all the beauties of nature with concise, clear definitions as to being beautiful because we are all subjects and sons of a Great God who IS Love.

The stars we often watched and he taught me about the Great Navigator who made the stars and moon - and me - and how the stars and the Big Bear and the Little Bear, and Venus and Earth and the North Star and the Milky Way are all under the guidance of the God who is Love and that as the paths of the stars are guided and controlled by God - so am I - and so my brothers and ALL mankind.

The family joked because my Dad rocked me to sleep until I was 14 years old - it is no joke -- he really did it.

As he rocked (in a certain squeaky chair - no other chair would work!) he sang - "Sun of my Soul" - "Oh, Happy Day" - "Ben Bolt" and on and on and on.

He never said "My child, I shall teach you to appreciate the good, the true and the beautiful" - but as we walked together he would suddenly say "See the sunlight shimmer on that tree". By his own love for good and beauty he instilled it within me.

He taught us all to live by the Ten Commandments, and that ALL LAW (everything Blackstone ever wrote) is included in the Ten Commandments A N D "Do unto others as ye would have them do unto you"

Many, many times as an investigator I have had attorneys say "You must have had legal training in order to know how to prepare this case". My "legal training" was my Dad's admonishment "When you want to know whether a thing is legal or not see if it breaks a Commandment - and see if it abides by the Golden Rule - if it does NOT break a Commandment nor the Golden Rule is IS legal".

So - in investigating a case and preparing it for trial I have NOT

turned to Blackstone - I have turned to the Ten Commandments and the Golden Rule - and found which was broken and prepared my case accordingly. It has worked in hundreds (probably thousands) of cases from 1929 to 1953. It is infallible. I know no Blackstone - but, thanks to my Dad, I have won law suits at the speed of about 199 out of 200.

See how wonderful he was ? - He not only had a mind packed full of knowledge but knew how to casually impart that knowledge in a SIMPLE way so that it would ALWAYS be remembered and an inspiration to the person to whom he spoke.

And he had suffered sufficiently to have an understanding heart. The most crucial experience we had in that respect was after I experienced marriage and divorce. I started smoking, which to my Dad was awful. He acted as if he didn't know it. I kept it from him (I thought). One day we were at a gas station 'way out in the country. There was a stump there and I stood with my foot on the stump waiting for work to be done on my car. I longed for a cigarette but Dad was there and I never let on. Soon he strolled casually over to the stump, put a foot upon it, lit a cigar, reached into his pocket, opened a pack of MY BRAND of cigarette and offering it to me said, "Cigarette, Daughter?" Taking one, I said "Thanks, Dad - got a light?" He lit the cigarette for me - we smoked together, for my Dad understood that I was going through a very nerve wrecking experience and apparently felt that if I felt a cigarette would help he would not prevent my having it.

Before he left New York my dad was in love and engaged to a beautiful young woman. She turned out to be a rather flirt, to say the least, and under a very complicated condition my Dad quit her.

Arriving in "said Texas", young Arthur found himself out of cash and unable to go to El Paso. But at Groesbeck, young Arthur met a very beautiful and refined young lady who so captivated him with all that was good and holy that he soon thanked God for having realized the frailties of the former loved one.

Young Arthur and the young lady in Groesbeck became engaged. Their plans were made for a happy and prosperous future, but the loved one died. Young Arthur was exceedingly upset over her death but met a beautiful young cripple named Martha Ellen Moser, and fell in love with her innocence and helplessness. They were married - and I am her daughter.

Bearing these things in mind, one can see that when my brothers and I began to have "troublesome love lives", our Dad was well able to know a heart break when he saw one. He had to ask no questions.

My Dad considered a man's home was his castle; his wife the reigning queen of that castle and the man? - when the "Queen" of any of

her "subjects" stepped on the toes of "the man" he did a little dance and sang "The poor old man - he does the best he can" and I forget the rest of the "very sad" song.

Altho our home was simple it was always well kept and wide open to our many, many friends (or anyone who needed a haven). During my early youth the house and yard were over-run with boys - all the time. As we began to have friends of the opposite sex they were brought home. Our Sundays were a Gala Day of big dinners and boys and girls and good clean fun. Music and dancing or whatever we wanted to do got done - my Dad right in the middle of it. Brother Bert always had Fanny Campbell over, my Dad loved her and her sister, Ruby, as if they were his own. Eventually Fanny married Bert and they had Emma Ellen, then Fanny and Ruby Beth passed on. I can see, even now, my Dad's grief as he learned of Fanny's passing.

Of course, Phil and I had our friends home each Sunday - but - in those days we seldom stayed "in love" more than a week or so; which put pep in our parties as we had "the regulars" and "Phil's present girl friend".

After we were all grown and married and had children of our own we received a telegram from my Dad. It read: "Arrived El Paso this morning - I may live now". It was his first trip to the destination he started for from New York.

Whether my Dad ate at the kitchen table or the Sunday gathering he always said "Grace". It was short and to the point but highly spiritual - I cannot remember it. If he ate in a cafe or bar, he said Grace as he arranged his napkin, so that he would not be conspicuous. I don't believe he ate a bite during the time I knew him that he did not first thank God for it.

Altho, as Bert says, Dad was an anti-prohibitionist - he did not drink to excess. I never saw him even remotely "under the influence" altho he usually had beer and a "free lunch" at the bar, as was the custom of the day.

We were taught tolerance in ALL things - and that a man who ate or drank too much put himself in the class of pigs, and if a man was a pig about one thing he was likely to be greedy in all things, therefore he was not a desirable person.

Many relatives and friends used to call at our home and they all seemed determined to "save the soul" of my Quaker Dad. This brought on many hot discussions in which Bibles were read and shaken at my Dad, because he didn't have to READ a Bible, he just quoted from "Chapter so-and-so, verse such-and-such" - which seemed to irk the soul-savers who

had to hunt their references. If there ever was anything that didn't need "saving" it was my Dad's "Soul".

My Dad always kept a bottle of whiskey in the home, "Reserved for my prohibition friends" and I never saw a prohibition friend who didn't take a "drink" before leaving, even if he had to acquire an acute tummy ache before doing so -- nor did I ever see or hear of my Dad taking a "snort" unless he had a prohibition friend to share it with.

This could be a book. In fact, I have ALWAYS wanted to write a book on "The Man I Knew" - My Dad.

When great trouble was ours he was stoic - and when he overcame the trouble there was no reprimand, - only sympathy and understanding and the assurance of good to come, altho that tragic tribulation cost him his practice (because he had no time in which to take new cases) and a home (a lovely home) he had almost paid in full for when he sacrificed everything to save a member of his family from misfortune.

During my "grown up" years so much comfort and good has come from the hours I spent with my Dad that I have endeavored to find out what other women think of their Dads. I can truthfully say I have never met a woman whose father had taken time out to be anything to her as my Dad was to me.

One thing more I do want to say about Papa. When we women get the vote. He was defeated. He sat himself down and said "Daughter, I want to talk to you. I do not approve of woman suffrage. I like my women the old fashioned, home loving, child raising type. But you now have to vote. One thing I ask - study what you will vote on. Make up your mind in an intelligent study of the subjects what you think is right. Never be swayed from what you think is right. And, Daughter, VOTE if they have to take you to the polls on a stretcher -- VOTE".

I have done so religiously - that "little" anti-prohibitionist - Democrat raised a staunch prohibitionist - Republican but he admired me for voting, not as he believed, but as I believe. He would be very proud of me for doing MY OWN thinking.

EVELYN.

HARRIOT EDWARDS, DAUGHTER OF JOHN AND ANNIE EDWARDS.
MY AUNT. HUSBAND OF ADELBERT JONES
(The name is spelled both Harriot and Harriet - as you
like it.)

Harriot Edwards was born in England, December 29, 1829, and died in New York November 18 or 19, 1918. For very many years Aunt Hattie lived with my grandparents for she did not marry in early life, and I think she depended upon them principally for support for many years, but not exclusively. But, following the death of my grandfather, (her father) I think that she earned her living principally by dressmaking. For quite along while I think that she and my grandmother worked together jointly for their living. They removed several times, but resided principally in Morrisania, which years ago was a suburb of New York, but which long since had lost its identity. Subsequently she resided on West Eleventh Street, close to Broadway, and also in Scranton and Philadelphia. Eventually and a short time before she died, she returned to New York and it was here that she died. Aunt Hattie came to America with my parents, and arrived here July 4th, 1849. I have not the exact date of Harriot's marriage, but I think that it was about 1875, and her husband's name was Adelbert Jones, and he was a man of minor education and boisterous in his demeanor, and he shifted frequently from one trade or occupation to another. I recall him as a corset maker, laundry man, butcher, peddler, manufacturer, stall keeper, etc., frequently shifting his calling and excelling in nothing. Still I would not call him an idler. He was always boasting of what he had done in the past, and still more boastful of what he intended to do in the future. I have though no recollection of my aunt ever complaining of Adelbert's industry or of lack of success on account of his inefficiency. As a child I liked my aunt very much, and I have many happy recollections of her while she was living with my grandparents, but not in after years, with the exceptions of 1876, when she and Adelbert lived in Philadelphia, with my grandmother, and the great Centennial Exhibition was attracting the attention of the world, and I then was 8 years old and invited to visit them. Adelbert's mother had years before patented a corset which had a wide sale, and he and Aunt Hattie were making it in Philadelphia, and exhibiting it at the Exposition. The exhibit entitled both uncle and aunt to free admission, and as a minor they could take me in free also, which they did. Almost daily one or the other of them would take me to the show, and I think that I was about the busiest youngster in the show, for I had an avidity for exhibitions of all kinds. Everything new that I saw at once attracted me, and prompted me to learn the why and the wherefor. But once I got in trouble with Adelbert. In the presence of a small group of friends, Adelbert showed me a silver dime. Every one was interested in it, for few, if any had ever seen one before. In those days our smaller money units, that is 5 and 10 cent units, were made of paper, not metal, and they were commonly known as "shin plasters". I reached out my hand to get the coin, when unfortunately it slipped from my fingers and fell into a little mound of hay on which I was sitting, and it instantly disappeared from sight. Then there was conster-

nation, and we all began to hunt for the lost coin, but it was long before we found it, and in the meanwhile I was PUBLIC ENEMY NUMBER 1.

A few months later, but just how long I am uncertain, I was again taken from home to go to Philadelphia, on a second visit to my grandmother, aunt and uncle, and my experience with him on this occasion was hard to bear. Things had gone wrong with him, and he was now largely dependent upon a newspaper stand for a living. In a few days he had me up about 5 A.M. and took me down town to the newspaper district, and to the place where New York papers were on sale wholesale, and showed me where he wanted me to buy them, and wrote out how many I was to buy, and how to fold them and to whom I was to deliver them on my way home and how many I should have left for the stand. That was my program for "my vacation with uncle". It happened that the weather in a few days got excessively cold; the walk was long; the squabbling of the boys as they tried to get their papers ahead of their rivals, was frequent and tough, and many of the boys were older and bigger than I was. At first I had to get a sheltered door way area to do my folding, but in a few days a friendly bartender let me fold my papers on a table in his saloon, and that made my job easier. But, one day I brought a paper from the dealers to the stand, and my uncle discovered a section of it was missing, and he ordered me to go all the way back and get the lost part. I knew it would be futile to demand this, and I had to use the only pennies I had happened to save, to buy a copy from another lad. Later on Adelbert got a concession from the street car company to sell papers on a section of the car line. The line was divided into sections, and the conductors only permitted boys on each section who had badges for the section, and for each of these concessions the newsdealers had to pay so much a month. My uncle put a badge on me, and thereafter I had to be jumping on and off cars on his section, and it was a dangerous job for so young a kid. During much of the time these things had been going on, my grandmother was quite sick, but when she got convalescent she inquired of me what was going on, but I had been warned not to tell her. I was in a quandary, and stammered, but she had become suspicious. Finally she insisted that my aunt explain, and then insisted further that the car jumping be at once stopped. A little later my mother wrote to my aunt to send me home. I think that this was because she had learned the facts from my grandmother. Still notwithstanding all this, but after uncle had given up his newsstand, and aunt Hattie was doing fairly well with her dressmaking, and Adelbert was reputed to be making money by the sale of waxed paper for caramels, and other candies and other purposes, I was again invited to Philadelphia, and arrangements were made accordingly, though I was reluctant to go. In the early days I am telling about, millions of flies infested every town and city in the U. S. There were no autos, but there were millions of horses, and millions of tons of horse-manure were scattered everywhere throughout the country, and in this, manure flies bred in very vast numbers, and quite beyond the comprehension of recent generations, who were not then living. We then had very few wire screens. I recall looking with much interest at the first few wire

screens I saw, and learned that they had been imported from Germany. We did have though, what we used to call fly netting, and which was made of thread, and which could not long stand wear, and tore very readily, and permitted the entrance of flies as soon as it became damaged. The flies got to be so great a pest that they got to be beyond control, and we then sought relief in furnishing them with sticky paper to sit on, in preference to sitting on us. Some did not like the sticky paper around their apartments, and in preference used paper dependants, ornaments, etc., hoping that the flies with artistic tendencies might be attracted thereby, or that weary flies would select them instead of busy house wives. So it came about when I reached Adelbert that he had adopted new plans for his future business adventures. He would make suitable paper to wrap candies in, and suitable paper contrivances to seduce flies from their normal depredations against human beings, and to limit their roosting to certain inviting inventions of his active mind. It was all very philanthropic. My uncle had a large brass plate, and under this sufficient gas heat to make the plate warm enough to melt wax spread upon it, yet not so warm as to set it on fire. At his side he had a pot of melted wax, and he would dip a pad in this wax and with speed rub it all over the paper, whereupon I would run with it to an arm sticking out of the cellar wall, and hang it wax side up and pendent one half on each side of the arm to get dry. There were many sticks for me to feed, and I had to run fast to keep them fed. To make the "sit downs" for the flies, the wax sheets or some times just plain sheets, had to be cut in patterns, and made into inviting, fanciful shapes. My share of the job was hard work for me, and most of the labor was done at night, for during the day my uncle sold what we manufactured at night.

One day my grandmother took me to Fairmont Park for an outing. It was a glorious day, and she wanted to do all that she could to make me happy. I had a passionate love for boats and boating from my earliest days, and there with her I saw boats on the Schuylkill River and scores of children and adults riding for five or ten cents each. Grannie saw desire in my eyes, and promised to take me for a ride if I would not tell about it. I promised, and we had our ride. I was delighted, and I safely guarded our secret on returning home. It was a gala day. But unfortunately in the course of a few days, or a week or so, in an unguarded moment, I blurted out something that let the cat out of the bag. I tried to cover up, but alas, this made the matter worse. Then my beloved grandmother was quizzed upon how it was she had the money for the ride, when money was so scarce and hard to get. My Uncle accused her as though she was a thief. We were both scolded as though we were thieves. I knew full well that it was my grandmother's love for me and not any desire on her part for the ride, that caused all the trouble. I grieved greatly that I had unintentionally betrayed her. I remember too, one time hearing a conversation between my grandmother and my mother, and though I did not at the time realize the significance, later on I grasped it, and it still further cemented my love for the old lady. She urged my mother to insist upon uninterrupted

schooling, impressing the importance of at least a grammar school course, and the handicap I would suffer if I was not accorded this. My mother thought that if I applied myself reasonably well even if there were interruptions in my schooling, that I would get along, and get a job some day of some kind, and be smart enough to make my way in the world. To which my grandmother responded that in the absence of schooling, the best that could be expected of me would be that I would become some sort of a clerk, or may be a bookkeeper, or a "counter jumper", and she particularly hated counter jumpers. This was her name for clerks behind the counters in dry good stores. At the time I failed to realize the importance of the old lady's warning, and I took pride in the thought that my mother believed I did not need the aid of so much education. In after years though bitter experience brought home to me the wisdom which was grandma's. For years my ambition was to be a physician as my grandfather had been, but alas, as the years went by my ambition slowly faded away, as all my energies were utilized to earn enough to support life, with nothing to spare for the acquisition of a profession. But this is along way from Adelbert and Aunt Hattie. They went from city to city, and eventually he was killed in an accident. He was pressed against a wall in a stall, either by a horse or a bull. Then, for a while Hattie tried to get along by herself, but eventually failed in this, and she had to be aided by Katie and by Mary and myself, and possibly other members of the family. She was about 89 years old when she died. I think this was a marvelous age for one who had to undergo the strains and the vicissitudes that she did. Katie, Mary and I were the only ones who attended her funeral. There was a strong bond between Katie and Hattie. There was an epidemic of influenza ravaging New York at the time of Hattie's death and it was this that caused her death. The cemeteries were unable to bury the victims of the epidemic as fast as they were dying, and it was quite a while before we could secure her burial.

JOHN LEWIS EDWARDS, MY UNCLE

John James Edwards was born in England, and I believe November 16, 1828, and he came to this country with the rest of the family which arrived here on the Germania July 4, 1849. Of his early life I do not recall much, but his education was adequate and he was an industrious active man, and one who endeavored to uphold what he regarded as right even when it endangered him, as I have set forth elsewhere in connection with the draft riot, and his aid to the negroes, etc. John was the second son of my grandparents. John married twice and of course not until quite a while after his arrival here, as he was but an infant on his arrival. By his first wife he had no offspring, but he had two stepchildren, the offspring of his wife's first marriage, and her first husband. His first wife was older than John, in fact so much older that I think her first son was nearly as old as John was when John became his stepfather. I recall seeing one of his stepchildren, but not the other, and what eventually became of them I cannot recall. But his first wife I visited as a child, and as I recall, she was a very kindly woman, industrious and engaged in the manufacture of the finest kind of women's dress shoes of satin and velvet, etc. The couple had a very beautiful garden in the rear of their house, and it included an extraordinary variety of flowers. Both John and his wife were very fond of fishing, and he frequently told of his experiences with her in New York Bay, and the Hudson River. At the time they went on their fishing trips, fish and turtles were still abundant in the waters named, but that is not the case at present. In my boyhood I recall seeing but one turtle, and that was not large. The desire to fish continued to his old age, though in his latter years he no longer indulged in it. Elsewhere I have told of John's knowledge of decorative painting of religious and war banners, etc., and of his introducing with my grandfather, gold leaf lettering for windows, etc., in this country. He was peculiar in respect to his ability in such things and all things involving painting. He had pride in it all, but he did not profit from his art as he should have done, for he would fail to send bills to those for whom the work was done. It was as if the job was a delight and that this delight settled the matter. I cannot explain this very well, but others thought just as I did about the matter. After the death of John's first wife he remained single for quite a while, but eventually he married a second time, and he again married a widow, and who also had several children - two girls. The maiden name of the second wife to the best of my recollection was Hannah. By the second wife - Hannah, he had two children, and the first of these was a boy named John, and the second, a girl, was named "Dottie", Amy Clare Edwards. Both children were born in Yonkers, N.Y., and spent their childhood there. Dottie eventually married but I have not seen nor heard of Johnnie for a long while and I do not know what has become of him. Reverting to Uncle John's career, for quite a while he put aside his painting in which he was so exceptionally competent and assumed the management of a large establishment for the smoking of hams, preservation of meats, etc., and their subsequent marketing. His establishment handled both retail and wholesale business, and here again he seemed to be as successful as formerly. I frequently visited the establishment,

and it was evident it was well governed. I observed that everyone about the place was responsive to him, and there was every evidence of efficiency. But after his second marriage a change came, and he moved with his wife to Yonkers, New York and there he opened a candy and ice cream store. It was not large and the business was not lucrative. In fact he began again to accept the painting of signs to add to his income as of yore. But this did not satisfy him, and he determined to change his place to a restaurant for his livelihood. In this new venture he used me not infrequently. In the beginning he had me go to every restaurant in town and order oysters, oyster stew, chops, steaks, etc., and to report just what I got, and upon the quality as well. I would count the oysters, note their size, quality and whatever I got with them. The same routine was applied to the deserts, pies, puddings, etc. Needless to say I enjoyed the job or pastime, whichever you please to call it. Uncle planned very wisely to be at least a little more generous, and a little better in all other aspects, than his competitors, and in this, his wife joined; and she aided him generously in the conduct of their restaurant, for that was what his store had become. He profited quickly, and steadily increased his profits. In time he bought some real estate, and built a fine home as well. He accumulated so much in fact, that in the course of a few years he sold out and retired. Upon his retirement he bought a couple of apartment houses in Brooklyn, and thereafter he lived comfortably until his death. Reverting now to the two children of Uncle John, by his second wife, and which I have already mentioned, I think that they were born 1880 or 1882. I know there was but little difference in their ages. Dottie married a relative of her stepsister, and the last time I saw her she was living in a high class hotel in Brooklyn, but it is my understanding that she was there for but a short time, and it is many years since any of the members of John's group have been seen or heard of. I regarded Uncle John very highly and he confided in both Mary and myself up to the time of his death. Following his death, I lost interest in his survivors. Uncle John died May 11, 1904, when his daughters stated he was 76 years old.



ALBERT FIRMIN

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PART I

MEMORABILIA

Consisting principally of my broadcasts, but supplemented by my old time brief contributions to brochures, pamphlets, magazines, etc., and which I have reason to believe will be of interest to my many relatives, almost all of whom are located in far distant states, and to my old friends who are close at hand. No lengthy speeches are included, nor speeches made to large audiences in halls, at big banquets, conventions, etc., and as some of my friends may wonder why this is so, I will remind them that I never prepared manuscripts for major addresses in advance, nor recorded them verbatim subsequently. Hence of these I have only such record as is afforded by newspaper clippings, etc. In the case of broadcasts, most addresses are strictly limited to an exact number of minutes, and not uncommonly studios require manuscripts for intended broadcasts to be presented where it is practicable for the speaker to do so. Wherefore it is upon these I have had to depend for this collection. I hope that these details will explain the situation. I am hopeful that much which is presented herein pertaining to our young folks will be helpful to them, and encourage them. I contemplate supplementing what is herein set forth by several other similar volumes from time to time and as opportunity offers.

You will find that a feature of this volume is that ordinarily after every few pages there is a break, and it is a complete break, so you can read much or little as your leisure and humor dictate, yet find each unit complete in itself. The index I hope will aid you in identifying whatever happens to appeal to you.

ALBERT FIRMIN

"THE WORLD OF CHILDHOOD"

Good evening friends of the air:

Just by way of greeting, to renew old friendships, rather than in the way of an introduction, let me say that I come to talk to you again tonight about our children, our nation's children, their needs, what they mean to us, what we mean to them, and what we owe them as the sacred obligation of the adult generation to the rising generation. I know of no better gauge whereby to measure a nation's civilization than the treatment it accords its children. I know of no better criterion of a nation's efficiency than the measure of its achievements in the development of childhood. The maternal affection, sometimes called "maternal instinct", which prompts the mother to care for her offspring during its period of helplessness, when the young is dependent upon the mother for succor and protection, is of course manifest throughout all nature. This maternal affection is shared in common by savages and by the civilized; but, the further solicitous attention for the welfare and development of the young, after passing from this first period of absolute dependence and until the attainment of maturity, is an added obligation, incident to civilization alone. It is, in fact, an obligation upon which the progress of civilization is absolutely dependent. In civilized communities the obligation to promote the welfare of the child is not only a parental duty, but a duty of the government as well; for, since the progress or decadence of government itself is dependent upon the physical, moral and mental development of the young, governments must, responsive to the elementary law of self-preservation, care for the young in order to endure. Particularly is the care of the young essential in the case of democracies, where the average intelligence and morale, rather than the intelligence and morale of an aristocracy, or some ruling group, determines the course of their histories. The more complex our social relations become, with the extension of governments into new fields of activity, as they are extending year after year, the greater is our obligation in this respect. We must make certain that, upon arriving at maturity, our young shall be equipped in every way to bear the responsibilities which will devolve upon them as citizens; and that likewise, they shall have the education and training in some particular field of industry so they may in after life, according to their gifts, fit into our industrial system with advantage alike to themselves and to us all. When I say "our young", I mean "our" in the very broadest sense, that is the young of the nation. There was a time when nations were based on the theory that certain specially endowed persons were alone destined to govern, and that the rest of mankind was obligated to be governed. Our Declaration of Independence came as a very severe shock to those who held this theory. The world has practically abandoned this tenet; but, I am hopeful of a still further development of public opinion throughout the universe; a development which shall insist that in this age of titanic production, wherein we have harnessed all nature to our service, including the subjection of water power, steam and electricity, we shall of our abundant resources make certain that, whatever else

befalls, all our children shall not only be emancipated from childhood drudgery in factory, cannery and mill, but likewise guaranteed educational opportunities up to the limit of the child's ability to profit by them and its inclination to do so.

It is almost as essential under the conditions of our present day economic life, that our children have the advantages of a good education, as it is that they should have, on the attainment of their majority, those political rights secured for them through the bravery and sacrifices of our ancestors. We must in the interests of the children of the nation, strive for the day when, throughout the United States, every citizen shall feel it as much a cause for reproach to know children are being confined to mills, factories and workshops, or otherwise deprived of the advantages of schooling, as we would feel it cause for reproach now, if we were depriving them on the attainment of their majority of the advantages of democratic government. The thought that children are, anywhere in the United States, subjected to long hours of toil and drudgery on farms, in canneries or mills; that their frail little bodies are being stunted and distorted; that their eyes, hearts and lungs are being subjected to strains which may afflict them through life; that they are being deprived not alone of schooling, but of the opportunity to romp and play and disport themselves as nature intended children should, gives rise at once both to mortification and indignation, deep and hard to bear. Mortification that this blot still rests on our civilization, and indignation against those who profit from and are responsible for it. I couple in these remarks the right of all children to education at the expense of the state, with their further right to enjoy real child life. This means of course freedom from the drudgery of wage work such as I have mentioned. I couple them together because the two rights go hand in hand. If we stop working children for profit, it is very certain that promptly thereafter we will be found providing schools for them. But so long as the exploitation of children is sanctioned by law, and dividends are swollen thereby, excuses will be found for deferring what should be done. All the interests benefiting by exploitation, will oppose disturbing the status quo. Let me emphasize my friends, the richest possession of a nation is its childhood. But it is not exclusively because of what they promise to be that we love them. We love children for so many reasons that it is most difficult in fact to analyze our affection for them. Of course we all know that parentage has a hold upon the heart which is all its own. If the parents have any virtue whatever, be sure that the children blessing their union will have their affection and devotion. There can be no greater joy in the world, than the delight of the good mother as she cares for the child of her bosom, as she protects it from harm, shields it from evil, and sees it develop under her watchful and solicitous care until it is ready to take its place in this world of ours. The Father too, if worthy of the name, is devoted, watchful, solicitous and sees in his offspring's every act a delight and joy. Then we know that all mankind love children because of the confidence the children place in those about them, and because of their naturalness and innocence. But besides this, they intrigue us in a special and

unique way all their own, for they seem to express as nothing else in nature does, in so marked a degree, sparkling optimism, exuberance of spirit, freedom from care, spontaneity, progress, gayety without evil and the intense joy of living. Often I think how wonderful it would be if we could preserve these fine qualities throughout our span of life. Intuitively we know their preservation would alter the whole course of our history, and make this world of ours like the Heaven of our hopes. Along with the enduring qualities of childhood, which have so strong an appeal to all mankind, there is the further quality that the children stand for and symbolize the future. Children are never reminiscent. Perforce they cannot be, for they have no past. To them, all that we know, all that we have discovered, all that we have achieved, all that we have experienced, is yet to be learned. So far as they are concerned, this is a new world; a very interesting world; a world disclosing its mysteries to them in happy succession. They are not at all concerned with the yesterdays of life, but absorbed with the "to-day and the to-morrow of it". Children are ever looking forward to the novelties which they intuitively know are in store for them. They accept each day's disclosures, with a joy that is not tinctured with any sort of misgiving as to there being any possibility of exhausting the pleasures of life to-morrow, by participating in too many to-day. They have a serene confidence that to-morrow will have its own share of joys. They look onward, and they look forward, ever speculating upon the delights that lie before them. Life is an optimistic speculation on their part; with a new adventure, or bright prize in their fancy, just 'round each bend in the long brown path stretching through the unknown inviting land beyond. I am of course speaking of the life of the child with a good home, with loving parents, and with the surroundings to which child life is entitled; but, of course, if the child is so unfortunate as to be born into such drudgery as I have referred to previously in my remarks, its every natural impulse is distorted, and it is a child in name only. It is just because of this unhappy state to which some children are doomed, that we should be solicitous to shield and protect childhood; so that the blessings childhood is particularly fitted to enjoy, may not be shared by a favored percentage only, but by all in common. This right to play, to frolic, to live the day without regrets; to speculate on the future without misgivings; to greet each rising sun without worry as to where food or raiment or warmth shall come, must some day be recognized as the inalienable right of our children; and on that day I hope we shall be courageous enough to write a new declaration of independence for their protection. I profess I do not know when this day shall come, nor how we can attain it; but, let us nevertheless hold it ever before us as an aim, and as our particular inspiration and ideal.

This brings me further to say, that even in the sunny life of the happiest child, there are of course some dark moments which are unescapable. Things trivial in themselves as viewed by adults, but tragedies in a way to the little ones, and very frequently parents though loving,

kind and anxious to contribute in every way to the welfare of their loved ones, do not realize the child's reaction, or its depth of feeling, with the result that the child is chided when it most needs sympathy and comfort. These are the moments when our little ones first begin to realize that life has its troubles as well as its joys. The first qualification of a good parent is the study of the child's point of view, of its estimate of the world about it, which in a way is a different world from our world; with different valuations, reactions and contacts. The true parent must learn how to judge the child, to comfort it, to solace it and to guide it according to the child world in which it lives.

As I said the last few words the thought came to me as to what should be our aim in life. What is Your ambition? What do You most want to be, or to achieve? Of course if your answers could come to me over the air as my question goes out to you all, they would all come tumbling in like a cataract, and show thousands of different goals for which different persons are straining. Some of these ambitions would doubtless be prompted by exclusively selfish interests, others again would be a combination of selfish and altruistic aspirations; but, I think, deep back in the heart of every normal man and woman, there is an ambition to see this a happier world than it is, not from selfish motives, but because of an innate desire for that which is better, for that which will make not only for our own pleasure and profit, but for the betterment of the human race. How can a normal man be happy if those he loves are in distress? It has been well said that man is the heir of the ages. Through the invention of the printing press the world has been enabled to disseminate our discoveries with a minimum of effort, and to record them with so much facility that each succeeding generation has come into possession, as by inheritance, of the wisdom of the passing generation, and of all those generations that preceded it since printing was invented. Soon though it will be our turn to pass on, and to leave this world to those who will succeed us. In fact, to the identical little children of whom we are thinking to-night. They will very soon be our successors and heirs. What will be our heritage to them? What should be our ambition in respect to this inheritance which we are to bequeath them? Aside from the selfish purposes that pertain to such worldly aims as we may have, it seems to me there is need for a spiritual ambition we should have in common, and that this should crown all our other ambitions. This ambition we should hold close to our hearts. It should be an ambition to make this world about us at least a little more agreeable, a little more attractive, a little more pleasing for our having lived in it, so that these children whose futures we have close to our hearts, and who are to be our heirs, shall have no cause to reproach us, but to the contrary, find cause to rejoice. To accomplish this, to make ourselves worthy of this commendation, we must bend our efforts, and give our influence to all that makes for a happier, better, brighter, more joyous and glorious childhood; a childhood in which kindness, sympathy, and affection shall be so abundant that there will be no room for anything that is mean or pernicious. I pleaded a few minutes ago for an abolition of child labor and for what for lack of a

better appellation I may call universal education, but it is not to be concluded that we have by any means solved the problem of the education of the child. We have great schools, yes; we are spending millions upon millions of dollars for this high purpose, yes; but yet as much as we have accomplished, and as much as we know, our accomplishments and our knowledge are as nothing compared to what we have yet to learn in respect to the education of the young. There is no greater problem confronting the American people than this of the education of its children. It is true that recently very material progress has been made throughout the country in respect to the number of children who have been retained in our schools to high school ages. In a single census period the number increased from 200,000 to 2,000,000; yet, the maximum number was only approximately 25 per cent of those who by age were eligible to high school work. But surely every boy and girl in a country as rich as this, wherein we are striving to set an example to the world of what a democracy should do for its citizens, and wherein we are proudly representing that ours is the land of opportunity, of civilization and of advancement, we should at least afford to every child the opportunity of education equivalent to that given by the high schools; and further, we must cultivate the desire on the part of our young to acquire the education offered it. We are confronted by two misfortunes, first this education is very largely still unattainable to those who aspire for it; and second, it is very frequently not valued by those who are in a position to acquire it. It has been recently said, that only twenty-two out of every hundred of our young of high school age enter high school; that only nine out of every hundred graduate, and only nine out of every thousand enter college. We have not yet solved the riddle of what our schools should impart; nor what they just do to hold the interest of the children; so that the children shall be ambitious to acquire knowledge which will be of value to the world, and fit them for a higher sphere of usefulness than that which is involved in feeding a machine or other laborious task. The world has heard much in the past of privileged classes. We must never permit in our democracy the upbuilding of a privileged class that shall monopolize the learning of the land, whether it be technical, scientific or academic. Our democracy is opposed to class distinctions of any kind, and the state should provide the means whereby education may be enjoyed by all who aspire for it, no matter how humble the aspirant may be. Of course we know that marvelous as are the achievements of mankind, we have but entered upon the threshold of our discoveries; and that to unlock the secrets of nature will require in addition to patient industry, habits of thought and reasoning which ordinarily can best be acquired by education; but, how shall we fit our educational system into the requirements of the situation, and make our schools the stepping stones to this more intelligent and efficient manhood and womanhood of the future? Time alone will work out this most difficult problem; but in the meanwhile, let us strive to make the life of the child a period of happiness, pleasure and joy. Let us each contribute what we can to the solution of the enigma. Let us strive to exempt our children from the drudgery of toil for wages until they shall have acquired the strength that comes with maturity.

Surely if our civilization is worth while we can guarantee to our children a postponement of the drudgery of life beyond this brief period. Surely too, we can find means of giving them the best there is in the way of education, and do so without deferring action until we achieve an educational millenium.

How soon we adults who now seem so strong, who are filling the important places in our civic, industrial, financial and literary life will have passed away? So much seems now dependent on us. We seem on superficial examination to be so wise, so powerful, so potent in the world's affairs. Yes, of course, we are in a way, but how transient is our wisdom, our power, our potency! Soon these little children, now clustering 'round our knees, now filling the air with their joyous, care-free laughter; now so blithesome and so gay, will be taking our places and doing what we are now engaged at and doing it better I have no doubt that we ever have. These children will invent new ways. They will invent new methods. They will discover short cuts. They will invent labor aiding devices to diminish drudgery. In time they will abolish it. They will solve problems to us unsolvable. They will live in a land where our dreams shall be their realities. Let us hope that it will be a happier land that they will achieve with their greater wisdom; where a finer spirit of justice shall prevail; wherein ambition will have a new meaning, more significant of the ultimate and of mankind, so that the hearts of our countrymen shall in the end tune harmoniously with the Infinite.

THE LITERARY DIGEST
354-360 Fourth Avenue
New York, N.Y.

Office Of The Treasurer

December 21st 1920.

Dear Mr. Firmin:

This morning I received your little memo enclosing page from the Post Office Supervisory Bulletin. I have read your appeal to the Post Office men with great interest. You have presented the cause of the suffering children of Europe in a masterly way. I am very glad to know that you have the talent to present in such stirring language the griefs, heartbreaks and the tears of little ones, and I sincerely hope that this page will be read by many thousands of the Post Office employees and will bring substantial returns.

Please keep on this job, because while I am very anxious to get all the money that is necessary for Mr. Hoover, I am more than anxious that the Post Office employees take a very big part in the work.

Sincerely yours,

R. S. Cuddihy

RJC;MAK:

While this letter was not prompted by anything set forth in "Boys and Girls", I have inserted it here because I am proud of it in view of its authorship, and I have at hand now (1952) no more appropriate place for it.

Albert Firmin,
General Post Office, City

BOYS & GIRLS

Good evening friends of the air:

My little talk to-night is to be just a friendly little chat, without any formality, and no preaching. Just a little chat to the boys and girls who are on the threshold of life. But of course I want to include too, the fathers and mothers of these boys and girls, for they I feel certain will be as much interested and concerned in what I have to say as their offsprings. In fact, the mothers and fathers may possibly be more interested, for they, in the ripeness of their experience, better sense the necessity for their children cultivating the habits about which I am going to talk, than the young folks themselves will. So, though my talk is specially intended for the young, I most heartily welcome everyone in the radio circle to listen in. Really, a talk of this kind should not be one-sided. I should not be monopolizing the conversation, and I certainly would not monopolize it if it were not for the limitation of the radio. I would like Jack, George, and Henry, Gladys, Dorothy and Marguerite to at least ask questions, and make it a cozy affair, just as though we were sitting together 'round a fireside, or on a veranda; but since that cannot actually be done, we must all be as chummy as we can be under the circumstances. Understand then, my young friends, all I have to say is just said in the spirit I have described; and with just the hope too, some little thought may help some boy or girl over a rough spot, and give inspiration, encouragement, or guidance where they are welcome. The greatest contributions of youth to the world are enthusiasm and energy. The greatest contribution of those who have passed the meridian of life, is knowledge gained from experience. It happens that those beyond middle age seldom can acquire either energy or enthusiasm from youth. The mature have to rely ordinarily upon what they have conserved of enthusiasm and energy, but youths, on the other hand, can benefit by the experience of maturity if they are only attentive, and it is the combination of the sagacity of age and the vitality and enthusiasm of youth which make for the progress of mankind.

Since, young folks, you cannot ask a question of me, I am going to do some questioning myself. Now let me ask you girl or youth listeners, what is your aim in life? Have you any definite goal? Have you yet determined on the route you intend to pursue? Have you been stirred by ambition? Have you recognized the difference between vain and idle longing and real ambition, that is the will to do and to dare for progress that is worth while? Youths looking forward, commonly fail to recognize the speed with which the years slip by. Counting many, many years ahead, they are profligate with time. Only too late they recognize the years they have spent so freely on things without benefit, have been deducted from their span of life, not leaving them sufficient time as a remainder for the work the world values.

Lose no time, therefore, in determining what your object in life shall be. Select your profession, your trade, your business, your purpose, so that whatever qualities you possess may be trained and cultivated to contribute to success in your chosen field. In the absence of a definite aim in life, boys and girls become as ships on the sea without rudder, compass, or course; ships that float aimlessly hither and thither, with no harbor as a destination, but just the sport of the fluctuating tides and the fitful changing winds with which they drift. In the absence of definite goals, young men and women dissipate their energies and waste their time; they move in circles instead of forward; and, like as not, find themselves in the course of time no further advanced than when they started. This is often so, even though throughout their wasted years they have been industrious and sober, and have not only possessed, but practiced the virtues we generally prize. My friends, I think you will all be able to identify at least a couple of persons in your circle of acquaintances, and possibly several, who are of the order I refer to; that is men and women who are good folks, who are bright, who are honest, who are faithful, intelligent, industrious, pleasing, and likeable, yet somehow or other they have achieved nothing worth while. They are classed generally as "unlucky". We are inclined ordinarily to say of the type we have in mind, "Is it not a pity he does not get along", or, "Too bad he can't catch on", or to that effect. Generally an analysis of people of this type will disclose that they have neither concentrated nor specialized on anything. Further, that they have lacked true ambition and definite aims in life. This being so, regardless of their talents and industry, they have dissipated their energies on so many things that no appreciable progress has been made on any. You know, boys and girls, if early in their careers the people we have in mind, had adopted some definite, reasonable goal in life, and devoted all their energies, talents and industry towards its attainment, they would almost inevitably have achieved it, or at least have made material progress towards it. Without such a goal their lives have been disappointments alike to themselves and their friends. Young folks, just let me bear witness after many years observation, that a man even of inferior talents, if he is ambitious, and early in life selects a goal suitable to his talents, will almost invariably achieve a greater measure of success than a man of superior talents who is without a definite goal. The man with the goal moves directly forward; the man without it simply travels along life's journey satisfied with whatever may turn up. Of course we all realize that certain callings require different qualities from others, and hold forth possibly greater rewards than others. If one possesses the qualities essential for success in the higher callings, nothing less should be acceptable or satisfy. In short my young friends aspire for the very highest goal you are qualified to fill, and having identified that goal, bend your every effort to its attainment, giving to the task ahead all you have of energy, intelligence, loyalty and enthusiasm. I have spoken to you a few minutes ago of the necessity of an analysis of your qualifications, an appraisal of them so to speak, and I cautioned that care be exercised in this. It may be thought by some that both boys and girls are apt to over-

estimate their ability, and over-value such talents as they may possess, but I do not concur in this. To the contrary, I am inclined to believe that too frequently young people under-estimate their capabilities and suffer accordingly, not aiming at as high goals as they are really justified in aspiring to. The failure of the young to appraise these talents and aptitudes at their full value is due chiefly to the circumstance the young compare themselves commonly with those they would like to emulate, who are of course mature, and who have achieved success after long and painful effort. Noting the difference in their respective level between these men they emulate and their own is great, the young feel they cannot hope ever to reach the higher level. This is all wrong. It is not the right point of view. The young should compare themselves and their talents not with the mature men who have achieved success, but with what the men they emulate were when at the same age, and then say to themselves in effect: "At my age he was no better equipped than I am to-day, and just as he has improved himself and his opportunities from day to day and year to year, so must I".

With this determination firmly fixed in one's mind, my young friends, you will find yourself improving day by day. Perseverance and industry will help, your talents will develop, and even if you do not quite accomplish all you aim to, you will be the better for having tried and for having made a valiant fight. But friendly listeners when I speak to you of ambition, please do not get the impression that I mean you are necessarily to aspire to the presidency or to become the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, or even to become a multi-millionaire. Far from it; ambition, worthy, sensible ambition, takes cognizance of one's qualifications and the limitations of these qualifications just as well as their probable maximum values. It is essential to success, young folks, if the ambition which is to guide you is to rest on a basis of fact, that you should appraise your talents with just as much care, good judgment and impartiality as a chemist would exercise in making an analysis. There is an infinite difference between ambition and chimera. The ambition I have in mind, is a worthy eagerness to achieve something worth while; the desire to make the most of our opportunities and talents towards a definite end; all as opposed to mere chimera, which is no more than an impracticable, visionary illusion. Ambition, worthy, sensible ambition, the ambition, my young friends, that I wish to inspire in you, is as applicable to those engaged in the industries, in the arts, and the sciences as in the affairs of government. It falls to the lot of very few of us to achieve commanding, conspicuous positions in the world, and it is not to these few that I am addressing my remarks, but to the great majority of lads and lassies now on the threshold of life, and who in a few years time will be either the backbone and brains of this community, or else sink not only into oblivion, but to mediocrity or less than that. A youth who has the qualifications which are essential for a lawyer, a machinist, a dentist, a carpenter, builder, mason, or journalist should have the ambition to master and excel in his chosen calling. Nothing less should satisfy him.

That is the very minimum. Any girl or boy entering these or any of the other innumerable callings that contribute to our community is justified in regarding his desire to advance or excel as a worthy ambition. In the choice of jobs the young should be concerned not so much with what the job pays at present as with the opportunity offered for future advancement. There is only one to-day, but many to-morrows. To-day will soon be passed, but there will be many to-morrows. The job that offers no encouragement for future achievement, that offers no goal for one's ambition, that only leads into a blind alley with the end no better than the opening, is to be eschewed even though it may offer fair present reward. Of course in an extremity, my young friends, such a job may be gladly availed of, but as a temporary expedient only, and there should be a fixed determination to seek with industry a more favorable opening, with a goal that is worthy of your ambition, and this before the numbing influence of the "easiest way" displaces ambition. Throughout your careers, my young friends, there must be a determination to acquire whatever is essential in education and training that will aid you in the higher callings you aspire to. Never make the mistake of assuming you are finished, for there is always more to learn, farther to climb, better to do. Looking 'round boys and girls among your friends and business associates, you will not infrequently note men and women who have achieved a considerable measure of success, yet who display not only no outward evidence of exceptional qualifications, but to the contrary seem to be deficient in the ordinary refinements and qualifications we associate with progressive men. If though you analyze the careers of these men carefully, you will ordinarily find that though they may be deficient in many things which the world esteems, that they have of some one craft or calling a thorough knowledge, and are exceptionally proficient in some particular direction. They have not dissipated their attention, their energies, their industry upon a varied field, but have concentrated upon a definite destination, and to the attainment of this destination have devoted whatever they possess of talent, skill, and industry. They have moreover learned all they could acquire of whatever trade, art, calling, occupation they have followed. They have specialized. Such men, seeking the goals of their ambitions, have made progress not by brilliance or high and exceptional talents, but by perseverance, industry, and concentration. In this they have set the rest of us an example worthy of emulation. Now my young friends of the air I must say a few words to you about courage in the pursuit of your goal. Courage is the sustaining quality without which ambition is but an empty, useless shell. Of course in the pursuit of any goal that is worth while you will encounter difficulties, and even meet with obstacles that may for a while seem to be insurmountable. You may encounter not only setbacks, but even actual defeats. Be assured that if what you strive for is really worth while, you will at least encounter many competitors, for there are sure to be many competitors for all prizes that are worth attaining. But be courageous and persevere. Courage and perseverance are two of the most inspiring words in our language. There is no word in our language in fact that appeals more to the ambitious than perseverance. What better slogan than "Perseverance conquers all things"? Remember the higher you climb the more you will gain from experience, and with perseverance as your watchword, temporary setbacks will mean but little to you. If any of you who are listening in to-night are downhearted because you have not reaped the measure of success you feel you should

have attained, or who have not made the progress toward your goal you hoped to make, I beg you nevertheless to persevere. Take fresh heart of hope. To-morrow the tide may turn and set your way. Look upward. Press forward. Press on, ever on. Keep your face ever toward your goal. With courage and perseverance, you will attain the best that is in you.

* * *

QUALITIES WORTH DEVELOPING

America has no greater asset than its youth. The nation is justified in appraising the rising generation highly. All experience has shown that there has been continuous progress as generation after generation has wrested from nature its secrets, utilized its forces, and developed our resources; all in the promotion of the material progress of our country. But it is not sufficient that we promote our material interests alone. We must maintain our ideals as well, and here again the history of our country reveals that successive generations have in our national emergencies fulfilled their obligations with honor and upheld our ideals with becoming dignity, courage, and sacrifice. Each successive generation has slipped into command as required; and, just as the waves succeed each other on the seashore, one retreating and dissolving into the great mass of the ocean, while another takes the frontal position and advances over the strand, so has one generation passed away and joined the great unnumbered, only to be succeeded by a more energetic, progressive one with keener vision and higher aspirations. If the youths of to-day mean to discharge their obligations to America, it behooves them to devote their energies not alone to selfish ends, but to the strengthening of our democracy by solving those many difficult problems by which we are confronted. In the settlement of these problems all that we have in the way of patriotism, vision, intelligence, and devotion will be in demand.

America owes much to industry. Those who have made the greatest progress in life's struggle, and who have accomplished most for our country, have been men of great industry. Industry is pre-eminently important not only because of the tasks accomplished thereby, but because it concentrates attention upon matters worth while, and turns the mind from the thousand and one diversions ready to snare the idle. There is no truer adage than "The devil finds work for idle hands to do." It has also been well said that "Genius is the faculty for taking infinite pains." We all recognize the truth that "There is no royal road to learning.", and we can subscribe with equal confidence to the declaration that there is no royal road to any other high accomplishment or purpose. "Labor omnia vincit", which is to say, "Labor conquers all things." No young man can do better than cultivate the habit of industry until it becomes the dominant influence in his career. This is an age of specialization. Year by year the world carries specialization further and further. To know something

about everything, and everything about something, is a worthy ambition, but many devote too much energy to their aim to learn something about everything, and neglect learning everything about their vocation; and this, notwithstanding that this special knowledge must inevitably be the principal means whereby they can achieve success. They dissipate their energies though they would be wiser to concentrate them. Whatsoever calling a man may adopt, he should master its every detail. Gradually those about him will come to respect his knowledge, and they will be influenced and guided by him. He will lead and others will follow. The earlier the young man determines upon his vocation, and concentrates upon it his major energies, the quicker and more certain his progress. All too frequently young men on the threshold of life fail to realize the value of time. Looking ahead they are impressed by the long life they expect to enjoy, and they are profligate with their early years. But no wasted minutes can ever be made up no matter how long they live. We have at the very best but a comparatively short period in which to achieve success, and no one can afford to waste even so brief a period as an hour. This does not signify by any means that pastimes, sports, and recreations are not to be enjoyed. All normal youths desire and require them for their physical and mental upbuilding. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy". There is use and abuse for such things, and it is the achievement of the happy medium that distinguishes the young man of sense. But beyond these legitimate demands for time, there is an infinite variety of enticements which should be avoided, and it is far easier to withstand their appeal if from the outset they are scorned, than it is to yield to their lure and to later endeavor to break away therefrom. Finally there is the choice of companions and friends. Seek out those who are worth while, and cultivate their friendship. Shun the indifferent, the idlers, and the drifters. Their companionship will discredit you in the estimation of those who are worth while; and besides, association with them will have an insidious effect, none the less certain even though it may not be recognized. Cooperate with those who are working for things worth while. Be alert to prepare for the next opportunity that offers by fitting yourself therefor in advance. It is by these means success is achieved.

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HAVE YOU A DEFINITE AIM IN LIFE ?

What is your aim in life? Have you got a definite goal? Have you ever determined upon the route you intend to pursue? Have you a longing to achieve something worth while? Have you been stirred by ambition? Have you recognized the difference between vain and idle longing, and real ambition, or the will to do and dare?

Every man should give serious thought to the future. When a young man fails to give heed to the life ahead, he becomes as a ship on the

sea without a course. compass or rudder to float aimlessly hither and thither with no harbor as a destination, but drifting with the tide and the fitful changing winds.

In the absence of definite goals, men dissipate their energies, move in circles instead of forward, and like as not find themselves in the course of time no further advanced even though they have been industrious and energetic, than when they started.

Too frequently in the absence of a definite goal, we expend far more energy and experience more hardships in our aimless wanderings, than we would have done if we had concentrated upon that which is worth while. Then again a young man will have in his heart a desire to emulate some one with whom he has come in contact, or who may be conspicuous in the community, but measuring the distance from his own humble status to the status of the man he admires and would like to emulate, he becomes discouraged and relinquishes hope of ever climbing so high. Yet if the youth could but possess for a moment the eyes of the successful man, and by means of them look back along the path traveled from the days of his humble start to the days of his achievements and success, it would become apparent the journey had been every bit as long as the youth could foresee for himself, yet the pleasure of surmounting the obstacles along the way had offset whatever hardships or privations he had suffered to achieve his triumphs. When a young man is hesitating to embark upon an ambitious career, because of the difficulties he foresees he will encounter, he should be encouraged by the thought that as he progresses he will gain in strength and resolution, and that his difficulties being encountered successively can likely with courage, industry and determination be overcome as they severally occur. In the choice of jobs, a young man should be concerned more with opportunity for progress and achievement in the future than what the job pays when he gets it. There is only one to-day, but many to-morrows. To-day will soon be passed, but to-morrow will be ever ahead of us. The job that offers no encouragement for future achievement, that only heads into a blind alley with the end no better than the opening, is to be eschewed even though it may offer fair present reward. In an extremity such a job may be gladly availed of, but as a temporary expedient only. There should be a determination to seek with industry a more favorable opening, and before the numbing influence of the easiest way displaces ambition. Likewise there must be a determination to acquire whatever is essential in education and training to enable him to fulfill the higher tasks to which he aspires. Whatever job may be accepted though, regardless of the immediate or ultimate reward, should enlist all that a man has of industry, zeal and application. No one can afford to do less than his best at any task he undertakes. To do a task as well as one can do it, aside from doing it well for the job's sake, is to strengthen us in the doing; while to do it just so as to get by, is bad for the job and much worse for the man. Strength of mind and of character, and skill in the exercise of our faculties, comes more from the exercise of the mind, character and faculties than anything else; the develop-

ment of all of them being every bit as responsive to exercise as the body is to athletics. Looking around among your friends and business associates, you will not infrequently note men who achieved a considerable measure of success, yet who display not only no outward evidence of exceptional qualifications, but to the contrary seem to be deficient in the refinement and qualification in association with progressive men. If though, these men and their careers are analyzed carefully, it will ordinarily be found that though they may be deficient in many things which the world esteems, they have a thorough knowledge of, and are exceptionally proficient in, some particular direction, line or calling, and that it has been through this knowledge and proficiency, coupled ordinarily with industry and application, they have succeeded in their careers. In short they have specialized, and in their specialty they have mastered the details and learned the essentials which their callings, whatever they may be, are principally dependent upon. This should be a lesson to those who aspire. Learn all that can be learned of whatever profession, trade or vocation you adopt, and be resolute in mastering whatever is most difficult in it, for it is just that which will insure the best reward. What every one can do is valued lightly and earns but slight reward. The high rewards are secured by those who can do the tasks which the world wants done and but few can do. That which is routine seldom offers much opportunity. It is the exceptional task, the one that calls for invention, resourcefulness and initiative which is worth while. These are exceptional qualifications to be sure, but they are like other qualifications, largely dependent in their development upon habits of thought and subject to successful cultivation. If in the doing of little things we analyze each action to determine if it may not be done differently and better than hitherto; if we seek a remedy for whatever may be amiss; if we look for a more efficient way even if it be but little better, it will be found the mind soon begins to operate almost automatically along lines of initiative, invention and resourcefulness, so that whatever measure of these qualities is possessed gains in strength, range and dependability. Man is largely a creature of habit, and invariably applying all that we have of the high qualities enumerated, cultivates as nothing else will, the habits that are most prized.

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STEPPING STONES TO SUCCESS

The subject of my address to-night is "Stepping Stones to Success". I recognize it is incumbent on me at the outset to define what is meant in this connection by success, What one man regards as success in life, another regards as a life wasted.

This talk is addressed particularly to the young men and women who are listening in, who have but recently been enlisted in our industrial army, and to the still younger boys and girls who are only on the

threshold of life, but looking forward all expectant to what the future holds forth for them.

In defining "success" on this occasion, I take this situation as the basis, and in this connection I define success as the prosperous termination of the worthy ambition to excel in whatever field of industry, science or art the boy or girl listening in may be engaged or looking forward to.

I have not in mind the achievement of great wealth or power. It is questionable if anyone ever really benefits thereby. Certain it is that all too frequently, to achieve these we sacrifice the finest attributes of manhood. I have in mind only that measure of prosperity achievable by the exercise of the virtues, and in the aspiration for which we develop the high qualities which are combined in what we know as character. Henry Ford recently said "Most people think of life in terms of getting, but success begins in terms of giving". Coming from Mr. Ford, and at his time of life, this very beautiful thought has an exceptional significance. He is one of the richest men in the world. He has risen from humble surroundings. He has sounded all the depths and shoals of industrial strife. He has passed the meridian of life to the reflective age, and is qualified to speak both from observation and experience. His utterance to my mind carries a strong message to the youth of the world. Applying it to conduct, we see that it directs to better manhood and womanhood, by emphasizing we must not live for self alone, but that success is to be measured by what we give to those about us.

In the practical field of daily conduct as a stepping stone to success the art of giving is no less important than in the development of character. So, my young friends, let us examine the matter together and ascertain what we can about it. What do we give those about us? What are our gifts that are worth while? The boy who is obsessed with the thought of what he is to get in his pay envelope to the exclusion of what is to be given in the way of service before he gets it, seldom gets much, or increases what he is getting. The street corners are filled with idlers talking about the good jobs they claim they can fill, but who failed to make good in the jobs they lost. The one who succeeds in increasing the value of the pay envelope at the end of the week is the one who studies what he can give in the way of service, the kind of service, the variety of service, and the quality of service. Another great attribute to an aspiring youth is a friendly, courteous, kindly disposition. This disposition is a stepping stone that bridges many a perilous journey towards the land of success. There is no better acceleration to success than courtesy. The little courtesies of life; the little amenities; the little kindnesses that intersperse the relations of man and boss, of men and men, for which there are a hundred opportunities every week, have double value, for they not only enhance those who bestow them in the opinion of those with whom they come in contact, but eventually form a habit that makes the world around us seem brighter and better,

and smooth paths we follow which otherwise would seem hard and stony. I cannot do better at this time than to emphasize the importance of compatibility as a stepping stone to success to which the amenities I have referred to contribute greatly; in fact they are the elements of which compatibility is made up. Many an able, efficient, enterprising man has failed in his career through lack of compatibility, that is the capacity of getting along with, and co-operating with one's associates. Compatibility is one of the most important qualities in the business world. "In union there is strength". No organization can successfully endure without compatibility in the ranks. Team work is absolutely essential, and the quality of compatibility which is the basis of team work, is an extraordinary asset. We all recognize laziness as a habit, but few of us recognize industry as likewise a habit. One is as much a habit as the other. Therefore cultivate the habit of industry. Learn to find joy in work. There is infinitely more pleasure in doing a task well, expeditiously, efficiently, than in any kind of idleness or laziness. Nature opens up its secrets, the world its prizes, to the industrious. But aside from this, industry has a double value to the youth of both sexes. There is no truer saying than that "The devil finds work for idle hands to do". Industry has saved more young men and women from evil, not to say ruin, than any other quality. Industry is closely allied with enterprise, and likewise with courage. If you will analyze the personnel of any business organization, you will find you can divide it into two groups, those who are looking for easy jobs, and those who are willing to tackle the difficult ones. Let me warn you! There is nothing more enfeebling than the easy job. It undermines the personality, it saps energy, enterprise, initiative, resourcefulness. No matter where you may be employed, office, bank, factory, what not, look for the most difficult job in the place, for that which calls for the most intelligence, skill, knowledge, and industry. The widening and even further widening of one's acquaintance, the formation of new friendships, and the cementing of old ones, are the most important stepping stones. Incidental to this is the cultivation of the faculty of remembering names and faces. This is a faculty which should be cultivated early in life. I can speak of this advisedly from personal experience in a negative way, for not having realized the importance of it until well on in life, I have not since been able to develop the faculty, and find my deficiency in this direction a source of ever-occurring embarrassment and chagrin. Suffering from this serious defect, I am the more anxious to see others escape it. I believe that the young adventurer in life's struggles cannot do better than seek at the very outset of his career some mentor and guide in the person of some one known to have achieved a high measure of success in some particular field of endeavor, and having selected him, endeavor to emulate his success; to emulate it not necessarily in detail, but by the exercise of similar qualities, by adopting kindred methods of approach and presentation, and by emulating his methods.

The paramount mentor and guide in my opinion of all the distinguished characters who have contributed to the upbuilding of America is Benjamin Franklin. Franklin's career has my highest appraisal not

only on account of the heights he attained, but with recognition of the humble circumstances whence he started, and because in the attainment of his success, he did not sacrifice nor sully those sterling qualities that are essential to true manhood. Then again I recommend Benjamin Franklin as mentor and guide to the youth of our land because his success in life was due almost exclusively to his own efforts. He is a true exemplar of what is indeed seldom found: a self-made man made well. He achieved success in life with but little material aid or inspirational guidance, at least after his early childhood, from either parents, relatives, or connections other than those he effected himself. Another reason for recommending Benjamin Franklin as your mentor and guide is that he achieved success in so very many different directions. He was eclectic. Whatever intrigued his notice and attention received from him a worthwhile contribution of service, industry, and invention. In return he garnered fresh reward, esteem, and honor in even greater measure, and even to this day, he is continuing to rise in the estimation of the world though more than a century has elapsed since his death.

Then finally I recommend Benjamin Franklin as a guide to aid you on life's journey and to help you along the stepping stones to success, because he not only knew these stones himself, but he wrote what he knew about them so that all the world might identify them, and make use of them just as he did. He wrote with such grace of style and in so intriguing a way, that once one makes the acquaintance of his autobiography, a bond of friendship is formed that endures through life. His autobiography has the charm, and more of it than any book I know of, appearing to be written not for the world at large, but for the reader personally; just as though he had taken the time and labor of making his message clear to you personally, and of enjoying the echo of your understanding heart as you turn the pages. It is my belief that Franklin's autobiography has helped more young men and women over the rough spots of life, has given them more encouragement and inspiration than any other book written in our language. You know, my friends, if my words to-night secure for him only one other youthful reader, I shall consider my time well spent, for no worth-while lad or maiden ever read Franklin's autobiography without benefit. I commend it not as a single stepping stone, but as a succession of them, such as will bridge many a difficult passage in your life if you but once seriously determine to follow the path he pursued.

A very important stepping stone can well be labeled "opportunity". But opportunity must be sought. Do not wait for it to come to you. In this connection remember to-day is short, the future long. Seek the place, calling, chance, where there is opportunity for advancement, for development. Of two openings one with good returns to-day, but poor opportunities, and the other with poor returns to-day, but opportunities for real success in the future, take the latter and then concentrate on getting the very best there is in it. Last but possibly most important of all adopt as your slogan "Perseverance", for "Perseverance" you know "conquers all things". Be not discouraged if success is not achieved as quickly as

you would have it. Fight on! Fight bravely! Persevere! Keep this word ever before you. It will sustain you in adversity. It will revive your courage following defeat. It will spur you towards success, and when that comes, strengthen you to hold it fast forever.

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PERSEVERANCE

The subject of my address is "Perseverance". The word has always had a particular charm to me, for I have seen in perseverance a wealth of benefit to all who adopt it as an inspiration. We are born into this world with different talents, and varying degrees of talents. The development of these talents in our early years at least, is largely dependent upon an environment over which we have but little control, but as we grow older the responsibility of development becomes our own, and there is no quality more essential for the development of our talents and for the achievement of worthy ends through them than perseverance.

Perseverance not only enhances our talents, but it goes far to make up for our deficiencies in the way of talents. Without perseverance, we just naturally, I might say almost inevitably, fall into following, in our journey through life, the "easiest way", and this is almost always the wrong way, for it is a way without a destination. It is drifting. Without perseverance to sustain us when encountering an obstacle to our progress, we are apt to turn aside, to stop in our tracks, or even to turn back. On the other hand with perseverance, obstacles add zest to life, and in the enthusiasm of surmounting them, we exercise our faculties afresh. Strengthening them thus by exercise, we are the better equipped for fresh achievements, and to rise from plane to plane of our ambitions.

Have you not observed that many people speak of genius as though it were exclusively an inherited gift? As though those who possessed it were simply ordained to be great, and that being so, no praise is due them? I agree that in the distribution of talents to which I have just referred, men differ as to their inheritances, not only as to the kind of talents but as to the degrees, but it is seldom if ever that a man is entitled to the distinction of being called a genius who has not supplemented his natal gifts by perseverance. It has been well said in fact, that "Genius is the quality of infinite patience and industry", which is but another way of describing perseverance.

In evidence of what perseverance can accomplish not only in the absence of genius, but notwithstanding most serious handicaps, let me instance Demosthenes. His name has been passed down to us through

more than 2200 years as probably the greatest orator of the Athenians, and it still symbolizes the highest achievement in oratory, for to-day if we wish to be particularly complimentary to a speaker, we find no higher praise than to refer to him as a modern Demosthenes. But Demosthenes in his early youth was afflicted with stammering as you will probably recall. Not only did he stammer, but when he attempted to speak his face became distorted, and even his body surrendered to his nervousness, his left shoulder in particular being jerked high above the right in what may be almost described as his paroxysms. But Demosthenes was not dismayed. Hearing that it would aid his speech to practice talking with pebbles in his mouth he did so while declaiming. To overcome his facial contortions, he practiced speaking in front of a mirror, and thus cultivated the coordination of his features with his words. Over his left shoulder it is narrated he hung by a cord a naked sword, so that whenever the twitching of his body brought his shoulder above the level of his right shoulder, he would be instantly reminded by the point of the sword striking his naked flesh. To strengthen his lungs and to give volume to his speech, he ran long distances 'cross country, and standing on the shore with the billows of the sea breaking angrily about him, he made himself heard afar loud above the roar. He built for himself a study beneath the ground, and here he confined himself months at a time, mastering the style and technique of the art of oratory. Fearful that these ordeals would at times become stronger than his will, he shaved one side of his head, so that if tempted to go forth before the completion of his task, he would be the subject of ridicule and derision. His indomitable perseverance was invincible. It stands as an example for all times as to what perseverance can accomplish. Let every discouraged speaker take heart of hope.

Another illustrious character of the ancient world, who exhibited extraordinary perseverance over a very long span of life, was Cato. This Roman orator and soldier was a contemporary of Demosthenes. Cato was born of an humble, obscure family. Left an orphan at an early age, with no other resource than a small farm, he nevertheless rose to the highest honors, both as a soldier and a statesman. Leading for many years a life of exceptional simplicity and austerity, he persevered in his effort to improve himself and his country. From early manhood to his death, Cato's life was one of strife and perseverance in the face of strenuous opposition. Becoming convinced that Carthage which in his day was a great city rivaled and menaced his beloved Rome, he urged its destruction, and this regardless of the occasion, whether appropriate or otherwise. He terminated his every speech until his death with the cry "Carthage must be destroyed".

Coming to more recent times I wonder how many of you have read any of the books of Charles Darwin? Of all the authors I have ever read, none has impressed me with such perseverance in research. His books are marvelous for the fund of evidence which he arrays in support of his text, for the patient, painstaking investigations which it is clear he had to make, or apprise himself of, preliminary to actual compilation, and for

the erudition and the extent and variety of knowledge at his ready command.

As a naturalist he stands unrivaled. As an observer he has no peer. Bird life, animal life, insect life, plant life surrendered their secrets to him. As an example of his patient, persevering research, let me instance that his books on so prosaic a subject as worms, just the common, ordinary worms that you and I would shun as repulsive and more or less disgusting, was based on observations and experiments carried on over a period of 29 years.

And let me say here, that Darwin owed much to his beloved wife, who had the same indomitable perseverance that he had, even though she is not known to fame. This is testified to by Darwin himself, who speaking of her said: "It is probably as you say - I have done an enormous amount of work. And this was only possible through the devotion of my wife, who ignoring every idea of pleasure and comfort for herself, arranged in a thousand ways to give me joy and rest, peace and most valuable inspiration and assistance. If I occasionally lost faith in myself, she never did. Only two hours a day could I work, and these to her were sacred. She guarded me as a mother guards her babe, and I look back now and see how hopelessly undone I should have been without her". How wonderful a partnership in perseverance it must have been!

Another outstanding figure among the great men of the world who stands as a shining example of what perseverance can accomplish is Herbert Spencer. Delicate in health to the extent that it seemed his life hung on a thread that threatened ever to break, he nevertheless gathered facts year after year until he built up his conception of evolution and of ethics. Spencer set the world thinking in directions it had seldom ventured before, and left an impression upon thought and conduct such as it has been the privilege of but few men to bequeath posterity. These facts were of such an infinite variety, they were arranged in such perfect order, and they were presented with such convincing logic, it seemed that his knowledge was almost omniscient. His whole life was devoted to his tremendous task. No temptation lured him. No distraction was tolerated. Not even proffered honors could divorce him from his task. When 39 years old he mapped out a series of eleven books to cover a marvelous range of knowledge and speculation, and which he estimated would require not less than twenty years to complete. The twenty years came and went and still his task was unfinished. But his perseverance was inexhaustible. In spite of ill health, of discouragement and lack of support he struggled on, and finally after thirty-three years he brought his task to a successful conclusion! All honor to Herbert Spencer's perseverance!

But this record would not be complete if I did not mention William H. Prescott. No more interesting narratives have been written than his Conquests of Mexico and of Peru. He is another man every American has a right to be proud of. For years he labored in research

and in compilation, yet his sight was so badly affected he was not able even to read what he penned with his own hand. Throughout he was dependent upon others reading to him from the mass of historical data he had gathered. It was a heroic struggle against infirmity; it was sacrifice in supreme; it was perseverance that was sublime.

My friends, particularly my young friends, and those among you who may feel discouraged at times, take fresh heart of hope, pledge yourselves to fresh allegiance to your ambitions. Take these examples to heart. Persevere, persevere, ever persevere. Remember my friends, "perseverance conquers all things".

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A LETTER ON PERSEVERANCE

Dear Friend:

I very much appreciate your letter of March 9, and feel complimented by your suggestion. Also I want to thank you for the extra copies of the booklet you so kindly sent me. I am very glad to have them. It was very good of you to do this. As to my letter, of course you can print it as you propose, and I feel complimented by your interest in it, and your thought that it will be of advantage to the youths to whom it will be sent. I venture to suggest though that the title you have in mind be amended to substitute in some way the word "Persistence" by the word "Perseverance". While they are of course largely synonymous, I am inclined to the opinion that we are prone to regard persistence as an obstinate clinging of a person to some idea or purpose he has in mind, and in very many cases this object or purpose is not approved by the person who uses the word. As we might say "The F- B- peddler persisted until he was regarded as a nuisance". Whereas we generally associate perseverance as singleness of purpose in promoting or adhering to a cause that is worthy. For the word perseverance I happen to have a personal and long standing affection. It has meant very much to me from early youth. Let me please encroach upon your time in this instance, and test your patience, by relating an instance involving perseverance. I venture to encroach and to test as I have said, not for any personal reason, but because I think that in your guidance of your scholars you may find that emphasis on perseverance in life is one of the most important qualities that you can inculcate and promote. In the old days when I was broadcasting I not infrequently emphasized the importance of perseverance, and in many cases I heard from time to time from young people who had found encouragement in what they had heard, and who had achieved the ends for which they had aspired by means of the perseverance stimulated. I am enclosing herewith a talk along this line, not addressed to the young particularly, or directly inspirational, but rather in the narrative form, or historic form, but which

some day you may find use for, if only to be set up, or give the young printers something to think about along with their technical exercises. But this is parenthetical. Let me resume from the point in the foregoing narrative where I mentioned that the word perseverance meant much to me from my early youth. Very early after entering the postal service I aspired for promotions, and did my utmost in the way of diligence and industry to deserve them, but the competition was very keen. There were very many aspirants and the opportunities were few. Too frequently also political influence prevailed over merit. So I met with very bitter disappointments. In one instance I had prepared myself in every way for certain promotion to which I felt I was entitled by length of service and all attendant circumstances, but I was put aside and a political favorite was selected. I was downcast; bitter disappointment depressed me. I had to stay that night to make preparations for the coming of the successful aspirant the next day. In the solitude that prevailed in the deserted room, my spirit was at low ebb. But gradually my courage prompted me to explore the possibilities of the future. The tide ceased to ebb, and I went over to a typewriter and in capital letters wrote on a little slip the word "PERSEVERANCE". This I fastened with little tacks to a ledge of my desk, about on a level with my eyes. I resolved that night to persevere. That little slip I carried with me from desk to desk as I slowly rose from grade to grade and title to title until it became so worn out that it was almost illegible, and then I placed it in a little envelope and I carried it with me until I became Postmaster. Perseverance, probably more than any other qualification, expedited my climb from office boy to Postmaster. That word was my talisman. It urged me, encouraged me, sustained me. Hence my affection for it. Along the hard trail, no matter how lengthy it be, nor how steep the inclination, the word seems to be ever beckoning to those who are loyal to it to "Come on" "Come on". "Perseverance" comforts when misfortunes overtake us, and it presents ever fresh vistas for exploration and ambition if we are wise enough to sustain our allegiance to it.

I hope you will pardon me for taking up so much of your time, and for the poor typography, incident to the necessity of writing hastily and suffering interruptions throughout.

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THE ART OF LISTENING

Are you a good talker? Are you a good listener? Have you ever taken the trouble to analyze your qualifications under either heading? Have you ever given consideration to the value of both qualifications to you? Or how you can cultivate whatever talents you may have in either or both directions? Most young men recognize more or less that it is a great advantage to be able to carry on a conversation with intrigue and pleasure to those who listen. Not a few even sense the pleasure and power derivable

from the talent which enables the particularly favored among us to cultivate friendship by genial conversation, by having all around them laugh when they joke, or sigh in harmony with their pathos, or bear them friendly company on whatever conversational pilgrimage or adventure they may enter upon; but only the exceptional young man really examines himself systematically with a view to planning what he may be able to do towards developing his talents in the way of conversation; and still fewer yet, discern the importance of becoming good listeners, or ever thinking of training themselves as such. It is not the purpose of this article to expatiate upon the art of conversation, since this is a field which has been well covered again and again, except to say that it includes the cultivation of the voice, the exercise of tact, and the psychology of salesmanship; for the same basic principles are involved whether we have occasion to sell a prospect a bill of goods, to entertain a friend, to convince a skeptic, or to promote by conversation our interests otherwise. The purpose of this article is to direct attention to the necessity of cultivating listening as a much neglected field of endeavor; and to emphasize that it is fully as important as the art of conversation. One is to the other "as the string is to the bow". Of the two, the art of listening is the more difficult to acquire, and is the more rare. To become a good listener is more difficult than to become a good talker. In fact it requires much more patience, forbearance and modesty. I might even say more humanity. Many men there are who are loquacious to the point of cruelty to their auditors, because they lack those finer qualities of humanity, which are called for and disclosed in the good listener. Good listeners oft make good friends, they might lose by over talking. We may be able to teach others by talking, but we learn far more from others by listening. The art of listening is a gentle art. It calls for all that a man has of tact, of concentration, of self control. It is not sufficient that the listener should merely assume an inpassive attitude, accepting what is said as it happens to be offered; but effort should be made to elicit from the speaker the best that he can contribute, and on any subjects he may be informed; and, last but not least, interest should be tactfully evinced in whatever is offered. Well directed inquiries, calculated to bring forth experiences, impressions, observations will be found to greatly stimulate those with whom contact is made. Human nature is the same pretty much the world over. Man likes to appear at his best. He is happiest when he finds opportunity to tell the world what he has accomplished, or at least aspired to. It is seldom two men come together, no matter how wise one may be, and how ignorant the other, that the wise man cannot learn at least something from the ignorant one; in fact the wiser he is, the more likely he is to learn. The skillful, tactful listener who applies his gentle art, gives pleasure wherever he goes, and those with whom he comes in contact come to look upon him with increasing favor, and all the time he is adding to his fund of knowledge.

Commonly men are unable to do their best in conversation because of feeble connections between their thoughts, incident to weak memory ties; but skillful observations by a good listener, briefly expressed,

will be found to intensify the weak links and such artful aid to the happiness of those with whom we mix will be found to unconsciously enhance us in their estimation, and to cement their friendship. None of this implies that one must forever eschew leadership in conversation, or active participation in it, for this is not the case. There is a time for all things, and what is said is intended not as a prohibition, but as a caution against the common tendency to attach too much importance to talking and too little to listening. The aim should be for the happy balance, so that as many benefits may be obtained from the one as from the other; and the time to begin to practice the art of listening is now; and the way to begin it is with enthusiasm; for there is no time like the present, and "nothing great is accomplished without enthusiasm".

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LOYALTY

Good evening my friends:

The subject of my address to-night is loyalty, and it is indeed a many sided subject. It deals with practically every form and variety of contact a man experiences. It concerns his business relations, his social duties, his obligations to the community, and to the nation of which he is a citizen. Finally and by no means least, it concerns the faith a man keeps with his own ideals; which may be summed up as man's loyalty to himself.

Loyalty is what I may term a composite virtue. I mean by this that it is dependent on, and made up of several other virtues, as truth, honesty and faithfulness. Loyalty is not a momentary impulse, but a virtue which must be proved by long trial. Just because loyalty is made up of, and dependent upon, several other virtues, and must be long sustained, it is among the rarer of virtues. When we find this beautiful quality in those about us, we should for these reasons prize it highly.

In some rare men and women loyalty seems to be a beautiful natural gift or trait, a part of their mental and moral being, not inherited necessarily from parents similarly endowed, yet apparently a natal gift that grows as they grow, endures as they endure, and ceases only when their physical existence runs its course and they pass to the great beyond. In other men and women loyalty is the product of careful training, of education, of a selective environment, and not infrequently stimulated by religious or ethical inspiration. Have you ever thought what infinite opportunities the world of the future has in store, awaiting development, when mankind turns from the unimportant, trivial, insignificant aims which largely monopolize our attention to-day, to the cultivation on a wholesale scale to the making of better men and better women? I do not mean better men and women in the smug sense, that is merely goody-goody people, or the holier

than thou variety, but men and women of sterling character, of tolerant temperament, of broad vision who above all shall be loyal to those about them, to each other, to their country, to their traditions, and to their inspirations.

Loyalty is by no means confined to the prosperous, affluent, or influential classes, but to the contrary it is a quality that is shared by all strata of society. Many times in my experience I have encountered examples of loyalty of a high order among men and women of most humble surroundings, but whoever possesses loyalty, no matter how humble he may be, is ennobled by it. Frequently I have been more than surprised when men I have known, who have had serious grievances against their employers, which ordinarily would be regarded as dissolving the ties of allegiance and loyalty, have nevertheless been loyal throughout. In the face of most adverse conditions, they have held true. Loyalty should be inculcated in childhood. It should be bred in the bone. It should be introduced in all its various forms successively as the child develops into a youth, and the youth into manhood. Loyalty to mother, to father, to sister and brother. Loyalty to the school, to college, to employer. Loyalty throughout to our country, to its institutions and to their perpetuation and development. Bear in mind in saying this that I do not refer to the inculcation of a blind loyalty that because it happens a person is attached to this or that or the other institution or organization that it is to be supported and abetted right or wrong, for that is a spurious loyalty. That is no better than subserviency, and makes mere automatons of us, depriving us at once of our initiative, independence and individuality. We want an enlightened loyalty, which shall seek the best, the inspirational, the ideals of every institution, organization, or influence to which it is attached and give to these the full strength of the best that is in us. I have remarked of recent years a very regrettable falling away on the part of many of the rising generation from loyalty. To many of them, I am sorry to have to say, the word seems to have no significance whatever. They not only lack the quality, but they do not comprehend what it signifies; or if they do, they scoff it. These unfortunates, regardless of their station in life, seem to tie to nothing at all. They are as fluff floating free in the air, facing life with no aim but to evade as many responsibilities as they can, and with no allegiance to anything. They are governed by nothing, unless it be their own whims and fancies; and these are so transient and changeable, that even the winds are not more variable. They acknowledge no authority, resent all restraint, regard government as an annoyance, employment no matter what its form, as a kind of slavery, and seem to think that they honor the world so greatly by their presence in it, that it owes them a living without labor. Here is a real task for us. To win these youths over, to wean them from their fallacies, to make of them self-respecting members of society, to inculcate in them industry, ambition, and most of all loyalty, is admittedly a difficult task, but it is a patriotic duty that should be borne in mind by all who come in contact with them.

Too frequently in life we think of the virtues in too abstract a form, as though they were too spiritual for our daily life, and it is largely so with loyalty. Loyalty to be worth anything at all must not only be expressed in the terms of our daily life, but it must be interwoven with our daily routine. We must live it out. Live it out in our dealings with each other. Live it out in our attitude towards our Government. Live it out in our attitude towards our public servants. Live it out in all the relations binding employees and employers. Loyalty in the office, the shop, the factory, calls upon the part of the employer square dealing with the employees, faithful representations, the provision of safeguards against accident, and fair dealing. Loyalty on the part of the employees calls for an honest, fair day's work; for economy in the use of material; for the careful use of equipment, tools and plant; for perfect secrecy as to confidences, and in general the safeguarding of the employer's interests.

Loyalty to our government calls for all those elements that enter into good citizenship. I am not among those who hold criticism of our government or honest effort to amend it to meet changing conditions to be disloyalty. Government is man made. No government is ever perfect. As we progress year by year our governments have to be amended to meet the changing conditions in our industrial and social relations, but criticism is not loyal if it is not honest, if it is not true, if it is not fair or just. Loyalty to our government does necessitate that such changes as may be necessary and desirable in it at any time be effected in an orderly way, above board, through the means and methods which have been provided, and without violation of those inalienable rights for the preservation of which it was established.

A few minutes ago I referred to the importance of loyalty in our daily contacts. Among these contacts is friendship, and I want to emphasize this importance in this connection. Friendship is one of the golden ties binding men and women together. All too frequently, though we proclaim the tie as existing, we fail to observe the conditions which true friendship imposes upon us, and among the chief of which it seems to me is loyalty. Friendship, true friendship, calls for true loyalty. This does not mean that we must be blind in our adherence to friendship, but it does mean that we shall be solicitous of the reputation, the good will, the interests of our friends with unintermitting constancy. Too frequently loyalty to friendship is forgotten in captious criticism, in idle gossip, in disparagement more or less thoughtless perhaps, and not intended to harm, but nevertheless better left unspoken. Finally my friends please let me emphasize the paramount necessity of loyalty to ourselves. Loyalty in a way begins and ends with loyalty to ourselves. Does this sound strange? Does it seem selfish? My friends it is not so. The strongest among us are yet weak. All have within us both good and evil. Even the most wretched among us have visions of a better life, and a better understanding of life. The man is indeed unfortunate who has no ideals towards which to strive, even though he strives weakly, intermittently and in vain. It is to these golden glimpses

of better things we must cling. It is to these better ideals within our own hearts we must be loyal. We never fail in loyalty to others, or to our institutions, but, sadly we fail most of all in loyalty to ourselves. If a man be loyal to others, he will perforce be loyal to himself, and he will only be loyal to himself according to the degree of his loyalty to those about him.

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HAPPINESS

Good Evening my Friends:

The subject of my talk to-night is "Happiness". Happiness is one of the most elusive conditions that mankind has experienced. It is much as Mark Twain said of the weather: "We all talk about it, but nobody does anything". So with "Happiness"; we all live for it; desire it, crave it, search for it, pursue it, yet few of us ever attain it, or if we attain it, succeed long in retaining it. Has it ever occurred to you how beautiful this world would be if happiness were contagious instead of disease? Well, one of my reasons for talking to-night is to spread this idea of propagating happiness by contagion. I want to get the whole world into a receptive mood for happiness, so that when it does come round about, and I am hoping it soon will come your way and my way, and everybody's way, we will all catch it. Do not think I am so fatuous as to believe the whole world is going to believe the whole world is going to be converted in this respect over night, but I am hoping that at least a few among us will assume towards happiness a new angle of vision. Let us cultivate a receptivity towards happiness. Let us try to propagate happiness. Let us seek new sources of happiness and conduct both our friends and enemies to these new sources so they may benefit equally with ourselves. I would like to start a hundred thousand new "Happiness Clubs", and each with a thousand charter members, and along entirely different lines than clubs have ever before been conducted; that is, with no dues, no officers, no club houses, no expenses, and no obligations save one, and that single obligation a pledge to spread happiness throughout the world and according to the gifts and talents of each individual member. Come now my friends, just to show we are all eligible to membership, how about seeking some opportunity during the next twenty-four hours for spreading happiness if only by some little word or deed that will soothe, solace, comfort or aid, and by the reflection of the happiness thus kindled, add to our own peace and contentment? My friends, do not think for one moment even, that the pursuit of happiness is frivolous, trifling, or unworthy. To the contrary, it is the greatest pursuit upon which men have ever embarked. Century after century it has enlisted the best thought and effort succeeding generations have been able to contribute, and knowingly or unknowingly we one and all are engaged in this pursuit from the time the light of reason dawns within us until it finally ebbs with our last

moments of consciousness.

If you want a good historic precedent for taking up the pursuit of happiness; if you feel the need of strengthening your resolutions by reference to good authority, let me remind you of our Declaration of Independence. Did not that incomparable group that signed this immortal document subscribe that the pursuit of happiness like life and liberty was an inalienable right, and did they not pledge their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor to its inviolability? Of course they did, and we are the inheritors of the benefits secured by their courage, zeal, and sacrifice! One great difficulty which was confronted those who through the ages have taken up the pursuit of happiness has been their uncertainty as to what constitutes happiness. What is "one man's poison is another man's meat and drink", or at least it appears so until we analyze the proposition. Happiness is not to be confounded with hilarity, or mere joy, or just gaiety. Good for us all as these are, and as much as they benefit us by the variety and spice they add to our lives, they are not happiness. We concede of course that these are tonics. That they are blessings. That we want to see the whole world sharing them freely. They very generally greatly contribute to our happiness. They are good and they are worthy, and I am not in the least belittling them when I differentiate between them and happiness; but I take it that happiness is a state of bliss, of cheer, of comfort, of peace of mind, of contentment, all springing particularly from the finer impulses of an ambition to attain brotherly love and harmony throughout the world. Such a state of mind for instance as Lincoln must have conceived when he gave expression in his second inaugural to that beautiful thought of "malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right". True happiness as I conceive, is not a mere status of passivity. It is very much more than a mere "Let me alone" policy; or "Let me go my way and you go yours". It is an active, healthy, vigorous, virile ambition to achieve contentment, peace of mind and justice for ourselves, and at the same time to accord contentment, justice, and peace of mind to others. It is not sufficient that we seek happiness for ourselves, but that we acknowledge as equally important the right of happiness to others. And this brings me to another phase of the world old pursuit of happiness by mankind. I am wondering how many of my listeners have ever read that beautiful little classic of Samuel Johnson's entitled "Rasselas". No man's education is complete until he reads it. I count an introduction to a good book as important as an introduction to a good friend. Let me, therefore, introduce you to Rasselas if you have not previously read it. It was written about 170 years ago, so it is indeed a very old friend. But Rasselas is a book endowed with perpetual youth and beauty. Let me quote you just its opening and see how you like it. Those of you who have enjoyed it before will greet it again I am sure as an old friend who has come in unexpectedly; Here it is: "Ye who listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope, who expect that age will perform the promises of youth, and that the deficiencies of the present day will be supplied by the morrow, attend to the history of Rasselas, prince of Abyssinia". Well I hope that is enough to excite your interest. Is it not

a charming word mosaic? Rasselas was a prince of Abyssinia residing in the "Happy Valley", wherein everything was ordered and arranged for his happiness, but it palled on him, for it was an artificial happiness, a passive make believe world in which ennui fell alike on Rasselas and all his associates. He made his escape to the outer world of strife and trouble, and he journeyed far and wide, yet in the end he found for all his journey he had accomplished naught. Samuel Johnson practically left Rasselas just as he picked him up, an example of the futility of a quest for happiness thus undertaken. And this brings me back to what I intended to say before; namely, that though the quest for happiness has been undertaken by millions, no one has ever found it unadulterated. This is as might be expected, for perfect happiness is of the infinite good. We cannot achieve it in a finite state. It is dependent very largely upon the perfect happiness of the world about us, and that we cannot expect until we achieve the millennium. But this should not deter us from the quest. Let us strive for the largest measure of happiness attainable. "Happy is the man who is happy in his work" has been well said. Let us then strive to do what we have to do as well as it can be done, and our lives will be the happier for having done so. Envy has destroyed much happiness. Cast it out. Remember that ancient adage that "If you would be truly happy, strive rather to limit your desires than to increase your estate". Riches are not happiness. Sufficient for bodily comfort to relieve worry and anxiety and the infirmities of old age are ordinarily essential, but the happiness of more people has been destroyed by wealth than by the lack of it. How to be happy though poor. Happiness is most likely to be found in between the extremes. Jealousy, malice, greed, dissipation, prejudice, pride, covetousness are the chief enemies of happiness. These are in fact absolutely incompatible with happiness. In our quest they oppose our progress to our goal. It is to the eradication of these we must apply ourselves as individuals, and it is to the eradication of social and economic injustice, prejudice, bigotry and privilege we must apply ourselves collectively if we are to achieve the true, universal happiness to which humanity aspires and is entitled.

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OUR MOST DIFFICULT WORD

There has been chosen as the subject of this little editorial the most difficult word in the English language. It has been chosen because it is believed that its use at proper times is absolutely indispensable in the development of a young man's character. In fact it is believed no youth ever achieved moral stamina, clean citizenship or spiritual strength unless he has been man enough to say this word when it has taken courage to do so. Others have previously called attention to the importance of the word of the upbuilding of character, but seldom if ever before has there been such need for emphasizing the importance of the word; nor is it

likely there will ever be greater need in the future, since we are now passing through a restless, turbulent period wherein young men are subjected to disturbing influences and confronted with temptations which have no precedent; at least in American history. These call for all the courage, determination and exercise of will that young men have. Now what is this word which is so difficult of utterance and which means so much in the upbuilding of character? Difficult as it is, it is one of the very shortest words of our language. It is "No"! There is a natural inclination on the part of a youth to join in with whatever is on foot, to give acquiescence to whatever is proposed; to be one of the majority, particularly if the majority strongly exceeds the minority. It always seems so much easier to go along than to stand out. The temptation is particularly strong with those of a sociable, kindly disposition, since they especially dislike to oppose their friends and associates or to be at odds with them. There is always a strong temptation to be "a good sport", without analyzing the phrase to see if the emphasis is on the good or on the sport. Too frequently the insistence upon being a good sport actually means that one must actually be a very bad sport. This just exemplifies that those who seek to corrupt, very commonly resort to the employment of some catchy phrase as a substitute for good reason. They do so of course because they cannot afford to reason, and because they know their only chance of success rests in subterfuge; like a deceitful enemy, advancing under some purloined flag. Just as soon as one recognizes deceits and perversions, the difficult word should be spoken: "No" is the only word in such cases that can in fact be spoken without loss of self-respect. The strengthening of character is much like the strengthening of our muscular system. The more we exercise our will in saying "NO", where we see that "No" is the proper word to employ, the stronger we grow, and the easier it becomes to repeat it as occasion demands. Strength of will, the determination to travel not the easiest way but the right way, even though "No" must be said at every step to those who would allure the pilgrim from his path, is the true test of manhood. As the determination to strengthen the will to do right is adhered to longer and longer, the ability to say "No" to every form of temptation gains force, and a habit of questioning and analyzing whatever is proposed takes the place of the old time ready acquiescence of everything suggested. Thus too good judgment is cultivated. This good judgment proves soon to be the staunchest ally of conscience, aiding it, furthering it, supporting it at all times. The ability to say "No" to others, when there is necessity for it, cultivates likewise the prompt "No" when there arise in our own minds temptations which should be repressed. Conscience finds in the ability to say "No" its strongest ally in those silent struggles between conscience and suggestion, which shape our conduct, and in which no others take part. Oft times the little word "No" requires for its utterance all that a man has of strength of character, of rectitude of purpose, of determination and of courage, but the more it demands the more it repays. It has been well said " - - - - -"
"Always do what you are afraid to do", for this carries with it the thought that the aims in life which must make for righteousness, are those which demand of us the highest moral courage, and this, further, emphasizes the

need for the strength to say "No". Those who can say "No" at the right time and in the right way, in due course, come to be recognized, and eventually they win the respect and confidence of those whose opinion is worth while; whereas, those who cannot do so, have no justification for expecting anything better from the world than pity for their weakness. "No"! "No"! "No"! As each hour brings up its problems of conduct, the very first thought should be, "Is this an occasion to say 'No'?", and so repeat and repeat the question until the thought leaps spontaneously to the fore, and grips and holds the will.

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MOTHER'S DAY

Good evening dear mothers all, and whoever else may be listening in.

Of all the days of the many which during the last few years have been devoted to different events, movements, groups and persons, I believe there is none that rivals in popular respect and affection "Mother's Day". Mother's Day has an appeal that is universal. Rich and poor, great and humble, governors and governed, adults and children, men and women all alike spontaneously and unanimously recognize our indebtedness to the mothers of the land; to the mothers who, protecting us beneath their hearts, brought us forth with pain and sacrifice; to the mothers who later nursed us, cherished us and loved us during our helpless infancy; to the mothers who guided us during that formative period of our childhood when our then plastic minds were not susceptible to those influences and impulses which shape our characters and direct our course through life. This has been well put in verse by Jack Appleton in the first verse of his poem "The Mother-Faith" which runs:

THE MOTHER-FAITH

"Yours were the hands that held me first of all,
Yours were the lips that taught mine own to smile,
Yours were the eyes that watched my every step,
And yours the heart that showed me Love worth while;
Whatever good men see, in part or whole,
Is but the dear reflection of your soul."

Now it has occurred to me that it would be interesting on this celebration of "Mother's Day" to refresh our memories upon the dramatic circumstances that surrounded the first mother in this land of ours. When I say first mother, I mean of English birth, because of course no one knows anything of the first mother of the Indian race, since all knowledge of her is forever lost in the darkness of antiquity. Do you know the name of this

first mother of European birth who first brought forth a child upon American soil? I find that there are very few who do know it, though many know the name of the child that she bore. The name of the first mother was Eleanor Dare, and the name of the first child was Virginia Dare. You see this is a case where a girl beat the boys to it. There has always seemed to me something prophetic in that name "Dare" borne by our first mother. It is certainly very strange that the first mother should have borne a name so significant of the spirit that animated the daring, venturesome pioneers who in the days of colonization braved the perils of the seas in the frail, little craft of the time; who dared the Indians who confronted them in such great numbers when they reached our shores; who dared the hardships incident to reclaiming the wilderness; and, who, finally, dared to lay the foundation of our nation in defiance of the monarch whose army and navy had before bid defiance to the world. Eleanor Dare our first mother, was the daughter of John White, who was commissioned by Sir Walter Raleigh to be governor of the colony which Raleigh wanted to establish on our shores. Governor White, Eleanor Dare and her husband William, landed here in 1587, and Eleanor's baby was born in August of the same year. All the territory round the little settlement had been given the name Virginia, in honor of England's virgin queen, and so they named the baby Virginia too. The colony was established upon Roanoke Island, and in a short time Governor White sailed for England, intending to return with supplies and equipment, but three years passed before he again sighted Roanoke, and, when finally he landed there again, he found it deserted and desolate. The rough shelters which had been built by the colonists, and in one of which doubtless Eleanor had brought forth Virginia, were falling into decay, vines were found growing across the open doorways, the roofs had fallen in; and the wilderness had practically blotted out whatever feeble attempt at settlement had been made. Of the eighty-nine men, seventeen women and several children who composed the colony, including the unfortunate Eleanor and her beloved Virginia, there was no trace living or dead. Upon a tree was carved a single word "Croetan" which was the name of a neighboring Indian tribe; but whether the colony had been destroyed by this tribe, or absorbed by it, or what became of it remains a mystery to this day. Some there are who believe that years afterwards they detected in the descendents of neighboring Indians evidence of European blood, and it may be that the colony, or some survivors of it, were captured by the Indians or sought refuge with them after some disaster, but all is uncertainty. How tragic it is, how symbolic, how characteristic of the perils, of the hardships, of the fate of our brave colonial mothers is the history of this first mother of our land! We men commonly look upon ourselves as embodying all that is hardy in the human race, as the stronger sex, in fact, and we have repeated it so frequently in one way or another, that the world has thoughtlessly come to accept our views as truth; but as a matter of fact, wherever on this globe men are found, women are found at their sides, whether it be braving the penetrating cold of the arctic night, the debilitating miasmas of the equatorial jungle, or the lands which are ravaged by flood, earthquake and pestilence. Further in addition to the dangers which are common to men, women suffer that further peril and disability, "motherhood". There is a wealth of

sentiment in the word "motherhood", and this is all very beautifully portrayed in the poem written by John J. Piatt, which runs:

M O T H E R H O O D

"I hold within my arms today A priceless bit of mortal clay,
Divinely fashioned, and so fair, The angels well may kinship share.

My soul with gratitude is filled, My heart with mother love is thrilled,
My eyes brim o'er with new-born joy, While gazing on my cherub boy.

O precious one, through tears I see A mighty task awaiting me,
My happy sky grows overcast, Life's duties loom so grand, so vast.

To shield from wrong, to right incline, This little life now linked to mine—
Divine the gift, Oh, may the mould A heart of truth and honor hold.

Help me, kind Heaven, to know the way From out the tangle of each day,
To guide him safe to manhood's prime, And all the glory shall be thine".

- John J. Piatt.

All through our history there has run a record of women's bravery in the face of hardship, suffering and want; a record of struggle against the forces of nature; a record of determination to conquer in the face of tremendous difficulties; a record of creating homes where before there was naught but the wilderness. Through it all our American women have struggled on patiently and uncomplainingly, patriotically bringing forth generation after generation to strengthen our nation. When motherhood has blessed her, she has deprived herself that her offspring might want for nothing; she has not only risked her life in the crisis that is unescapable; but through the years she has watched over our cradles with unremitting and solicitous care; she has succored us in our distress, and we have ever known in her patient bosom a haven of sympathetic understanding and consolation. I am reminded at this point of that little poem by Rudyard Kipling, called "Mother O' Mine", which so graphically tells in a few lines the love of the mother for her offspring, and her fealty and attachment, no matter what our faults may be or what may befall us. The poem runs:

MOTHER O' MINE

"If I were hanged on the highest hill, Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine
I know whose love would follow me still, Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine

If I were drowned in the deepest sea, Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine,
I know whose tears would come down to me, Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine.

If I were damned of body and soul, I know whose prayers would make me whole,

Mother o' mine, O Mother o' mine".

- Rudyard Kipling.

We sometimes hear now-a days denunciations of modern mothers. Of course in all lands and in all times there are those who fail to measure up to those high standards which we hold dear, but though the mothers of today do not encounter the same dangers, hardships and difficulties that beset the earlier generations of American women, they show in the face of the problems of our age the same self-denial, the same love, the same self-sacrifice, the same patient solicitude that has ever distinguished them in the times which have passed. Looking around today, I see thousands of boys and girls in our grammar schools, in our colleges, and in our institutions devoted to advanced education. I know that a very large percentage of them are the offspring of comparatively poor parents. I sometimes marvel at their presence in such great numbers, and their presence in such great numbers is only made possible by the economies that are practiced by the mothers of our land, by their patient industry, by their thoughtful planning, by their talent to stretch the contents of the pay envelope from week to week, and those other virtues to which I have referred. I do not belittle by any means what the father does. All honor to both the mother and father in the sacrifices which are made that our children may have the best in the land in the way of education and equipment for life's struggle, and there is honor enough for both; but it is the mother who is generally the budget officer of the family, the mother who has to find a way to make the husband's earnings suffice, so that no little mouth shall go hungry, so that no little feet shall go bare, so that every little son and daughter shall go forth presentable. If, as may happen on occasion, there is not enough to go 'round, we all know that it is generally the mother who stays home because she lacks a dress to go out, and it is the mother who says she is not hungry, and excuses herself for not eating because she knows there is not enough food for all. If we could but gather together the records of self-sacrifice of this kind, if we could but count the sleepless hours when our mothers have tossed about in their anxiety to find a way out of family difficulties, while the children have slept all unconscious of her misery, what a history it would be of love, devotion and service. But notwithstanding all the anxieties mothers experience, there is one respect in which I think all fathers envy them. I refer to that attribute of motherhood which enables mothers to get close to the hearts of their children; by virtue of which they become the confidants of their children, and through which they develop in very many cases the ideals and aspirations of their children in so subtle a way that they are guided to the right unconsciously. No matter how fathers may strive to win the affections of their children, there is a certain influence which good and wise mothers possess which transcends all other influences and is of more importance in shaping our careers than any contact we make. Do you remember the

poem of Wallace, entitled "What Rules the World?"

WHAT RULES THE WORLD

"They say that man is mighty, He governs land and sea,
He wields a mighty scepter O'er lesser powers than he;

But mightier power and stronger Man from his throne has hurled,
For the hand that rocks the cradle Is the hand that rules the world."

Mankind is all too prone to hold lightly the blessings which come to us without struggle, yet to put an exaggerated value upon those things which are difficult to come by even though they are actually worth but little when we get them, so all too frequently we accept mother love as a matter of course, and do not value it at its true worth. All too frequently we go through life blessed by the affectionate interest and sympathy of our mothers, but not acknowledging our indebtedness, and by our indifferent and inconsiderate conduct disclosing to them that we do not understand their solicitous and affectionate interest and ministrations. Incidental to this conduct we reject their advice, which is prompted by the most unselfish motives, and given wholly in our interest, while we listen to the counsel of others who at heart care nothing for us.

All this is beautifully embodied in the poem by Sam Walter Fess, entitled "A Life Story", and I cannot do better in closing than by quoting a couple of verses of it:

A LIFE STORY

"A wild lad plays his thoughtless part As fits his childhood's lot,
And tramples on his mother's heart Ofttimes and knows it not.
He plays among his noisy mates Nor knows his truest friend;
His mother sighs, as still she waits; 'Some day he'll comprehend;
The day will be when he will see; Some day he'll comprehend."

A bearded man of serious years Bends down above the dead,
And rains the tribute of his tears Over an old gray head.
He stands the open grave above, Amid the mourning bands;
And now he knows his mother's love And now he understands.
Now doth he know she loved him so, And now he understands".

In the light of this heart stirring poem those who have mothers cannot celebrate "Mother's Day" better, than by carefully considering if in the past they have been negligent in any respect, and by affirming for the years to come, their determination to give to their mothers that filial devotion, affection, respect and solicitous care to which the blessed mothers of our land are entitled.

THE HALL OF FAME

and

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

By Albert Firmin, Former President and now Trustee
of the
International Benjamin Franklin Society
Incorporated

To discriminating persons visiting New York City, the Hall of Fame ranks high among the points of interest that "must be seen", and this not only because of its high rank as a National Temple erected to the perpetuation of the memories of the great characters who have shaped the progress of our country, but because of its exceptional interest incident to its unique design and its unrivalled position among our city monuments.

The Hall of Fame for Great Americans was originated near the close of the 19th Century by Dr. Henry M. McCracken, Chancellor of New York University. The realization of his conception was made possible by the generosity of Mrs. Finley J. Shepard (Helen Gould), whose benevolence was also otherwise shown to the University. The gift was for the American people, and the University administers the trust as a sacred obligation to be conserved for the patriotic and educational aims of the donor, and as a national and not as a local institution.

The edifice was appropriately located on the very crest of a hill known as "University Heights", and the site though in the Bronx, commands a bird's eye view of the northern tip of Manhattan Island. This tip of Manhattan is of exceptional historic interest. It is bounded on the north by the Spuyten Duyvil creek of ancient fable, and by King's Bridge. To the south lay Fort George and Fort Washington. On the west flows the Hudson, while the easterly boundary is the tortuous Harlem, which laps the foot of University Heights. To this area, approximately two miles long, and about a mile wide, Washington led his troops following the Battle of Long Island, and from here those troops were eventually driven by General Howe. That was one of the very darkest periods in our struggle for independence - August to November, 1776. At the present time there is on exhibition in the Museum in the "Sub-Treasury", standing on the site of Federal Hall on Wall Street, which was the building wherein Washington was inaugurated April 30, 1789, as our first President, a map of this area which is said to have been made by Washington.

The Hall of Fame is actually an open colonnade, supported by a massive stone foundation, and this has an appropriate background - a group of college buildings of imposing architecture, and these are dominated by a central structure known as the "Gould Memorial Library". All the structures were designed as a group, by the architects, McKim, Mead and

White. The colonnade is 630 feet long, with the central section majestically curving outward, and set off by wings of equal length, and these branch from both ends of the base of the curve.

Though as mentioned the colonnade is 630 feet long its width is but 10' 3", and this diversity between length and width adds to the interest of the unique structure. It is natural to infer that a structure of such diverse measurements, tunnel-like in its proportions, would lack in charm, or even offend the sense of proportion, but the architects evidently foresaw this, and cleverly only inclosed the spaces between the columns for a few feet above the pavement, thus leaving free the area above, so that there is no sense of enclosure, but of the spaciousness of all outdoors, yet without sacrifice of the general effect of a colonnade.

The Senate of New York University, upon which the responsibility of organizing and managing the Hall of Fame devolved, announced in effect early in the year 1900, that it was about to proceed with arrangements for the selection of worthy eligibles. It planned a panel of electors, to consist approximately of one hundred persons, to be chosen from all parts of the country, and to be drawn approximately evenly from seven different groups, viz., Authors; Editors and Artists; Presidents of Universities and Colleges; Historians and Professors of History; Scientists; Jurists; High Public Officials and Men and Women of Affairs. Of course, it was regarded as a high honor to serve as an elector, and it was practicable to enlist the services of an exceptionally competent group. All persons connected with New York University were excluded from the panel, thus excluding any possible criticism of the panel's being under local influence. The New York University has recognized that it has been under "sacred obligations to administer the gift in such manner as to conserve the patriotic and educational aims of the donor" and to administer its trust as a gift to the American people, and as a national and not as a local institution.

Following the formation of the panel of electors, an invitation was extended to the people through the public press, to submit to the Senate the names of persons deemed worthy of consideration for acceptance. The names submitted in response to this invitation became the basis of study by the Senate. The hundred names which had the largest public support were selected first. To these the Senate added 100 more which were esteemed to be worthy. The electors, too, were invited to suggest names. In all, 234 names were eventually submitted to the electors. These names were classified and divided prior to submittal into the following 15 groups;

1. Authors, Editors
2. Educators
3. Preachers
4. Philanthropists, Reformers,
Home and Social Workers

5. Scientists
6. Engineers
7. Physicians, Surgeons
8. Inventors
9. Missionaries, Explorers
10. Soldiers, Sailors
11. Lawyers, Judges
12. Rulers, Statesmen
13. Business Men
14. Artists, Musicians, Sculptors,
Painters, Architects, Illustrators,
Etchers, Engravers, Actors
15. Distinguished men and women outside
the above classes.

The Senate of the University announced in connection with the first election in 1900, that it planned provision "for 150 names," 50 to be inscribed that year, provided that number should be chosen - and five additional names at the close of every five years thereafter, so that the number would be completed about A. D. 2000. It will be observed that this plan very wisely spread the period for selection over a century, emphasizing the identity of the Hall of Fame as an enduring monument, seeking no ephemeral heroes, but those great characters of our American life who have made lasting contributions to our progress. This was supplemented later, by a provision that the margin of time after death for a person to become eligible for consideration shall be 25 years. Experience shows that in the 43 years the Hall of Fame has been in existence, but 73 names have been actually selected for honor, and this notwithstanding that the first group of electors was authorized, as previously mentioned, to select 50 if they agreed upon that many. Of course, the first panel faced a virgin field, and enjoyed the opportunities of selecting from the very many men and women who had from the discovery of our country to the end of the twentieth century rendered it distinguished service. Actually but 29 persons were selected. Of the 29 selected, Benjamin Franklin was among the four who received the greatest number of votes. Washington received 97, Lincoln and Webster 96 each, and Franklin 94. These four not only received the greatest number of votes in the first election, but more votes than have been received by others at any time since. Ulysses S. Grant, Thomas Jefferson and John Marshall rank next in line. This very close approach to unanimity on the part of the judges is a criterion of our own reverence for him. At the time of the first balloting, a majority of the votes of the panel of 100 was required for an election. This standard was subsequently raised, and now three-fifths of the votes cast are required for an election. Reflection will show the wisdom of this provision, and how it operates towards confining selections to those who have secured close approach to unanimity of favorable opinion among unbiased judges.

Under the Constitution originally governing the Hall of Fame,

persons of foreign birth, even though they became American citizens, were not eligible to election, but this restriction has since been removed. For a time also there was a discrimination in respect to women, in that upon election they were not included with the men upon a common basis, but were set apart in a section of the colonnade designated as the Hall of Fame for Women, but a more enlightened policy corrected this, and now men and women share the Hall of Fame on an equal basis, grouped exclusively according to the several fields of endeavor in which they became famous. All these details give evidence of this great American institution being conducted progressively over a long period of time, in conformity with our best ideals, and in harmony with our democratic philosophy.

RULERS, STATESMEN

The Hall of Fame very rightly included Franklin in the Rulers, Statesmen group in submitting his name to the electors, and the concise epitome of his contributions under this heading as given in the publications of New York University is as follows:

"Benjamin Franklin . . . had a wide influence as editor, author, diplomat, scientist, public teacher and philosopher. He made important discoveries in electricity. He was a member of the committee which drew up the Declaration of Independence and of the convention that framed the Constitution. As Ambassador to France he was one of the commissioners who negotiated the treaty recognizing the independence of the United States. He was also one of the commissioners who concluded the peace with Great Britain."

It will be observed from this epitome, that the Hall of Fame while particularly dwelling upon Franklin's accomplishments in the Rulers, Statesmen field, gives due recognition to his influence in other fields of accomplishments. Of course, we of the International Benjamin Franklin Society, and those who have acquainted themselves with the details of Franklin's career, are well aware of the many and varied activities in which he excelled, but the division of those who are eligible for consideration by the electors into fifteen groups has prompted me to review his accomplishments in the fields aside from the one in which he was so eminently conspicuous. I have not carried this inquiry so far as exhaustive research, but have simply reviewed from memory and from such aids to memory as I have at my immediate convenience. I feel assured that even brief research would add materially to the data which follows:

AUTHORS

Franklin's writings circulated throughout the world of his day. No contemporary American was so widely read. He began to write when

a young boy, and he wrote so ably that his contributions, issued anonymously, were credited to men of distinction. Franklin's Autobiography has been a mentor and guide to the youth of the world, and still enjoys a great popularity. Poor Richard's Almanac was probably quoted more frequently and in more languages than any other publication originating in the Colonies. Franklin was the dean of all the illustrious men to whom we are indebted for the conception and successful culmination of the revolution, and for the foundation of our nation. His letters, public and private, and his documents, as for instance his plan for a union of the Colonies, submitted to the Albany Convention, as early as 1754, twenty years prior to the first Continental Congress, showed him to be a generation in advance of most of his contemporaries. This document and Franklin's supplementary contributions of a literary character, moulded public opinion for the acceptance of a Continental government, and for eventual independence.

PHILANTHROPISTS, REFORMERS

Franklin was a philanthropist in the word's true sense, and a reformer in a liberal sense. He loved his fellow man, and did all in his power to promote the welfare of his community, and to correct whatever defects he detected. Franklin founded the Philadelphia Library. He established the Union Fire Company for the protection of his neighbors. He established the American Philosophical Society. Anxious to assure the protection of Philadelphia and its surroundings, he stimulated the organization of a militia. He established the Academy and Charitable School of the Province of Pennsylvania, and this later developed into the University of Pennsylvania. He promoted treaties with the Indians to insure peace and promote fair treatment. Franklin abhorred slavery, and even when decrepit and infirm from his long life of service, and on the verge of the grave, he labored to abolish this abomination from our land. He foresaw distressing conditions which would arise following abolition, and devised means for the amelioration of the conditions which the negroes would have to experience in adjusting themselves to the new order.

SCIENTISTS

Franklin was a scientist by nature. His approach to all problems and phenomena was to inquire into its cause and its effects. His discoveries in respect to electricity were many, but his right to be regarded as a scientist does not rest on these alone. His theories in respect to electricity were far in advance of his time, and some of them have stood the test of many years of subsequent investigation. His experiments and discoveries were such that he had to invent new means to describe them, and so he introduced the world to the terms "positive", "negative", "armature", "battery", etc., ascribing to them definitions not previously accepted, and all have been preserved since in our scientific nomenclature. He contrived the first electric battery. He identified lightning with electricity, thus revealing its tremendous force and potentialities. The value

of his contributions to science was widely recognized, as evidenced by the honors and degrees conferred upon him by Yale, Harvard, William and Mary Colleges among others, and the Royal Society of Great Britain. His scientific papers were translated into French, German and Italian. Knowledge that he acquired from the study of smoky chimneys, he applied with success to his study of meteorology. He studied the temperature of the ocean; the effect of color in arresting the penetration of heat from the sun; the treatment of smallpox by vaccination, etc. He was perpetually observing, and drawing deductions from his observation for useful purposes. He had a theory of light which differed from the prevailing theory in this country in his time, but in harmony with more modern thought. He was esteemed by scientists throughout the world.

INVENTORS

Franklin won distinction as an inventor, and whatever he invented was given to the world with no attempt to capitalize or reap reward. Franklin's stove became popular both at home and abroad, for it was economical, efficient and clean. He invented a flexible catheter, being prompted to do so by the sickness of his brother. He invented a method of determining that shallow water offered more resistance to the movements of boats than water of ample depth. He went to the root of the trouble with our spelling, and disclosed that numerous of our letters do not match the sounds we make in speaking, and invented characters to assist in remedying this. Some letters he regarded as superfluous. He invented bifocal eye-glasses, and these in various forms have since been adopted by millions of people, and in practically all parts of the civilized world. Their popularity is believed to be still growing rapidly both at home and abroad. He invented household conveniences, and where he had theories not subject to proof by usual methods, he sought untried means of determining the truth.

SOLDIERS

I put forward no claim that Franklin was a soldier. Writing to Josiah Quincy, Franklin said, "there never was a good war or a bad peace". But Franklin was eminently practical. While he abhorred war and endeavored within his means to avoid it, it is clear that there were other evils he abhorred more than war, such as invasion by an enemy, the violation of inalienable rights, and serious wrongs not otherwise avoidable. His eminently practical mind, and ability as an organizer, enabled him to assist in the prosecution of wars beyond the ability of other men, including professional soldiers.

When General Braddock, impatient with the delay in securing the equipment and supplies needed for his advance was fuming in Williamsburg, it was Franklin who was selected to go to his aid. It was through Franklin's enterprise, influence and ability as an organizer, that the

Braddock expedition was eventually equipped. Braddock, the experienced professional soldier, in conversation disclosed his plans, and with characteristic egotism, expressed his certainty of accomplishing his purposes very quickly. Franklin seeing the defects in the plans, ventured to apprise Braddock of his views, but it was in vain. Braddock pursued his chosen course, and lost his life. His expedition was a failure.

When in 1755 Philadelphia was being threatened by an Indian uprising, and massacres and atrocities were being committed in the surrounding country, Franklin was selected to dispense the funds raised for protection, and to plan the means of defense. The responsibility of leadership gravitated to him. He selected the locations for the forts, planned the stockades, and organized the outlying communities for their protection. He was given the title of colonel, but he does not seem to have been enamored of it. Soon other duties called him home, and in a while he was sent to England to represent the assembly. There were numerous other emergencies in which his talents were availed of in connection with military affairs, and always with advantage to the causes he espoused.

BUSINESS MEN

Obviously Franklin must be judged according to the period in which he lived, and by this standard he was a very exceptional business man. His record is that of the traditional American boy, who starts handicapped by poverty, yet achieves success. The opportunity to prove his mettle came early. He was working for his brother as an apprentice printer, when his brother was imprisoned for printing matter regarded by the authorities as objectionable. Young Benjamin, only midway in his teens, assumed charge of the business forthwith, and conducted it in the emergency. Shortly following this he left home to seek his fortune. He had no assets but industry, intelligence and perseverance, but of these he had ample. He found work both here and in England as a journeyman printer. When but 23 years old he assumed the publication of the Pennsylvania Gazette. In connection with this he conducted a general printing and publishing shop, combined with stationery. He also printed paper currency for the government. He was so successful that in his forty-second year he was able to retire. Franklin became the Postmaster of Philadelphia, and applied his business ability to this task to the very material benefit of the community. In 1753 he was appointed by the British postal authorities to assume the management with a co-appointee, of the entire postal system of the Continent of North America under British control. Up to this time the British government had received no benefits from the postal system throughout the Colonies, and the service was defective and inefficient. Franklin's ability as an organizer and his business ability soon vitalized the service. He extended the service, reduced the time of mail in transit, and increased the exchanges of mail between the different colonies and principal cities. None of Franklin's predecessors had been able to conduct the service on a self-sustaining basis, and very few of his

successors down through all the years since have done so, but Franklin made it pay. It is to be borne in mind that the postal system of the Colonies covered a great area, that the means of communication between the widely separated post offices were very primitive, and that supervision of the far-flung system involved great difficulties. It is probable that the system was the largest business organization in the Colonies.

ARTISTS, MUSICIANS

Franklin loved music. When only a youngster he composed ballads, and these were printed in his brother's shop, and subsequently young Benjamin peddled them on the streets of Boston. In Franklin's autobiography he says that one song in particular "sold wonderfully", but he also said in later life that the ballads were "wretched stuff". Nevertheless, they had a period of popularity. After attaining manhood, he wrote other ballads, and Jacob Abbott in his *Life of Franklin* said of him, "That he could not only write a good song, but sing it".

Franklin's knowledge of music was not superficial. He seems to have studied music with the same searching analysis that distinguished him in other fields. His clarity in explaining his views are disclosed in, for instance, what he wrote on harmony and melody and the relation between them, as shown in a letter to Lord Kames, and quoted by Carl Van Doren in his "*Benjamin Franklin*". Franklin was attracted by what was a novelty to him, viz., an arrangement of glasses, tuned to different notes, which could be played as a musical instrument, and he seems to have lost no time in improving it to such an extent that it gained great popularity. He had glasses specially blown to meet his theories, varying the size of the glasses, and utilizing a sufficient number to cover three octaves. Franklin not only played this instrument or arrangement himself, but professional musicians of very high standing adopted it. It was featured by musicians of high repute in England, Austria and Italy. It was very popular in Germany. Such master composers as Mozart and Beethoven composed music specially adapted to the instrument.

Was he an artist? I enter no claim for him, but he did design paper currency, with artistic devices incorporated therein in his decorative effects to make counterfeiting difficult, and to facilitate the identification of counterfeits if such should be made. This he did in the midst of his many other tasks for the Continental Congress. Congress called upon him also to help devise a seal for the United States, which request he complied with, but by the time Congress got through discussing and amending what he submitted, there was little left of the face of the seal, though much of the reverse was retained.

THE FRANKLIN TABLET

Tablets had been erected in the Hall of Fame for all those elected in 1900, and in 1901 these were unveiled. All the tablets bear in addi-

tion to the names of those honored, the dates of their birth and demise, and an appropriate quotation. The quotation on the Franklin tablet reads:

"This Constitution can end in despotism,
as other forms have done before it, only when
the people shall become so corrupted as to need
despotic government, being incapable of any other".

This quotation is from the speech written by Franklin to be read on the last day of the Constitutional Convention, and immediately after the engrossed draft of the Constitution had been read by the Secretary, and Franklin was to move that it be signed by those present, and this in conformity with a formula which had been previously agreed upon. The privilege that was his to make this motion, was an honor accorded a beloved, revered and venerable associate.

THE FRANKLIN BUST

The Franklin bust was the gift of the Pennsylvania Society of New York, and it was erected May 5, 1927. The presentation address was made by Colonel Robert Mazet, at that time the Secretary of the Society. General Hugh L. Scott, great, great, great, grandson of Franklin, and formerly Chief of Staff, U.S.A. (Retired), unveiled the bust. Letters were read from President Coolidge, and his Excellency Monsieur Paul Claudel, Ambassador of the French Republic. The bust, which is of heroic size, is the work of Robert Atkin, and it is most impressive. The sculptor has succeeded in embodying the features which have become dear to us by many years of study, and handed down from Franklin's contemporary artists, and to these he has added with masterful skill the two dominant qualities of Franklin's mind, force combined with philosophic calm. Mr. Atkin was wise in the dimensions he chose for the bust. Its size conforms with the spaciousness of the colonnade, which cannot be said of all the busts. Mr. Atkin is a member of the Art Committee of the Hall of Fame.

THE HALL OF FAME AND THE FOUNDERS OF THE CONSTITUTION

Six of the outstanding men connected with the framing, adoption and defense of our Constitution have been honored by election to the Hall of Fame - Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, Madison, Hamilton and Marshall. Admirers of this famous group wishing to honor them in a suitable way, united in holding appropriate ceremonies September 13, 1931. The organizations, institutions and prominent men participating in the ceremonies arranged as a feature of it, to place memorial wreaths at the tablets of the different patriots to be honored:

THE DONORS	REPRESENTED BY	HONORED
Sons of the American Revolution	Louis Annin Ames	Washington
University of Pennsylvania	William Guggenheim	Franklin
University of Virginia	George Gordon Battle	Jefferson
Princeton University	William Church Osborn	Madison
Hamilton College	Lloyd Paul Stryker	Hamilton
American Bar Association	Henry D. Williams	Marshall

It had been first planned for President Gates of the University of Pennsylvania to be the honorary representative to place the wreath for Franklin, and Mr. Guggenheim was substituted for him because it was impracticable for Mr. Gates to attend.

The New York University was represented by Chancellor Brown, who presided and made the address of welcome to those assembled. Appropriate addresses were made by those who presented the wreaths, and Dean Sommer of the Law School made the closing address. In addition to the large audience which attended the ceremonies, provisions had been made for a nation-wide audience in the way of a comprehensive radio hook-up. In addition to the speaking, there was a musical program.

It will be recalled that Mr. Guggenheim, since deceased, had been made an Honorary President of the International Benjamin Franklin Society shortly before these ceremonies were held, and that he had long been a member.

The original plan for the Hall of Fame included a suitable area, closely adjacent to the colonnade, for the care and exhibition of memorabilia of the famous men and women honored by selection. It has not thus far, however, been found practicable to collect such memorabilia, and the war has necessitated the utilization of the allotted area temporarily as classrooms, in connection with the education of war trainees, many of whom may be seen visiting, and in the vicinity of, the colonnade.

William Lyon Phelps, probably our most highly honored and respected educator and man of letters was, until his death, which occurred recently, the Director of the Hall of Fame. It will be difficult to find a successor with the combination of rare talents with felicitous faculty of expression that Dr. Phelps possessed and so freely bestowed on his tasks.

"BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S LIFE
AS AN INSPIRATION TO YOUTH"

Address delivered by me at the Fifteenth Annual Meeting in
May 1938 of the International Benjamin Franklin Society

Before developing my subject, I feel it is timely to comment briefly upon the present unfortunate status of the youth of the world. From practically all directions we hear loose and ill-considered disparagement of our youths. With such disparagement I have no sympathy. To the contrary, it seems to me that the older generations, which have arrogated to themselves the control of the governments and the affairs of the world, owe them an apology. This apology should cover the wrecking of the heritage to which our youths are entitled. A wise stewardship upon our part would not only have conserved our heritage for them, but would have enriched it.

For some time there has been a deplorable retrogression in process, not only in our material condition, but in our spiritual inspirations and ideals as well. During this retrogression, the identifying indicia of civilization have been vanishing. In their place have come many things we previously associated only with savagery. It is not a pleasant picture for our youths to look upon; they deserve a better one. It is scarcely a generation ago that the calamitous World War came to a close. In that war 12,000,000 men were killed or crippled for life, and they were the very flower of the young manhood of the world. They had been told it was "a war to end war"; a "war for the protection of democracy", but neither prophesy has been realized. Now we are again in a chaos, and, bewildered and fearful, are proceeding on a path like that which led to the great catastrophe. Even if we escape the bloodshed that overwhelmed humanity before, we cannot escape the impoverishment incidental to the armament preparations now in the making. Already many nations stagger under the burden, yet day by day their loads are made heavier. Our nation is among those thus afflicted.

We are told that Stalin, in the Soviet, glories in an army of 1,600,000 youths; that Mussolini mobilized 500,000 youths for the conquest of Ethiopia - Ethiopia, a peaceful nation and, compared to Italy, practically unarmed! We find civil war in Spain, with terrible slaughter of non-combatants charged against Franco, who is aided and abetted by nations not rightly parties of the conflict. In Germany, Hitler has overthrown a democracy, and has established one of the most autocratic governments the world has ever seen. Instead of German youths being inspired to strive for peace at home and friendly relations abroad, they are inflamed with the passion for conquest, and trained for the army. Japan is reported to be mobilizing 2,000,000 youths to complete the invasion of China, though all the world knows China has been guilty of no serious offense, and that war has not yet even been declared. It is reported that in

Europe, 50,000 men are engaged in the design, manufacture and equipment of airplanes intended exclusively for war purpose. Soon thousands of youths will be called to take up training, so that they can with these planes, when the time comes, slaughter each other with efficiency.

Benjamin Franklin said, "There never was a good war nor a bad peace". Oh, that we might have him to-day, to champion the cause of youth! Youth never needed a champion more than now, while this menace of war hangs over us. Here at home we are at peace, but we have been building an indebtedness for those who follow us, that staggers even imagination. Here again, we owe our youths an apology for the distressing failure we have made in the management of our affairs. How pitiful it is that we lack the courage to prevent this accumulation of debt, and that we cowardly shift the burden to our offspring! There is immediate necessity that youth be inspired to righteousness, so that when they are privileged to govern, they will see the iniquity which has gone before them, and be stirred to right the many things which are amiss.

Benjamin Franklin on one occasion, while preparing a program for the youth of Pennsylvania, said he realized that not all youth would have the ability and perseverance to follow his program through, but that there would be some, at least, who would have those qualifications, and they would make it worth while. And the successful quota would serve as a leaven for the mass. To me it seems that the greater the number to fail, the greater the challenge to the few who would succeed: the successful should obligate themselves to the welfare of all. Think what a blessing it would be today, if we could but get in each nation such a leaven of youths as Franklin had in mind, youths inspired with the humble, but happy, philosophy and sound common sense which he had. If we could but accomplish this, what a great deed it would be! Ofttimes I wish common sense were contagious, instead of disease!

In order to correctly appraise the accomplishments of an historical character it is as essential to know the plane whence he started, as the altitude he attained. When, too, as now, we address our message to our youths, it is of special importance that we inquire into the life and environment of our subject, when he, too, was young, for all youths are naturally interested in other youths.

FRANKLIN'S BOYHOOD

Benjamin Franklin was born amid humble surroundings: his father was a maker of soap and of candles; though poor, he was esteemed by his neighbors, by reason of both his honesty and his good judgment. Benjamin's mother came of a family of more than average intelligence. Little Benjamin was one of seventeen children. The father had been married twice, and Benjamin was a child of the second wife. We hear much of the industry of the father, and he needed to be industrious to support

such a family. Benjamin was the youngest son of the youngest son for five generations in succession. When Benjamin was eight years old he was sent to school for two years, and this was the only schooling he had through life. He had learned to read long before he went to school, and he said in after years that he could not remember the time when he could not do so.

Notwithstanding the youthful handicap of his very brief period in school, Franklin subsequently learned to speak French, Italian and Spanish, and acquired a good knowledge of Latin. In the course of time, he was awarded degrees by Harvard, Yale, and William and Mary Colleges in this country; by Oxford in England, and by St. Andrews in Scotland. He was honored also by the Royal Society of London, by the Royal Academy of Sciences of Paris, and by German Institutions of learning. In brief, more than a hundred organizations and societies attested their appreciation of his services. He became America's Foremost Citizen.

At twelve Benjamin was apprenticed to his brother, to learn the printer's trade. The terms of indenture then prevailing bound him until he became twenty-one. In return for his labor he was to be given his board and keep, but no wages. Since his brother did not maintain a household, the brother paid Benjamin's board elsewhere. After a while, Benjamin proposed that in lieu of the board being paid for him, he be accorded an allowance of half that amount. This proposal accepted, Benjamin divided his allowance into halves, one of which he appropriated for his board (one quarter of what it cost originally), and the other for the purchase of books. What a startling budget!

FRANKLIN THE STUDENT

Franklin was an omnivorous reader; he read everything he could find to read in his brother's shop. He had a pal apprentice in a bookshop, from whom he would borrow books at the close of business, read them during the night, and return them in the morning to be replaced on the shelves for possible sale. He had for a friend a prominent Boston man, who also lent him books. Thus, working by day, and studying at night, he passed his life from twelve to seventeen. What has always impressed me as the outstanding feature of this youthful period of Franklin's life, was his unaided and exclusively personal conquest of the many difficulties that beset his acquisition of an education. He was a self-made man, if there ever was one. I have visited many colleges and universities, both at home and abroad, and it has been a delight to wander among the buildings; to peep in, where practicable, upon the laboratories and classes, and to browse in the libraries, and almost invariably I have thought, how untrue is the slogan, "There is no royal road to learning"! These institutions, with their varied facilities and devoted faculties trained to encourage and guide the scholars, and from their experience assist them in overcoming obstacles, surely offer the "Royal Road". In contrast, picture determined young Benjamin, purchasing and cooking his own scarce

food, bending over his books in the corner of the shop or in the attic in the heat of summer and the cold of winter, with a single candle to light his pages; with no guide, mentor or friend to aid him, yet manfully striving night after night to equip himself for the life ahead! What a noble introduction to his subsequent record of achievement! Here is an example to our youths of what can be accomplished by industry, perseverance and thrift when these qualities are directed by a stalwart character! In regard to the thrift shown by Franklin throughout his life, let there be no misunderstanding; he was thrifty, but not parsimonious. Franklin believed in saving the pennies to make dollars; and then spending the dollars when a worthy purpose came. To cite an instance from his adult life: in the years following the Declaration of Independence and the launching of our government, Congress was faced with pressing need for funds. Franklin had been delegated to go to Europe, but he first gathered together every dollar he could raise, twenty thousand dollars in all, and notwithstanding the precarious situation of the government at that critical time, loaned it to the depleted treasury. Another instance occurred earlier, many years prior to the Revolution: General Braddock, heading the ill-fated expedition sent by Great Britain against the French and Indians who were allied to establish the French claims to the western hinterland, was unable either by persuasion or threats to procure horses or vehicles to transport his soldiers and their supplies. It was Franklin who, sent to inquire into the situation, assisted not only with his influence, but by guaranteeing payment for the purchases made. This patriotic act jeopardized Franklin's fortune and caused him financial embarrassment for a considerable period. To revert to young Benjamin: he was precocious; while still only in his early "teens" he wrote both ballads and articles for publication. The ballads were printed in his brother's shop, and a few became popular and had a considerable circulation. Benjamin was afraid that if he submitted his articles to his brother as his own work, they would be rejected, so they were submitted anonymously and surreptitiously. Subsequently, as successive articles were printed, the boy had the thrill of hearing the coterie of citizens gathered in his brother's shop praise them, and ascribe them to prominent persons. When Franklin's brother got into trouble with the authorities, and was ordered to discontinue his connection with the paper for a month, he turned the paper over to Benjamin for the period. To do this he had to cancel the articles of apprenticeship. At the end of the month, having conducted the paper successfully, Benjamin refused to renew the articles. This led to friction, the outcome of which was that he fled Boston.

Our youthful fugitive arrived at Philadelphia with only a Dutch dollar and a shilling in his pocket. He gave the shilling to the boatman who had helped him on his way, and faced the world with only the dollar in his pocket. He does not appear to have been particularly perturbed about it, for he nonchalantly wandered up the street and in due course found a job. Despite the petty sum our youthful adventurer had when he landed at Philadelphia, he acquired a sufficient fortune by the time he reached forty-two years of age to retire from active business for the rest of his life, to de-

vote himself to the studies in which he was interested and to the services which subsequently distinguished him.

From seventeen to twenty-two, Franklin worked as a journeyman printer, part of the time in Philadelphia, and for a brief period in London. In London he gained advantageous experience, for the shops where he was employed were larger and better equipped than those in Philadelphia. At twenty-two, he entered into partnership with a friend, and became a boss printer.

Franklin's career as a printer was distinguished. He published the Pennsylvania Gazette and developed it until it enjoyed the largest circulation of any paper of that time. He published the first novel printed in this country. He printed many pamphlets and tracts, as well as paper money for several of the colonies. He was not only a printer, but an author; much of the matter in his paper, and tracts and pamphlets were the product of his pen, and they covered a wide range of subjects. He was celebrated for his "Poor Richard's Almanac", which he issued for ten years. It had the largest circulation of any almanac published in the colonies. He made it a unique publication, and it revealed his erudition, for in it he gathered wise sayings, fables and proverbs from the literature of the ancients and others, and to these he added his own sage and shrewd contributions. Later he published "Father Abraham's Speech", linking together many wise sayings in the almanacs. This not only was widely circulated throughout the colonies, but was republished in practically every country in Europe and in many other countries throughout the world.

Later in life Franklin wrote his autobiography. It was not completed, so it did not actually cover his whole life; yet, even so, it ranks as one of the world's best sellers. It is in its way a classic, and doubtless it will be read centuries hence. One portion of it which has been studied to advantage by many youths deals with Franklin's desire to perfect himself and presents a design for living. He tells that he selected certain virtues, such as industry, frugality, temperance and resolution, as his ideals, and entered the list in a copy book. Thereafter each evening he reviewed his day's conduct, carefully recording every violation committed, and thus persistently and methodically he judged his conduct and tried to improve it.

Franklin was the dean, the nestor and the pioneer of all that worthy group of patriots who laid the foundation of this great nation, an accomplishment which has not been equaled by any other group in any other place, or in any other time. That was indeed a group of master builders! Franklin was 26 years old when Washington was born; he was 37 years old when Jefferson was born, and 51 years old when Alexander Hamilton was born. Of the hundred-year period which practically terminated with the final adoption of the Constitution, Franklin lived through 84 years. He had become prominent throughout the colonies before most of the men who

figured in the Revolutionary period had become known beyond their home environments. As early as 1754 he was elected delegate of Pennsylvania to a convention of representatives from all the colonies scheduled to meet at Albany to consider matters of common interest. In preparation for the convention he drew up articles of confederation of all the colonies, which he had long had at heart. Bancroft says that those articles of confederation were the embryo of the Constitution of the United States. The plan was unanimously adopted by the delegates, but when it was submitted later to the authorities across the seas, it was disapproved. There were so many differences of opinion among the colonies, so many jealousies, that approval by the colonies could not be secured, either. It was approximately twenty-five years before such a union was finally brought about; Franklin was more than a generation ahead of his contemporaries!

Franklin had reached the meridian of life and had already established a reputation as an experienced and dependable sage before he entered upon his diplomatic career. Bancroft regarded him as the greatest diplomat of his century; Charles Evans Hughes, while Secretary of State, referred to him as the greatest diplomat of all times. As for his enemies, George III told his cabinet officers, "Beware of that crafty American, who is more than a match for all of you"!

Twenty-four years of Franklin's life were spent abroad as representative of the colonies. At times he represented Pennsylvania alone; at others, several colonies; and of course he eventually represented them all as a unit. Whether he was representing one, a few, or all combined, he was throughout the doughty champion of all in every emergency.

In England, Franklin met with hostility. It was to him, more than to anyone else, that the Colonies owed the repeal of the iniquitous Stamp Tax. He was summoned before the Privy Council and efforts were made to frustrate and humiliate him, but he maintained his outward calm and the opposition merely strengthened his resolution. His resourcefulness met every emergency. Again, he was summoned to appear before Parliament. I wish that every girl and boy interested in the early history of our country could read the questions that were put to him on that occasion, and the answers he gave! Some of the questions were propounded by his few friends in Parliament, to bring out the salient features involved in the struggle between the Parliament and the Colonies, but the major part of them were propounded by his enemies. Franklin's answers were comprehensive, yet terse; they showed Franklin's thorough knowledge not only of the major problems at issue, but of every little detail. Given without hesitation, they were as lucid as if much time had been given to the preparation of every one of them. He was never entangled, and what he said could not be confuted. Franklin had a marvelous brain, and during his career he turned his attention to a myriad of problems, to each of which he contributed something that was worth while. He was not a specialist in anything but his vocation, which was printing, but he solved his problems,

whether simple or complex, concrete or abstract, by the application of his common sense. He was a master of the art of reasoning.

When Franklin reached France as our ambassador, that country was divided as to the merits of America's appeal. France had recently been defeated by England had imposed heavy terms which, added to the extravagance of several monarchs in succession, had depleted the French treasury. Some of the most influential members of the French government were opposed to aiding the colonies; but Franklin's reputation had preceded him, and the people respected him and had confidence in him. The magical way in which Franklin won over opposition confounded all who witnessed his progress. We hear much now of Dale Carnegie, of the philosophy of approach and high-pressure salesmanship, but if you will go back to Franklin's Autobiography you will find that the principles of approach and the art of successful presentation are there set down so simply and perfectly that even a child can comprehend them. He not only knew the principles, but he applied them successfully.

Franklin secured from France loans for the Congress which aggregated 29,000,000 francs! This was a colossal sum for those days, and if he had accomplished nothing else, this alone would have been an outstanding triumph in diplomacy; but he also secured recognition of our new government as a sovereign state, which was of almost equal importance. Finally, as a crowing glory, he secured the co-operation of the French Army and Navy; through this assistance, Washington, Rochambeau and De Grasse won the decisive battle of Yorktown, which brought the War of Independence to a successful close.

There are four documents in the history of the United States, penned prior to Lincoln's Proclamation of Emancipation, which are of such outstanding and paramount importance that they will rank for all time to come as among the greatest instruments in the archives of our nation. These are the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States, the Treaty of Alliance with France, and the Treaty of Peace with Great Britain. Franklin is the only man whose signature is appended to all four of these documents.

It is not only the appending of Franklin's signature to the documents but the part he played in effecting the consummation of the undertakings involved, that is of importance. The newspaper he published, the tracts he wrote, the confidence he engendered in the people, the thoughts he disseminated year after year, the faculty he had of influencing his fellow men, combined in forming a dominating public opinion, so that where he led a multitude followed. This multitude was not made up of our own countrymen exclusively but included friends in both high and low places abroad as well. But for the influence of Washington and Franklin, it is doubtful if either the Declaration of Independence or the Constitution would have been adopted, yet together success was assured. As to the treaties

Franklin was of course the dominant figure throughout.

The wide scope of Franklin's activities was marvelous; he held many other offices of both major and minor importance, and he was foremost in innumerable civic, philanthropic, benevolent and other salutary undertakings. I would be negligent, though, if I did not refer to his important contributions to the world as an inventor and as a scientist. One unique and interesting feature is that Franklin would not patent anything that he invented. This magnanimity on his part, this concern for the public welfare, is additional evidence that his thrift was never tainted by avarice, but was rather employed to curb thoughtless spending and to stop waste. He said, in respect to his attitude regarding patents, that he had benefitted from the invention of others, and he would not restrict others from benefitting from his. Others have certainly done so; those who wear bifocal eye-glasses have, for these glasses were an invention of Franklin. He invented a household stove; it sold for generations throughout the colonies, and after a while its use spread to Europe, where, too, it was utilized for many years.

Franklin's outstanding achievement in scientific experiment was the identification of lightning as an electric phenomenon. Though the means by which this was determined - his flying a kite during a thunder storm - had long been talked about, few grasp its significance. Long familiar with the marvels of electricity, we not infrequently regard the experiment as trivial. To appraise his accomplishment we must recall that very little was known about electricity in Franklin's time; in fact, not much more than the ancients knew. There were but a few electrical instruments, crude and of but slight importance, with the possible exception of the Leyden jar, from which sparks were obtained with reliability. Some believed that producing the sparks was "making" electricity; whereas sparks were merely manifestations of electricity's existence as part of a universal force. Franklin discovered the dual quality of electricity and applied the terms positive and negative which have since been employed by all scientists. He had a better conception of electricity than any of his contemporaries, and, having conceived its identity with lightning, was not content until he proved it.

The world had previously been frightened by and marveled at the terrific disturbances incident to lightning, but it had not surmised that the mighty force which caused them was identical with the phenomenon produced by rubbing wool on amber, or with the little sparks from a Leyden jar. Then came Franklin's experiment, and his kite and key produced a revelation pregnant with consequences of paramount importance. Franklin had thrown wide open for scientists, physicists and philosophers the portals of nature, beyond which they could see a new and inviting world. For a while the vision remained somewhat hazy, but with the passing of time it cleared, and the brighter it grew, the more inviting the aspect became and the greater the urge to explore.

Men had, for ages, known the terrific force of lightning. They had seen the giant trees of the forest riven from crown to roots, their

heavy branches flung afar, and even the roots torn asunder, notwithstanding their firm anchorage in the ground. Franklin's revelation that the little sparks they had played with were of the same terrific force as lightning was at once an inspiration and a challenge; it urged scientists to further experiments. Ever since, they have been pursuing their quests. As a result, means have been found to utilize this force for the movement of great trains, for the lighting of our cities, for the operation of factories, and for the transmission of our messages, both by signal and spoken word; yet this force docilely responds as a household servant!

I suppose every student who has read the Declaration of Independence, if he has considered the contemporary history of our country while doing so, has thought how inconsistent the continuance of slavery was with the preamble of that document. How could those who proclaimed that all men had inalienable rights which included the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, deny such rights to some on account of color or race? The only explanation that can be offered for this inconsistency, which remained a blot upon our land until erased by Lincoln's proclamation, is this: whenever large groups of men of diversified interests and opinions endeavor to achieve united action, they are forced at least temporarily to subordinate those individual preferences which encounter strong objection, so that co-operation can be secured toward the objectives that are of general accord. This was the situation in respect not only to the Declaration, but to the framing of the Constitution. What an adroit juggling of words was required in framing Article I to avoid the use of the word "slave"!

Slavery must long have rankled in Franklin's mind, and when Congress finally permitted him to come home after the completion of his diplomatic services, he took action, despite the fact that his health had failed, and that he was suffering the infirmities of old age. He formed an Abolition Society, and became its president. For it he addressed a memorial to Congress, wherein he urged the eradication of slavery. He further realized that if abolition should come, many of the emancipated, by reason of their long subjection, would be unable to adjust themselves to their new condition without help. He and his associates in the Society proposed to alleviate the distressed. In the meantime they succored negroes who were in poverty and who sought assistance. This commitment was the crowning glory of his life. Neither the great nor the powerful awed him; nor were any too lowly for his ministrations.

So I say that Franklin's life serves as America's best inspiration to youth. This is so, not only by reason of his surpassing mentality, but because his unpretentiousness, his rugged individuality, his originality and his humor were all so happily blended, and so continuously sustained from early youth to the attainment of international fame, that he typifies the America of his day. His life was a cross-section of our country during the crucial, critical period in which it was conceived, brought forth, and assumed its place among the nations of the world; this period his life encompassed, as it was encompassed by that of no other of his contemporaries.

Franklin, throughout his career, regardless of the distinctions conferred upon him, was democratic, and in building his career he ever depended upon the same humble virtues that served as its foundation: thrift, frugality, moderation, toleration and temperance. He was zealous, yet he never let his zeal outrun his common sense; he had enthusiasm, but it was controlled enthusiasm which he never permitted to become effervescent. The visions he had, he tested; he never rushed after them as a visionary does.

These are just the qualities we need to-day. Egotism, vanity, empiricism and autocracy may make a commotion, but do nothing towards making either a nation or a man. How glorious it would be if the millions of boys and girls in the world now attending grammar and high schools, could be enthused with this great man's ideals and characteristics! What a tremendous force and influence it would be towards the achievement of a happier, and more orderly, world! If ever a rising generation shall come into power intent upon aiding their country and generation as he aided his, and imbued by the same ideals, that generation will enjoy the dawn of a civilization which shall be a civilization in fact and substance, and not a disguise for exploitation, war and egomaniacs.

I cannot do better than to close with a reference to Franklin's religious views. Franklin recognized that the fundamentals of all religions are very much alike; that it has not been upon these fundamentals that men have differed through the ages, but upon the inconsequentials added to dogmas, ceremonials and rituals. If there are any who believe Franklin was irreverent, or that his philosophy was not morally sound, let them but read his thoughts on religion, compressed in the following few lines, to be convinced to the contrary. Here is an inspiration to youth - an inspiration which covers a vast subject with compactness and lucidity seldom if ever surpassed: "That there is one God, who made all things; that He governs the world by His Providence; that he ought to be worshipped by adoration, prayer and thanksgiving, but the most acceptable service to God is doing good to men. That God will certainly reward virtue and punish vice, either here or hereafter".

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CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

Friends of Columbus, heritors of his heroism, I salute you in the bond of our common interest in his high accomplishments. On this day approximately 436 years ago, Christopher Columbus, looking over the side of his frail, little ship, the Santa Maria, after a voyage of more than two months, saw floating in the ocean a reed, still green, and in this reed Columbus saw the vindication of all his dreams; for, small and slender as

the reed was, it was convincing evidence that land was near; and this land, Columbus knew, had been reached by sailing West across the Atlantic, a course no other navigator of his day had the temerity to follow. It is the successful accomplishment of this voyage, made possible only by the indomitable will and unbounded enthusiasm of Columbus, that we are celebrating to-night. Thirty-five of our states, and Italy, will to-morrow celebrate the birth of Columbus by a holiday. Celebrations of other kinds in his memory will occur throughout Central America, South America and in Spain, in fact throughout the civilized world, his high achievements are recognized and honored. On the evening of this same day, about ten o'clock, Christopher Columbus peering from his little vessel with anxious eyes, strained by their long vigil, saw a little light flicker on the horizon, and he then knew that the land from which the reed had floated, even though it could not be discerned in the darkness, was nearby, and that this land was inhabited. There can be no question but this voyage of Columbus was the most momentous in the history of the world. It so far surpassed all that preceded it, that it stands unrivaled. Further, now that the world has been charted and mapped from pole to pole, it is inconceivable that the glory of the voyage will ever be eclipsed. So there is good reason that we should pause for a few minutes to-night, on the eve of the anniversary of so great an accomplishment, to revive our recollections of his stirring adventures, and to take inspiration from those rare qualities he possessed and by virtue of which, alone, his success was achieved. Columbus' life is replete with episodes of dramatic interest. Facts rival fiction in his adventurous career, and he stands forth one of the most picturesque as well as famous characters in all history. Like so many other great figures in history, who have contributed to the progress of the world, Christopher Columbus was the son of poor parents. His father was a weaver, and the early days of the great navigator must have been spent playing in and around the loom and the counter of his father's little shop; a shop by the way that could not have been over prosperous, since Christopher's father not infrequently had to go in debt for his stock, and he was in fact, in arrears when he died. But notwithstanding the humble circumstances of his parents, they yet managed to give the youthful Christopher at least the rudiments of an education, and some assert even a short course in the University of Pavia. Whatever the extent of his education may have been, it is certain that he improved his advantages, and that he acquired in one way and another an exceptional knowledge of the world about him; and, after all, that is about the best test we have of a man's education. Though Christopher's early childhood was spent in the shop of a weaver, it is not to be concluded that his childhood was by any means prosaic, for this shop was located in the City of Genoa, in Italy, and in the days of Columbus this city was a veritable maelstrom of contending factions, and the habitat of an adventurous citizenry which manned ships to all parts of the then known world. To sail the high seas then was a badge of courage, since it required as much skill in fighting as it required knowledge of seamanship. It called for all that men possessed of courage, strength, skill and hardihood. Doubtless, the tales of youthful Columbus heard from the adventurous spirits that sailed to and from the

port of Genoa, strongly stirred his imagination, and gave him, even while still a lad, the impulse which shaped his life. It is not surprising that when Columbus was but fourteen or fifteen he sought adventure upon the sea, cruising with a distant relative widely known for his bravery, and the perilous adventures he engaged in Columbus shared with him, young as he was, the dangers of this strenuous life.

Later, he is said to have sailed with another relative, a spirit fully as adventurous as the first, renowned as a corsair, and Columbus is reputed to have participated with him in the perils of naval engagements when hot headed sailors fought hand to hand and foot to foot, seldom asking or granting quarter. Yet, with it all, Columbus seems to have at least occasionally worked at his father's trade, and it was probably not until his early manhood that he finally abandoned it forever. For a considerable period of his life but little is known, except that he sailed many voyages and to distant places, covering the world as it was then known; that he became greatly interested in geography; and that, for a time, he made and sold maps and globes for a living. Obviously it was the welding of his love for the sea and his love for geography that gave birth to his theory that Asia could be reached by sailing West from Europe instead of East. His theory once conceived, absorbed more and more of his attention day by day. The desire to demonstrate the truth of his convictions by a voyage of discovery kindled until it became a burning passion. Under its influence he knew no such word as defeat. No denial was accepted as final. No rebuffs however numerous they might be, discouraged him from renewing his appeals elsewhere. No arguments against his theory ever for one minute shook his confidence. Contumely, hardships, injustice, violence, even ridicule, that most dangerous of all forms of attack, and the most difficult of all to bear up under, alike failed to swerve him from his path, or to make him yield from the day he first conceived them to the moment of his death, one tittle of his claims. Columbus proclaimed his convictions in the face of a scoffing, skeptic world, and eventually he won it over. Columbus won the world over not so much by the logic of his reasoning, as by his incomparable perseverance and his enthusiasm. It is interesting to know what was the appearance of this man who startled the world with his discoveries, and left his impress upon it forever after. Having been born in Italy, it would naturally be expected that Columbus would be dark of complexion, with soft brown or black eyes, and probably not tall of stature; yet, the very reverse of all this is the case. He was actually tall, well formed, muscular, and of dignified demeanor. His visage was long, and neither full nor meagre; his complexion fair, freckled and inclined to ruddy; his nose aquiline; his cheek bones rather high; his eyes are said by some to have been light grey, and by others blue. His hair in youth was light, some say red, but early in life it turned grey, and eventually became snow white. Also it may be asked at this point, what was the cardinal belief of Columbus that so greatly enthused him? His cardinal belief was, that the world was a sphere, and that of the circumference of this sphere, practically two-thirds were known and had been traversed; namely, all that territory which lay between the eastern shore of

Asia on the East, and the Canary Islands on the West, and which territory included of course Asia, Africa, and Europe; further, that West of the Canary Islands, and separating these islands from what Columbus always referred to as India, there could be but one-third more of the sphere, and that this third was the water of the Atlantic Ocean, across which, he had but to sail, to complete the circumnavigation of the world and to reach his "India". hitherto only reached by sailing East instead of West. His belief, while fundamentally correct, was erroneous in important details; namely, the earth is not nearly as small as he believed it to be; and, instead of Asia bordering the Atlantic where he believed it did, the American continent borders it. Further, to reach his "India", one must cross not only the Atlantic, but the American continent, and, finally, the Pacific. Though Christopher Columbus crossed the Atlantic and discovered the American continent, he died unaware that it was a new continent he had found, and up to the time of his death he was still firm in his belief that he had reached some part of India. His discovery was in fact, far greater than he dreamed. Instead of finding a new way to a part of the old continent, he found a new way to a new continent, and this new continent, destined in time to outrival all other divisions of the earth. Christopher Columbus, unlike most adventurous spirits who seek new lands to conquer or explore, had a poetic nature, and enthused over the tropical beauties of the favored lands he discovered. Sailing from one beautiful island to another throughout the West Indies, he wrote home vivid, glowing, realistic descriptions of their surpassing loveliness, dwelling on the luxuriance of their tropical growth, the splendors of their flora and their grandeur and magnitude. Each newly discovered island or stretch of shore seemed to him more beautiful than the one just left, and each, a fresh jewel in a glorious crown. But his appreciation of the beautiful never monopolized his attention; always his practical sense was dominant, and he sought, with unexampled patience and industry, amid perils that would have daunted any less resolute a character, and in the face of vicissitudes of almost unbearable severity, the merchantable products of the islands; and, more particularly, gold. Gold was the God of his day, and those who aided him, both at home and on the high seas, were held together almost exclusively by the expectation and hope that they would eventually share with him in the division of the gold they ever thought he would lead them to. The outstanding qualities of Columbus that distinguished him not only among his contemporaries but among the great figures of history, were his originality of thought and his indomitable perseverance in the face of apparently insurmountable obstacles. The perseverance with which he clung to his theory though harassed by adversity, and beset by every variety of discouragement and opposition, is an inspiration to every man who cherishes an ideal. Columbus, indeed, knew no such word as fail. He waited in the ante-chambers of kings, queens and the noble until his clothes were worn threadbare, and the pangs of hunger threatened his hardy constitution. Humiliation, reproach, jeers and contumely were heaped upon him; but, ever steadfast, ever true to his theory, he was more dignified in his rags than those he supplicated were in their regal garments. Many of those who jeered at him live in history only as the shadows to his glory.

Upon the seas, and throughout his expeditions noble characteristics distinguished his conduct. He was brave, he was tenacious, and threats, nor conspiracy, nor violence, nor show of strength, nor numbers, could awe him or divert him from his purposes. Even in chains, his spirit rose triumphant above his foes, and he clung with undaunted spirit to what he believed to be true.

But giving him credit for these qualities is not to sanctify him, for there are other pages in his history which do not comport with the ideals of to-day. In considering these pages, however, we must remember that the world has greatly advanced since Columbus lived, and that the standards of his day were not as high as ours. I have in mind particularly the treatment of the Indians by Columbus. For the most part the Indians when first they met the Spaniards regarded them as gods, and were hospitable to them, and peaceable in their contact. Columbus took care to cultivate in the main a continuance of the peaceful relations wherever it was convenient to do so; but, equally, he had no hesitancy in ignoring their rights when this served his purpose. Slavery was accepted by him as in the order of things, and he participated in a system of slavery which resulted, practically, in the total depopulation of the islands he discovered. The slave trade has left its brutal marks wherever the system has prevailed, like great horrid scars on the face of history; but, nowhere is the record of this pernicious system blacker than in the West Indies, and following the discoveries of Columbus. While it may be truthfully said that Columbus was more humane than many of his followers, slavery at the best is horrible to contemplate, and it blackens all who participate. The most charitable view that can be advanced is, that, even in our own enlightened land, slavery endured long after we secured liberty for ourselves, and in fact for nearly a century, after we had declared to the world, in the clarion tones of the Declaration of Independence, that our government was based upon the equality of men. This was a paradox in our national life, that will, doubtless, be as inexplicable to historians of the future as it is humiliating to us. Under such circumstances, while we are not justified in wholly excusing Columbus, neither should we absolutely condemn him. He shared the error of his generation, and many of those who followed him in a more enlightened age, and who were likewise guilty of condoning slavery, nevertheless, stand high in our regard.

In closing, my friends, I suppose no remarks on Columbus would be regarded as complete if they failed to take cognizance of the claims of those who are reputed to have visited America before his famous voyage. No matter what is invented or discovered some joy-killer is likely to turn up with a claim that a thousand years or so ago someone had the germ of the same idea or thought of it before. It is so with Columbus; Fu Sang and Koei Schin, Chinese missionaries, are said to have used the Aleutian Islands as stepping stones and to have reached America as early as the 4th or 5th century. Then there are the intrepid Irish explorers; who, in the eighth century displaying the courage and enterprise characteristic of their race, adventured first to Iceland and then to America. Then

there came the equally intrepid Norsemen. The whole world admires the vikings. Their characteristic hardihood, their knowledge of the sea, their bravery in risking long voyages on tempestuous seas ever thrill and excite us. Then, too, there was Madoc, that early Prince of Wales, who is reputed to have established a colony in America a little later than the Norse; though what became of the colony and even of the prince himself, history does not disclose. Finally, we have the French claim, that the bold traders of Dieppe and Rouen, who were long engaged in a lucrative trade with the Guinea coast of Africa, found their way across the Atlantic to Brazil just where the passage is the narrowest. These claims so vigorously pressed at different times attest the importance of the discovery of America in the eyes of the world, and as an historic event; but in my humble opinion there is honor enough to go around and the accomplishments of those I have mentioned do not detract in the least from the prestige of Columbus.

Though others doubtless had preceded Columbus to our shores, and are entitled to recognition for their courage, enterprise and hardihood, the fact remains and cannot be gainsaid, that the Western Hemisphere so far as all practical purposes were concerned, was unknown to Europe when Columbus set sail. Whatever knowledge of our hemisphere may once have existed had long since passed from memory. The world has not gone wrong in crediting to Columbus the real, true, discovery of our land, for he not only came here, but what is of even greater practical purpose, he showed all mankind how to come here too, and they came in legion. More than 210,000,000 people now inhabit the western continent and the outlying islands. The greatest stream of emigration the world has ever witnessed has followed where Columbus led. He gave to the people of Europe both the West Indies, and a new world. Here is the land of opportunity. Here is the land of fabulous resources. Here is the land of industrial supremacy. Here is the land of infinite riches. Here is the land of progress. All honor to Columbus, who first and indelibly charted the route from Europe to our shores. Whatever may have been his defects, his service to the world is of such transcending importance as to outweigh them all, and they justify our highest admiration and applause. What more fitting than that by the radio, the latest achievement in science, which mysteriously girdles the globe, we should say: "Well done, Columbus!"

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HENRY HUDSON.

Good evening, Friends: We who are celebrating to-night in the year 1924, by means of the mysterious radio, the wonderful accomplishments of Henry Hudson, achieved in September 1609, just 315 years ago, have for our subject one of the most interesting characters in our early history. To Hudson's intrepidity and prowess not only America but the

whole world is indebted. His life, (including his pathetic end, shrouded in mystery as it was) is as dramatic as anything in the annals of our early days, replete though they are with that which is striking and thrilling. It is, of course, with Hudson's adventures on the Half Moon and his exploration of the Hudson River that we are principally concerned to-night, for it is the anniversary of these events that prompts us to renew acquaintance with their details; and, it is altogether fitting that we who dwell in and about the scene of his explorations, should pay honor to his achievements, which, in a way, may be regarded as the foundation of all that has been accomplished here since. Of Henry Hudson's early life but very little is known, except that he was an Englishman by birth, that he married, and that he was the father of several children; but there is good reason to believe that he was one of a family which for several generations was identified with what was known as the "Muscovy Company", a British Corporation, for many years foremost in exploration and trading in Russia and other parts of the world, with tremendous influence and power both at home and abroad. This company, by every means in its power, cultivated on the part of those identified with it, the spirit of exploration and discovery which characterized Henry Hudson. Very frequently Henry Hudson is referred to as though he were of Dutch extraction, his name occasionally being spelled Hendrik Hudson, but for this there is no justification, except that it happened he was in the employ of a Dutch company when he made certain of his explorations. Not only was he not of Dutch birth, but he could not speak the Dutch language, and so far as known, English was the only language he could speak.

Hudson's title to immortality in respect to the discovery of the Hudson River while by no means identical, is very analogous to that of Columbus in respect to the discovery of America. Just as Columbus had been preceded by the Norseman, Leif the Lucky, son of Eric the Red, so had Hudson been preceded by Verrazano, an Italian, sailing under the French flag, and possibly too by Gomez; but, after the discoveries, whatever they were, of those who preceded Hudson, the world pursued the tenor of its way unheeding of their accomplishments, while it fell to the lot of Hudson after exploring the river in detail, to carry back to Europe such practical intelligence of it as to forever link his name to it, and to identify him with New York Harbor and Manhattan Island as well, with all that these links mean to the world. Our hero made his debut in the ranks of the famous, two years prior to his exploration of the Hudson, when he succeeded in inducing a group of venturesome merchants to provide him with a ship with which to search the Arctic regions for a northwest passage to China, India, and Japan, and it is a remarkable fact that all that he achieved entitling him to recognition was accomplished in less than four years. For generations the merchants of England, Holland and Spain had dreamed of an Arctic passage to the wealth of the Orient, for they believed that if it could be found it would prove a short cut which would have tremendous advantages to whoever might be able to utilize or control it. The spirit of enthusiasm which earlier had animated such great explorers and adventurers as Drake,

Frobisher, Davis and Raleigh was still strong in the land, and there was no greater exponent of it than Henry Hudson; but, though he searched the frozen seas on this, his first adventure, with indomitable courage and perseverance, his quest for the passage was in vain. But Hudson was not a man to be discouraged while there existed even a modicum of hope. Even though his first quest had not been successful, and even though he had suffered almost intolerable anxieties and hardships on his first voyage, he was determined to try again, and he had accomplished enough on his first voyage to hold for the time being at least the confidence of his backers, so that they equipped a second ship for the renewal of his great undertaking. This time he pointed his prow in the opposite direction, searching for the passage desired in the northeast instead of in the northwest. But again he was unsuccessful, and when finally he returned to his native land, though his adventures had added to his renown, the merchants who had backed him, discouraged by the second failure to achieve the specific purpose of the enterprise, withdrew their support and left him without means to pursue his explorations further. But his fame had spread, passing beyond the confines of his native land it had reached Holland and France, and in the transmission his good qualities seem to have been magnified rather than to have been diminished. He made his way to Amsterdam; an intrepid explorer looking for fresh opportunity for the prosecution of his ambition and willing to brave all the dangers incident to the adventure. After protracted, and at times discouraging negotiations, he eventually entered into an agreement with the Dutch East India Company to command a third expedition, the ship and equipment to be furnished by the company, and Hudson to receive compensation for his services. Now what do you suppose his compensation was to be? Of course we all know that in those days money went further than it does now, and that the wages then generally paid would seem ridiculous to-day, but the compensation accorded Hudson seems to have been worse than ridiculous, in fact absolutely absurd. He was to be paid \$320. for his personal outfit and for the maintenance of his wife, and children; and, in the event of his death, his widow was to be paid an additional sum of \$80. The only further stipulation was that in the event of success he would be rewarded at the discretion of his employers! Think of it, "at the discretion of his employers!" What scant prospects the stipulation offered when they valued his life at \$80. Here are we celebrating to-night, after 315 years, the wonderful accomplishments of this remarkable man, yet his contemporaries only valued his life at eighty dollars, and his necessities appear to have been such as to oblige him to accept their estimate of its value; or, else, his consuming love for the task at hand made him accept terms that he knew to be contemptible. There is a certain satisfaction about it, however, and that is the name "Henry Hudson" is indelibly impressed on the pages of American history, while all those who placed this absurd value on his life have passed into an ignominious oblivion.

In due time the vessel upon which he was to sail was fitted out, and it proved to be the "Half Moon", a little flat-bottom vessel, and com-

pared to the leviathans of to-day she would not seem much more than a chip on the ocean. Yet, small as she was, and as ill fitted for the perilous task ahead, such was the skill of the navigator and the seamanship of her crew, that she braved all the dangers of the turbulent northern seas and our own uncharted Atlantic coast and came successfully through. It was early April, 1609, that Hudson set sail with a crew part English and part Dutch, and probably not exceeding sixteen in all, among whom was his little son. Boldly Hudson pushed forward through fog and ice far into the perilous waters beyond the Arctic Circle, until his crew, which very early in the voyage proved to be contumacious, compelled him again to turn south. Then he conceived the plan of steering for the American coast, and it was this determination that brought him to our land. Setting out for the Arctic passage to Asia, he was diverted to America and there found immortality. Hudson cruised from the Penobscot to the Chesapeake, then doubling on his route he finally arrived September 3, 1609 at New York Harbor, and entering it came in touch, as it happened, almost immediately, with a camp of friendly Indians, and with these he traded. But not all Indians were friendly. A few days afterward, while still down the bay, a small boat which had been sent out to explore, was attacked by Indians in two canoes. Rain was falling at the time, and the old style muskets were rendered nearly useless by the wetting of their matchlocks, while swiftly flew the arrows of the Indians. Furthermore, the Indians far outnumbered the little boat crew of five. One deadly arrow found its mark in John Coleman, the leader of the intrepid little band of five. Two others were sorely wounded, and all would probably have been killed had not night fallen and afforded them an opportunity to escape under its sheltering shade. Yet we must not judge the Indians over harshly, for they dealt only as they had been dealt by, since Hudson's crew had while on the coast of Maine been guilty of an atrocity against friendly Indians, for which no better explanation can be given than that it occurred in an age in which men of the high seas knew no other law than might, and staking their own lives on their cunning and prowess, saw no harm in taking advantage of others where they could. But whatever may be said about the ethics of Hudson's little crew, there can be no question as to their courage. They had braved all the perils of the deep in their little cockle shells, and now, only fifteen of them in all, they were braving the perils of a subtle foe that peopled a continent. Of the prowess of the foe they had already sad evidence, yet daily they ventured further into the Indians' country, risking all, scoffing all, undisturbed, unflinching, and unconquerable. On the first of October they had another encounter with the Indians, more than one hundred making a concerted attack upon the Half Moon, and showing both bravery and pertinacity in all that they did, yet they were beaten off with heavy losses, and the little ship sailed defiant on its way.

The situation as to the Indians was most mixed, the relations being sometimes peaceful and sometimes warlike. It was not all fighting by any means. In many cases the Indians were friendly, and the little crew on its trip up and down the river bartered with them, exchanging knives, beads and various trinkets for tobacco, and for fish, oysters, corn and

other food; and, on several occasions, Indians were invited on board to partake of hospitality, and they reciprocated by extending hospitality to the Europeans. Finally, the exploration of the river having been completed from what is now Manhattan to what is now Albany, the little crew sailed for home.

Hudson made but one more voyage. That was in the following year, when he again braved the dangers of the Arctic in search of the passage to India. On this trip he explored in a vessel called the Discovery, the great Hudson Bay that still bears his name, but his crew mutinied on the way home, and the more desperate and villainous among them seized and bound Hudson, and placed him and his son, together with all those of the crew who were either crippled or sick, of whom there were several, in a small boat, without food or fuel, exposed to all the terrible rigors of the Arctic, and abandoned them on the high seas.

Far more merciful would it have been for the mutineers to have murdered the victims off hand. Of the further details of Hudson's fate and that of his companions nothing is known. Whether within a few hours or days they succumbed to the cold, or died slowly of hunger, or succeeded in reaching land and maintaining themselves for a brief period on such meagre resources as this barren coast offered has for more than three centuries been a matter of discussion and conjecture, for no trace of the little band has ever been found. Is there anything in history more tragic than that this man who was one of the foremost among those who introduced the old world to the riches of the new world, should have met so miserable a death? But returning from the scene of his abandonment to the scene of his greatest accomplishment, what a wondrous change has been wrought in Manhattan Island since that day! When the courageous crew of the Half Moon sailed along its western shore, it presented a panorama of picturesque hills, full mantled with a primeval forest of oaks, conifers and chestnut, and here and there towering stately above all, the dominating giant tulip. The shores were indented with pebbly beaches, which to the mariners long confined to restricted decks, must have invited dalliance, and seemed like open, welcoming thresholds to the beauties that lay beyond, half revealed and half concealed. Now one of the greatest cities that the world has ever known has replaced the beauties of nature. Skyscrapers outrival each other in their assaults upon the sky line, giant bridges span our waters, tunnels have been bored beneath our rivers, and in the wake of the Half Moon the modern leviathans of the ocean are carrying to and fro the commerce of continents. The transition is the greatest metamorphosis known to man. Henry Hudson knocked upon the portals of a continent, threw wide the doors, and there followed in his footsteps, at first hesitatingly, then with a rapidity of ever increasing momentum, a stream of emigration that has changed the face of a hemisphere, that has built up throughout our land a nation that stands among all the countries of the world foremost in power, freedom, progress, wealth and enlightenment. Other entrances to our land were known before Hudson's explorations, others have been developed since, but in comparison they have been but by-paths. In the eyes of the World,

the entrance to America is that which Henry Hudson revealed.

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THE PILGRIMS AND CAPE COD

Good evening Friends:

My little talk to you to-night is to be about the Pilgrims at Cape Cod. Before I proceed far let me make it clear that unlike many of those who broach this subject, the word "pilgrims" to me includes our pilgrim mothers as well as our pilgrim fathers. I mention this because all too frequently our pilgrim fathers monopolize our thoughts to the exclusion of our pilgrim mothers, and this, notwithstanding our country, is indebted as much to one as to the other.

I have always been greatly interested, and I do not doubt that many of you who are listening in to-night have been similarly interested, in visiting the scenes of events identified with the early history of our country, to get as true a picture of the surroundings of those events as it is possible to get after so many years have elapsed.

I have in mind such interesting events as the first landing of Captain John Smith's associates in 1607 at Cape Henry in Virginia; also the occurrences 'round the juncture of the Alleghany, the Monongohela and the Ohio Rivers, 'round which juncture pivoted the prolonged and sanguinary strife between the French and the colonies, in which Washington rendered such distinguished service in his youth. A little fort built when our country was in its infancy still stands there, and around it cluster the skyscrapers of Pittsburgh. Then, too, I am of course thinking of where the Pilgrims first landed. The pilgrims were not the first to make the acquaintance of Cape Cod. Some believe that that hardy Thorwald, the Norseman, visited it centuries before Columbus was born, and that Thorwald was buried there after being killed by a poisoned arrow. Verrazzano, the bold Italian corsair and discoverer, who first sighted New York Bay, (and I suppose incidentally Coney Island), likewise sailed the length of Cape Cod.

Champlain, skillful navigator and man of science, the most accurate of all the early explorers, charted the coast far and near, and in the honor of his native land christened it "New France". Capt. John Smith followed close, and made a map of the lands about. In honor of his native country, Capt. Smith named the land about "New England". But the actual exploration of Cape Cod is credited to the Englishman John Gosnold, who was the first navigator to take the shorter, direct passage from England to our coast, and is credited with having sailed from England to New England in 48 days, and after a brief stop farther north to have continued on to Cape Cod, where he and his associates actually landed in 1602. Neither

he nor his followers remained. After a brief and vain attempt to settle further along the coast they returned to England, and carried back with them glowing accounts of what they had seen. It was not until August 1620, that the pilgrims set sail for America, but twice after embarking they had to return, for their vessel, the Speedwell, was found to be unseaworthy. Finally, in September, they actually commenced that eventful voyage on the Mayflower which has become historic the world over, but they did not reach Cape Cod until the early part of November. It had been claimed that when the Pilgrims set sail from Delft Haven in the first instance, it was their intention to land in the vicinity of the Hudson, further South than their actual landing place, but that the Dutch who were interested in trading in that direction and did not want the English to colonize there bribed the captain of the Mayflower to head more northerly, with the result they were taken to Cape Cod. Subsequent to the arrival of the Mayflower at Cape Cod the pilgrims were much worried by the impatience of this same captain, to get them ashore and to let him return to Europe. In order to get a true picture of the pilgrims at Cape Cod, we must visualize this little group of men and women in the latter part of November at the very threshold of winter, with no habitations, with an insufficient store of food, and no crops planted, on a bleak, sandy waste projecting far into the ocean, with an unexplored, forbidding continent before them, peopled by savages of whose disposition they were in doubt; with no nearer civilized neighbors than a little French settlement in Nova Scotia, and a few Dutch traders in Manhattan; and their only contact or means of communication with the civilized world the little ship that brought them over, and which in a few days would be sailing away and leaving them to their fate. While the Pilgrims were still on the Mayflower they drew up a compact, which was in fact a constitution. This is a most interesting document, and on some future occasion, I hope to dwell on it, but suffice to mention now, that it is one of their most important contributions to our democracy. In the very brief period they remained at the Cape, they experienced both thrills and tragedies, as well as discharged their prosaic duties.

On the very day of their arrival they sent a group of men ashore to explore. The following day being Sunday, they rested. On Monday everyone landed, and on this day the women initiated for the first time on this continent at least, what has become our great American wash day, now celebrated in more homes throughout our country I think than any anniversary, birthday, or event we honor. The good folks of Provincetown have marked the spot where once lay the little pond at the edge of which the industrious group of hardy Pilgrim mothers and daughters first gathered to do their washing after their voyage of more than two months. On Wednesday another exploring party, this time under the captaincy of Myles Standish, set forth and continued its travels throughout the following day, incidentally taking possession of a cache of Indian corn, for which some months later when they ascertained the identity of the Indians who owned it, they made reparation. December 16 witnessed the birth of the first Pilgrim baby. In the quaint language of that time it is recorded thus:

"This day it pleased God that Mistress White was brought abed of a son, which was called Peregrine". This child lived to be 84 years old, and his descendants have come down to us through all the years since. The following day a tragedy overtook them. Dorothy Bradford, wife of William Bradford, and probably the most celebrated of the Pilgrims, unless it be Myles Standish, fell from the deck of the Mayflower, and drowned. So day by day, until finally they determined to abandon the Cape and to make their permanent settlement at Plymouth, they discharged not only the ordinary vocations of mankind on the main shore, but they industriously explored their surroundings, encountered Indians, braved in their small boats the perils of tempestuous seas, and were exposed to severe wintry storms. It is a record of an heroic band; of perseverance, industry, courage, and determination. The men and women were equal in their service, and they suffered in common the perils of their situation. Of course visitors to Cape Cod nowadays find many towns scattered over its broad acres. The landing place of the pilgrims is known as Provincetown, and their descendants who returned in course of time from Plymouth and elsewhere are still to be found in goodly numbers. Summer homes, colonies of artists, long lines of autos filled with tourists crowd the main street. Monuments, memorials, and historic collections perpetuate the honor of this very remarkable group. Notwithstanding all the changes that have taken place in over three hundred years, there are so many survivals of bygone days in the way of quaint homes, of old fashioned gardens, of picturesque corners to crooked, narrow little streets, plank walks, and old time life on land and sea, that it is not difficult to visualize the Provincetown of a century or so ago, though of course in the time of the Puritans, there was nothing but primeval nature. I do not know how many of you who are listening enjoy the writings of Henry D. Thoreau. In my early boyhood I read among others of his books, his charming, intriguing little book entitled "Cape Cod", covering his several visits to the Cape, and one as early as 1849 up to which time it had still preserved much of its primitive picturesqueness and its unique characteristics. Every little while, even to the present day in odd moments, I read a little of it here and there. All the perils, wild storms, the charms and unique characteristics of the Cape are enhanced by seeing them through Thoreau's observing eyes, and as they were then. His occasional caustic and humorous comments on Cape Cod folks added piquancy to the picture, as when he refers to the women of his day, whom he describes as being "well preserved as dried specimens and their husbands as pickled". He should see the Cape Cod bathing beauties of to-day and their artist boy friends. Again he mentions a Cape Cod optimist who was so enamored of everything there that the absence of trees and the frequency of disagreeable fogs meant nothing to him, since as the optimist put it the "fogs served in summer instead of trees to shelter the houses from the sun". Thoreau commented humorously upon the pilgrim community that in 1662, a generation after the Puritans, voted that a part of every whale that should float ashore, should be devoted to the support of their minister. He thought it was eminently appropriate to thus leave the support of the minister to Providence. But though Thoreau painted his word picture of the

Cape as he saw it 75 years ago, before it had lost its primitiveness, I enjoy most to think of its rolling, shifting sand dunes, of its storm beaten coast, of its dwarfed trees and scanty grass, of its contest with the ocean, standing bleak, cold and uninviting, just as it was that eventful day the Pilgrims first beheld it, and then I picture their landing, of what the land, any land, meant to them after their perilous voyage, and of the great results which followed from their courage and tenacity of purpose. You know my friends it is good for us to look upon the venturesome men and women who laid the foundations of our country in terms of bona fide manhood and womanhood. Too frequently in our efforts to assay these very remarkable men and women we have sublimated their good qualities until we have separated them from all that is really human, and by the process have created merely fictitious entities too perfect and ethereal to ever have really existed. But it so happens that the doings of the pilgrims at Cape Cod and subsequently were set down by their leaders almost day by day, and their chronicles record their human frailties, their errors, their disappointments, their failures as well as their aspirations and accomplishments, and this stands out as one of the most interesting chronicles at first hand in all history. The characters of that group are flesh and blood people, with just such frailties as you and I and all we know have; but along with such frailties they had exceptional intelligence, high ideals, inspiration, faith, courage, industry and perseverance extraordinary. Some were weak and a handicap to the others, but in that group were exceptional men and women, and the sum total of their efforts has been a great contribution to America. They staked their all on their venture, and they encountered extraordinary obstacles. They clung to their ambitious venture and saw it through, though others more favorably circumstanced elsewhere on our shores failed. If the teeming millions of our countrymen of today, could lay a foundation from which accomplishments would eventuate, in the ratio of our numbers to theirs, what a wonderful, marvelous world would be bequeathed by us to posterity!

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PILGRIMS AT PLYMOUTH

Good evening my friends:

I am glad to have this opportunity of greeting you again. My talk to-night is about the Pilgrims, and their interesting life at Plymouth. In order to get the background and perspective of the Pilgrims' great adventure, it is necessary to recall the experiences which prompted them to undertake it, and the ambitions and ideals which sustained them in it. It is of course generally understood the Pilgrims came to America to escape religious persecution; but that is not all, they came here with the design, determined after mature deliberation, of establishing at least a foundation for the worship of God along more homely, plain and independent lines, and

with less pomp and ostentation than the Christian faith was being followed in England in their day.

For many years they had suffered in England, their native land, molestation, persecution and imprisonment, and they were finally driven to desperate means to escape, even though this escape entailed extreme sacrifice. They first turned to Holland as a harbor of refuge, Holland being represented as a land of religious freedom. The fact the Pilgrims were mostly simple, country folks, and not traders, and that they had no knowledge of the Dutch language, they knew full well would be serious handicaps to them, but it did not dismay them nor divert them from their adventurous undertaking. No sooner did they proceed to put their plan into operation, however, than they encountered bitter hostility. Their persecutors who had resorted to despicable means to drive them away, became equally active in trying to prevent their escape. It seemed as though these persecutors found pleasure in the cruelties they conceived, and were intent upon preventing the Pilgrims' departure, since it would deprive them of victims whereon to vent their spleen. To escape from England to Holland the Puritans had to resort to stealth and bribery, as well as to pay extraordinary rates for passage. Not infrequently they were betrayed by those upon whom they were forced to rely. At first they made Amsterdam their rendezvous, but religious contentions all about them in this city made life miserable, and again, at considerable sacrifice, they moved on to Leyden. Here they prospered fairly well, but the group was made up of very exceptional men and women. Mere worldly success did not satisfy them. They aspired to foundations for their religious views along broader, firmer and more radical lines than were practicable in London. They desired to begin again, and somewhere where their children would be free of the temptations and allurements which had been found to divert their young people from the faith the elders held so zealously. Champlain, Capt. John Smith, Goswold, Henry Hudson and others had brought back to Europe tales of the New World. These were eagerly listened to, and finally the aspirations of the Pilgrims crystalized into a determination to lay the foundation for their contemplated colony in America. They did not look upon this great adventure lightly. They were not the kind of men and women to be activated by mere passing fancies. They foresaw the dangers. They realized the vicissitudes involved in their plan. They deliberated long before they determined upon their great enterprise; but, having determined, they proceeded with industry, zeal and enthusiasm. The obstacles they encountered were many and most serious, but their perseverance overcame them one by one. Eventually as I have described in previous talks, they crossed the ocean in the Mayflower, landed on Cape Cod, and explored the surrounding coast for a suitable site for settlement. They chose Plymouth. Let me say here my friends, when we consider the high ideals of the Pilgrims, the sacrifices they had made, the zeal they had shown, their tenacity of purpose displayed for more than a decade, that if this site had proved as bountiful and opulent as the promised land of Canaan, overflowing with milk, honey and abundance, it would not have been more than they deserved. But un-

fortunately, their greatest distress and suffering were yet to come. At this point I want to bring back to your memories the very remarkable compact the Pilgrims entered into before disembarking from the Mayflower, and while they were still at Provincetown, on Cape Cod, for this is not only the first contribution to constitutional government in America, but it gives evidence as well of the high character and attainments of at least the leaders of this renowned group. Through this compact the Pilgrims made such a strong imprint upon the period of colonization that it has endured through all the years which since have passed, and it still holds an honored place among the documents around which our national life has developed. The compact is simple, condensed, and vigorous. I have in my hand an extract I have taken from it, which is the very backbone of the document, and please let me read it. I want to note how short it is, yet how much it embraces:

“by these presents solemnly and mutually in the presence of God, and one another, covenant and combine ourselves together in a civil body politic, for our better ordering and preservation and furtherance of the ends aforesaid; and by virtue hereof to enact, constitute and frame such just and equal laws, ordinances, acts, constitutions and offices, from time to time, as shall be thought most meet and convenient for the general good of the colony, to which we promise all due submission and obedience”.

It is from people inspired by such conceptions and such ideals as these that New England has developed constitutional government. The town meetings in the little red school houses, the stirring events in Faneuil Hall, Bunkers Hill, the abolition movement, are the products of their ambitious aims in democratic government. But now let us return to Plymouth and to what the Pilgrims did there. One has only to visit the site, and to note its picturesque and inviting landscape, particularly when viewed from the bay, to realize its lure to the Pilgrims. But they considered Plymouth had other exceptional advantages. They found there considerable cleared and cultivated land which had been abandoned by the Indians, following a pestilence which had swept them off. A copious spring close to shore, offered an unfailing water supply. From it a brook, into which they could bring their small boats, offered a small but safe harborage. A hill close to the shore, reared its top high enough to make it suitable for defense, but not too high to be cultivated or to serve as a site for habitation. A picturesque curving beach added charm to the utilitarian features of the site. A large rock or boulder, now known to all the world as Plymouth Rock, offered a ready landing place, and upon this the Pilgrims stepped from their boat. A beautiful, classic granite portico, now shelters Plymouth Rock. It was erected as a memorial, 300 years after the landing occurred, and it has become a national shrine, attracting the patriotic from every State in the Union. It was in January 1621 that the Pilgrims began to cut timber for their houses. First they built a house

to be used by them all in common, constructed of course of the unseasoned timbers fresh hewn from the neighboring woods, and with the interstices filled in with mud and clay. They divided themselves into nineteen groups, with the married couples harboring the unmarried, the better to apportion the work and to meet their necessities. It was planned to have a house for each group, and it was decided each group should build its own house, the better to stimulate them to better and more rapid work. Notwithstanding that they recognized within a few days after their arrival the advantages which attach to private ownership and individual interests in such matters, critics occasionally allege that they were communistic in that they farmed, and that they traded with the Indians on a community basis. As a matter of fact they gave up farming in common within two or three years of their landing. It is true that their trading on a community basis was continued longer, but this was practically enforced because of the nature of the contract they had been obliged to sign before leaving Europe, and in order to finance their venture. Under this contract they became practically partners in a stock company, with certain definite obligations to further the interests of this company. It would have been altogether impracticable for them to have attempted to do otherwise than as they did during the early years of their venture. The history of the first three months following the arrival of the Pilgrims at Plymouth is one of the most distressing annals of our colonization period. It is a pitiful story of suffering, hardship, sickness, privation and death. Many of them had, from their long confinement on shipboard and the absence of fresh vegetables, with what we now know are health-sustaining vitamins, been stricken with scurvy and other debilitating diseases. Exposed as they were to the rigors of our New England winter while in their weakened state, it is no wonder they succumbed. Approximately one half of them died before the end of March. Of the fifty that survived, a scarce dozen preserved their strength and health. During this terrible period when practically every one was stricken, they struggled on with their building program. The sick aided those worse stricken than themselves. To conceal from the Indians the extent to which disease had reduced their numbers, they buried their dead at night, and marked their last resting place with no stones nor mounds, but in the springtime over the leveled ground, planted corn to prevent suspicion of the terrible tragedy that had occurred. Though this first winter and spring was the most tragic of all their experiences, the full 20 years that followed, was an epic of suffering, hardship, privation and death. Notwithstanding one calamity following close upon another, the Pilgrims struggled on with almost incredible determination and fortitude, and not only survived but waxed strong. It was a struggle against the rigors of nature they were not prepared for, and danger from Indians who almost continuously menaced them. It was a record of embroilments with idle, dissolute, obstreperous characters of our own race who tried to graft and prey upon their industrious associates. The Pilgrims were harassed and exploited by their partners in England. They suffered from dishonesty on the part of their trusted agents. But there were among them many who had such surpassing vitality, courage, zeal and enthusiasm that they survived the ordeal and

won out. These clung to the foothold they had gained on this great continent; and, sustained by the high purposes that animated them, succeeded in at least laying the foundation for future generations to build upon, and on that foundation very largely has been erected the republic in which we are partners. With this knowledge, it is incumbent on us my friends, and upon our successors whoever they may be, to sustain and cherish the great adventure in government the Pilgrims undertook. We must strive that this republic of ours, conceived amid such troublous conditions, brought forth through such great sacrifice, in such an humble way, and sustained in its infancy by such noble effort, shall in the progress of the world keep pace with the development of the arts, sciences, industries and humanities. We must plan that whatever benefits may be derived from government thus directed and inspired, shall be shared in common, on a footing of absolute equality, by all who follow in the footsteps of the Pilgrims. All this as they would have it.

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THANKSGIVING IN COLONIAL TIMES

I have been requested to talk to-night under the title "Thanksgiving in Colonial Times". It is always a delight to me to encounter interest in the days of yore. We go racing through life now, fairly avid for new sensations, but our inventiveness, resourceful as it is, fails to provide a sufficient number of new thrills to supply the demand. If we but turn to the forgotten past, and explore far enough afield, however, we can always rediscover some forgotten incident of interest, which though it may not actually thrill, will have a charm of its own and take the place of the missing novelty we seek in vain. I am reminded in this connection, in thinking of bygone days, of that delightful little poem by our Hoosier poet, James Whitcome Riley, entitled "A Tale of the Airly Days." I will not attempt to quote it in the hoosier dialect, but in just our ordinary, every day Brooklynesse, meaning of course that which passes current over in my town for English.

Oh! tell me a tale of the airly days -
Of the times as they used to be;
"Piller of Fi-er" and "Shakespeare's Plays"
Is a'most too deep fer me!
I want plain facts, and I want plain words,
Of the good old-fashioned ways,
When speech run free as the songs of birds
'Way back in the airly days.

Tell me a tale of the timber-lands -
Of the old-time pioneers;

Somepin' a pore man understands
With his feelin's 's well as ears.
Tell of the old log house, - about
The loft, and the puncheon flore -
The old fi-er place, with the crane swung out,
And the latch-string through the door.

Tell of the things jest as they was -
They don't need no excuse! -
Don't tetch 'em up like the poets does,
Tel theyr all too fine fer use! -
Say they was 'leven in the fambily -
Two beds, and the chist, below,
And the trundle-beds that each helt three,
And the clock and the old bureau.

Well, as to our Colonial days, they covered a very great many years. The customs that prevailed in the colonial days, in different parts of our country, varied greatly. We frequently think of our country as dating back only to the Declaration of Independence, or approximately one hundred and fifty years, but as a matter of fact as many years of colonial history preceded the Declaration of Independence as we have had years of history since that momentous event. It was in 1620, that our Pilgrim Fathers landed on Cape Cod's bleak and uninviting coast, after their tedious and perilous voyage. Do you know, I never think of the Pilgrim Fathers without thinking of the Pilgrim Mothers as well. But, somehow, they are generally sorely neglected by the world at large. I think it was Rev. Anna Shaw, who, some years ago, proved to be an exception to the rule. She called attention to the fact, that when we pity the Pilgrim Fathers for what they endured, we should likewise pity the Pilgrim Mothers. The Pilgrim Mothers not only had to endure all the Pilgrim Fathers endured, but what was worse they had to endure the Pilgrim Fathers, too. Of course every married woman who has passed the honeymoon stage knows what that means.

The first year the pilgrims spent in establishing their colony, was one of bitter experiences. While they were waiting for their crops to mature, they experienced hardships and privations without measure. There came a day when it was discovered they had but a single pint of corn for the whole settlement, or but seven kernels per capita, with four months ahead before the harvest. In the interim, they had neither corn nor bread, but depended upon berries, nuts and what they could discover in the woods or gather from the sea. When finally they harvested their first crops, their hearts just naturally swelled with thanks to God for His bounty. They had faced death on the p erilous seas, they had braved the savages of the forest, they had suffered the pangs of hunger, and now, at last, the harvest upon which they had depended was garnered and gave promise of future plenty. It is told of that first thanksgiving day, that

four men were commissioned to hunt for game, so that the feast, to follow the prayers, might be complete. When the four men returned from the chase, so successful had they been, that they brought back with them sufficient game for the week! The Pilgrims were good sports in the matter of hospitality at least. They invited Massasoit, a neighboring Indian chief, to the banquet. He came, and what is more, he brought along a few friends to partake of the merriment; just ninety of his tribe, in fact. But he too must have been a regular fellow. Not to be outdone by his pale faced friends, he sent a few of his ninety braves out hunting too, and they brought back five deer to add to the feast. It must, you see, have been a real, honest to goodness party. It lasted in fact three whole days, and the pilgrims added to the entertainment of their guests, or at least they thought they did, by going through some military tactics and drills in a sort of exhibition. Celebrations in thankfulness for bountiful harvests followed on and off, intermittently, in different colonies for many years; until, finally, the day became more or less of a fixture. Eventually the Continental Congress gave its own stamp of approval, by issuing several thanksgiving edicts. Washington also, as Commander in Chief of our army, issued two Thanksgiving proclamations, and subsequently when he became President, he issued still others. But we are concerned I think to-night, not so much by who issued the proclamations, as by how they were observed by the people, and the conditions that made up the environment during the early observations of the day. I feel the very general observation of the day throughout our country, has not only been inspired by a deep and sincere recognition of our obligation to God for the bounties of nature and the inexhaustible natural resources which we have inherited as a nation, but that such observations have been promoted in part, at least, by the influence and spur of our delightful autumn climate. Then the tang of the frost succeeds the heat of summer, and millions of our farmers, relieved of the anxiety of safe garnering their crops respond to the exhilaration of the frosty air, and look to God as the source of their happiness. Something of the spirit I have in mind, I find in the inspiration of another of James Whitcomb Riley's poems, and he knew nature well, both animate and inanimate. The second verse of Riley's poem reads:

"They's something kindo' harty-like about the atmusfere
When the heat of summer's over and the coolin' fall is here -
Of course we miss the flowers, and the blossums on the trees,
And the mumble of the hummin'-birds and bussin' of the bees;
But the air's so appetizin'; and the landscape through the haze
Of a crisp and sunny morning of the airly autumn days
Is a pictur' that no painter has the colorin' to mock -
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock."

In the colonial days here in New York, when the sturdy, steady-going Dutch held sway at New Netherland, thanksgiving days were observed from time to time as elsewhere in the colonies. Later on, when the New Netherlands passed to the English, both Dutch and English celebrated to-

gether. Can you not picture to yourselves the scene here in our own beloved town, as some industrious family, just prior to the revolution would prepare for the day? Mayhap the family resided on a farm, or a "bouerie", in Sylvan loveliness, where now there rears some towering sky scraper. Picture the modest but comfortable house on this farm; covered, both roof and sides, with friendly weathered shingles. What promise they gave of protection from wind and weather to all who might seek their shelter. Looking through the open door, we would see the floor all immaculately clean, with boards several times a week scoured white, not without labor, but at the expense of some good housewife's knees. Poor calloused knees, since cleanliness is next to godliness, if faults she had, surely the recording angel, with knowledge of her wellnigh perpetual posture of penitence, would forget to inscribe them. Sprinkled over the shining floor, would be seen sparkling sand, dug with care from some beach, long sun-bleached; and this sand, more sanitary than any present day carpet can ever be! The gritty sand insured against any chance grease spot sinking into the plank-ing, since, before it could do so, it would be erased by abrasion, quick and efficient. Simple furniture of sturdy design would be visible in the living room; honest, hand made, and built for long use. A great chimney of brick or rough stone, would take up much of one end of the house. A huge log or two, first smoldering, then breaking out in the flame of friendly greeting would grace the hearth. Beyond the living room might be seen a bed, very likely built into a nook or recess, from which nook or recess it must be drawn in order to remake it each day, and then as carefully rolled back for the occupants at night. When all would be ready, the family would repair to church. Big families were the rule those days, when food was cheap and there were chores for every little pair of hands to do. But not all homes in the colonial times were as comfortable as the one I have described. To go back further, to the early days of the seventeenth century, not only in this country but in England as well, the poor lived in what we would consider to-day little more than hovels. Rough frames of wood filled in with a plaster of mud, formed the walls; the floors were no more than the bare earth, beaten hard with the pressure of the family's feet; in the center of the abode, rough stones formed the only fireplace; and the smoke from whatever kindling there was, if it escaped at all, had to find its way through a hole in the roof. In the corners, heaps of straw served alike for beds and covering; with a log for a pillow, it may be added, where the sleeper was fastidious. The development from this rough abode, to something at least a little better, was to the rough cabin with an outside chimney at some end; or, sometimes, to two chimneys, one at each end. Windows later were adopted also, but not of glass. Sometimes they were mere holes over which wooden shutters were drawn, and sometimes they were made of oiled paper which let in the light but kept out the weather. Such simple, rough houses as this were common in Virginia in the seventeenth century, even among those regarded as fairly well to do. They were found also in other colonies, and in such houses thanksgiving celebrations were held without number. Those who celebrated were sincere in their thanks, and happy in what they regarded as divine beneficence. It is interesting to note that nails were so scarce

in the early days, wooden pins were used instead in the construction of many houses. In Virginia, where the colonists kept moving further and further inland, and their rude houses happened to be built with real nails, so much did they treasure the nails, that when they moved they burned their houses to recover the nails, and took the nails along among their precious possessions. As the Virginians grew rich from their tobacco trade, and the colony grew older, the colonists built much better dwellings, and by the revolutionary days, they had very many beautiful and even luxurious mansions. This is true too of the other colonies, and here and there throughout the original thirteen states will be found still standing very fine examples of colonial architecture. I have mentioned the litters of straw which not infrequently served as beds. In course of time the colonists largely improved on these, and made their beds of the feathers of both wild and domesticated fowls. Also they used the down from cat-tails, which is said when properly dried to be excellent for bedding. It was within homes such as have been described, that thanksgiving festivals were held after the solemn services at the churches. The further back one goes, both in respect to time and in respect to the penetration of the forest, the simpler the life. When the colonists could read, they generally had at least a copy of the Bible, and commonly read it, but other books were very scarce, and even the wealthiest family regarded two or three hundred books as a great library. As in the case of the Pilgrims, many of our early colonists experienced at different times famine conditions, but as they gained a firmer foothold on the continent, their lot improved. By revolutionary days food was plentiful. Hereabouts - that is, in New York - nature was bounteous in the way of providing wild food for Thanksgiving feasts. Deer abounded in our forests, and bears as well. Wild turkeys strutted in the clearings. Partridges, quails, geese, ducks, heath hens, teal, pigeons were so plentiful each in its season, that full bags were certain to the huntsman. Oysters, scallops and turtles were plenty. On the farms, cattle, sheep and goats had fast multiplied. Beef sold retail for nine cents a pound, and mutton for less. They did not have in those days the variety of vegetables we have to-day, but corn at least was plentiful. Long Island, including the site of present day Brooklyn, was famous for its hunting. In Manhattan too deer were plentiful even for many years after the revolution. I had an old friend who, some years ago, assured me that he had shot numerous deer south of the present 34th Street, and east of the present 4th Avenue, in Manhattan, as they would come to drink at a stream which ran from a pond then located where the armory now stands, at the southeast corner of 34th Street and 4th Avenue, and which emptied into the East River. The young people were not entirely dependent upon hunting and fishing for their Thanksgiving recreations. Then as now, they had a variety of amusements, though different for the most part from those of to-day. Dancing, singing and flirting have of course come down to us through the ages. I suppose young humans just naturally, and properly, indulge in all three, just as the young duck takes to water. God bless them. They have that much the more to be thankful for. Some of them began pretty young, in the early days. Chief Justice Marshall, for instance, when a young man, fell in love with a girl of fourteen and married her at sixteen. Possibly it was the law of compensation

that prompted Washington, Jefferson and Madison to all merry widows. Evidently there were merry widows in those days as well as ours. May each succeeding generation pass on its happiness to the next. Of course they wove these three pleasures, dancing, singing and flirting, in with their others. For instance, their quilting bees, their apple bees and their husking bees, which were very merry gatherings. It is often said there is nothing new under the sun, yet it may surprise some to hear that back in the colonial days in Virginia they had beauty contests, with all the young girls as contestants. The contests were not conducted, to be sure, as the Atlantic City contests are nowadays; that is, not with what you may diplomatically refer to as the same candor. You know, they left more to the imagination in the colonial days than we do to-day with our matter of fact bluntness, and what I may describe as our revelation of details. The prizes for the contests though, were not unlike our own, with silk stockings in the lead. Then they had musical contests, with gathering of fiddlers from all the country 'round, and wrestling and races for the athletic. In the colonial days they indulged also in many sports which have fortunately not come down to us, but which have been abolished owing to their brutality, as for instance bear baiting, bull baiting, dog fights and cock fights. In my youth, these were still common though outlawed. In the passing of these forms of brutality whereby animals suffered for the pleasure of man, we of this day have as much reason for thankfulness as we have for the amelioration of many of the conditions which then afflicted the human race, and the fact that we have with rare exceptions abandoned them, gives promise in respect to poor defenseless creatures, of even better things for the future. But all these details are but given to picture the environment: first, of those who instituted thanksgiving day; and second, of those who handed the anniversary down to us. The essence of the day runs deeper, it goes down in fact to the very foundation of our institutions. The day has come to us as a heritage. As I have shown, it is the conception and inspiration of the hardy, devout, and adventurous colonists, whose exploits are not alone, cherished by us as a nation but are held by all mankind as among the epochal exploits which have marked the conquest of the world by the human race. Thanksgiving day was then nurtured by those adventurous architects, who without precedent to guide them, designed the government under which our mighty nation has arisen triumphant from a weak straggling fringe of settlements along the Atlantic coast to the foremost place among the nations of the world; with not only the spread of civilization and progress across the face of our continent to its credit, but the diffusion of our democratic institutions and ideals throughout the whole world. The celebration is interwoven at once, with our civil, military, industrial and religious development and expansion. It is as symbolic in its breadth of toleration, in its temperance, in its freedom from the narrowness of creed or doctrine, as our flag itself. It is an invitation to the devout of all creeds, without discrimination, without distinction, without invidious comparison, to join each in its own way, according to its own particular and distinctive design in a common, united demonstration of thankfulness and gratitude. The jew, the gentile, the mohammedan, can together and harmoniously find inspiration in the occasion. Though it is a day of consecration it is not a

day of sacrifice nor penitence. It is not even a day calling for a review of the more solemn features of religious observance; as in the case of fasts or other deprivations. It is a day of obligation, yes, but of the obligation of radiating sunshine and good cheer; to be celebrated not with lamentations, but with rejoicing. It is in this spirit, and ever with the thought of each year furthering the progress of our country to fresh victories in the light of peace, happiness, contentment and equality, that to-morrow, we should worship each in his own way.

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THE BRITISH FLEET ASSAILS BROOKLYN

Good Evening, Friends of the Air:

On this day, August 27, 1776, occurred one of the most momentous and stirring events in American history, and it is about this event I have been requested to speak to you to-night. In order that we may understand the thrilling drama which was unfolded right here in our beloved city, where we now go about our business day after day with scarcely a thought of the sacrifices which were made in those distant times to establish our independence and to defend our liberties, it is necessary just for a minute or two to briefly review the thrilling events in the struggle for independence which preceded it, and to which in a way the Battle of Long Island was the climax. The colonies had come to a very general realization that the petitions, pleas and protests that they had been addressing to the British Crown had been addressed in vain. The colonists further recognized that no matter how frequently nor insistent they might renew their supplications, they would accomplish nothing. Open resistance to British authority; insurrection and rebellion in fact, had broken out in various parts of our country, and both at home and abroad it was recognized that war was on between Great Britain and her embittered colonies. As early as the spring of 1775, General Gage, in command of the British forces in Boston, alarmed by the gathering of munitions by the people of Massachusetts, aroused by the open defiance of his authority, and incensed by their contempt of his military strength, had sent 800 soldiers to seize the munitions stored at Concord, only to have them sent scurrying back under the galling fire that assailed them from every fence, tree and point of vantage along the roadside, no longer a proud, confident military organization, but a vanquished fleeing rabble. Even a thousand of England's best trained troops, sent at top speed to reinforce the 800 who made up the first expedition, could do no more than save them from destruction, and share with them a continuation of their ignominious retreat. The English lost in the course of the engagement, nearly 300 soldiers through the fire of our minute men. But that was not all. A few weeks later the American militia met the British troops again in what we know as the Battle of Bunker Hill, when our

forces with the loss of about 450 killed and wounded inflicted upon the British losses of double that number, and this out of a total force of approximately 3,000. In March 1776, Washington at the head of the Continental troops, finally forced the British from Boston, compelling General Howe, who had succeeded General Gage in command, to set sail with all his troops to New York. Yet up to this time we had not formally declared our independence. It was not, as everyone knows, until July 4, 1776, or several months after these epochal events that this immortal document was signed. And this my friends, brings us back to New York, and to the Battle of Long Island, for on the very day, July 4, 1776, that the Declaration was being signed in Philadelphia, there occurred what we may really regard as the first engagement, of that never to be forgotten struggle, the Battle of Long Island; so that we, here in New York, put an emphasis on that document which was all our own, and so timely that I am sure we will ever be proud of it. I just want you to picture to yourself this 4th of July, 1776, and what was then happening in Brooklyn, as though you had actually been on the ground, hallowed by what occurred there on that day. For the moment just fancy yourself out to see the sights, hurrying along from point to point as you made your way along the water's edge from the Narrows to what is now Fort Hamilton, and beyond to the shores of Gravesend Bay. Everybody you encountered you would find hurrying this way and that, all in a state of almost frenzied excitement, looking through the trees that skirted the picturesque shore, and trying to identify first this ship and then that of the great British fleet at anchor or sailing idly to and fro, while here and there close at hand our own soldiers were busy throwing up breastworks and other defenses. Looking out over New York Bay and Gravesend Bay, you would have seen on the sparkling waters four hundred vessels of war, ships of the line, convoys, brigs, corvettes, frigates and other naval vessels of one kind and another, all carrying the British flag, and together composing probably the most numerous fleet ever in the history of the world, before or since, brought together at one time for an attack. Great Britain, the mistress of the sea, at tremendous effort, had gathered this mighty fleet from the four quarters of the world. No other nation could have gathered such a formidable navy. Sinister, death-dealing guns fairly bristled from many rows of port holes, and thousands of soldiers, in addition to the sailors, could be seen on the decks or in small boats in the act of disembarking on Staten Island or other neighboring shores. Great Britain had come to a realization that she had a big fight on her hands, that the opposition of the colonies could not be overcome by any small expeditionary force, but would require a mighty effort. Her strategists had determined the best way to end our rebellion was to crush our army with one terrific blow. A blow which should be struck by such an overwhelming force, that it would not only accomplish a brilliant victory and strike terror to our hearts, but in fact completely annihilate us. The British believed that if they could effect the capture of Long Island and of New York, with the defeat of whatever troops we had here, they could then drive a wedge of naval vessels and armed forces up the Hudson, thereby separate the Eastern from the Southern colonies and thus gain mastery of the situation.

Yet notwithstanding all her plans and preparations strange as it may seem, she lost the very first round of the fight. Our Brooklyn boys had erected a battery of twelve-pounders, firing shot a little larger than a baseball, on a little hill where Fort Hamilton is now. The British ship Asia, of 64 guns, observing their activity, and apparently annoyed by it, determined she would teach the Americans a lesson. Sailing close in, she raked a barn and mussed up a fence belonging to a ferryman in the neighborhood; but, the busy battery was not daunted, and returning the fire, killed five of the Asia's crew, whereupon her disillusioned commander withdrew to less troubled waters. New York in the days of which we are speaking, only had about 35,000 inhabitants, while Brooklyn had but about one-tenth that number. New York was particularly ill favored as to defense, since it lay on low ground which could be raked easily by the British ships if they could but sail up near it, and here were the army and navy of Great Britain drawn up in full array to cooperate toward this end. For weeks after this little preliminary skirmish, our army worked strenuously erecting defenses in front of Brooklyn, and to guard against the approach of the enemy both to Brooklyn and New York; but finally the day of attack came. Spades were laid aside for muskets, and man went forth to do and to die. General Howe was in command of the British forces, with 24,000 seasoned, trained, experienced troops, officered by men who for years had been campaigning in many parts of the world and experienced in all the artifices of war. General Howe was aided by General Sir Henry Clinton, Lord Cornwallis and General Heister, a Hessian officer. General Washington was of course in supreme command of the American forces, but the actual commanders on the field were General Greene, General Sullivan and General Putnam. On August 22, the British began to disembark their troops for attack, and before the close of the day had 15,000 disciplined, experienced soldiers ashore; while opposing them the Americans had only about 8,000. The Americans were undisciplined; also they lacked equipment and uniforms. They were armed with an incongruous assortment of muskets. Our men held a fortified position extending practically from the Wallabout to the Gowanus Creek, but they had about 2,500 of their 8,000 men scattered through the area in front of their fortifications to guard the approaches and passes, and to prevent the progress of the British in their assault. The British landing far out towards the Narrows and Bath Beach, threw out an encompassing line, seeking gaps in the American defense, and what means they could of outflanking us. In their strategy they were successful for, notwithstanding the bravery of the Americans the odds against them were too great. There were many stirring, thrilling events incident to the battle. Let me recount a few. Where Broadway and Fulton Street meet, there was an inn kept by a man named Howard. The British captured him and his little son, and under threat of death, made them lead the way to or through an undefended pass which gave the British great advantage, since it flanked the American position. Colonel Atlee, with a small body of Penn troops, and such others as he could secure and hold, maintained his position for hours against far superior forces and which were aided too by artillery,

of which Atlee had none. Atlee, fighting back and forth, up hill and downhill, advancing and retreating, displayed rare persistency and courage, worthy of our highest traditions. Battle Hill and other neighboring elevations in Greenwood cemetery were the scenes of similar desperate encounters, and in which the American troops under General Sterling made history to be proud of. General Sterling had the true fighter's instinct. When retreating to the Gowanus, he found his command surrounded, and according to all the precepts of war there was nothing left for him to do but surrender; when, the odds were so great that surrender would have left no stigma upon him. A very strong detachment of the enemy interposed between his corps and the fortifications and entrenchments, and these offered him his only harbor of refuge. The treacherous marsh and the deep waters of the Gowanus were seemingly an impassible barrier to retreat. The situation was desperate to the extreme. But Sterling possessed both genius and grit to a degree entitling him to undying honor. Hastily gathering around him between two and three hundred men, he actually charged his foes at the very moment it seemed he was doomed and that victory was theirs. He attacked when all the world would have agreed that he would have been justified in surrendering his entire force. Back into the very jaws of death he led his little corps of desperate men, and while the enemy reeled with astonishment at his daring and the force of his shock, the main body of his troops took hasty advantage of the occasion, floundered through the Gowanus morass as best they could, and helping one another, paddling and swimming, reached the opposite bank in large numbers in safety. Still more astonishing, some actually carried prisoners with them. Connected with this engagement of General Sterling, there occurred the sanguinary strife 'round the Cortelyou house, which was a sturdy stone structure defended with cannon by the British under Cornwallis, and attacked by Maryland troops under Major Gist. This was a scene of heroism, sacrifice and carnage. But alas! The courage, the tenacity, the zeal of the Americans could not forever stand the overwhelming numbers that pressed upon them; and, after the loss of many men, the few survivors of the Maryland troops had to give way. General Washington, watching the carnage of Americans from a little hill near the present juncture of Court Street and Atlantic Avenue, said to General Putnam and those with him, "Great God, what brave fellows I must this day lose". When the battle closed at the end of the day the Americans were hemmed in by the British Army. It was only the genius of Washington that extricated our patriots from disaster. It seemed inevitable that in a few days the British would, when it suited their purpose, by the aid of their ships, cut off retreat to Manhattan, and having our troops surrounded on the narrow neck of land around Brooklyn Heights, achieve the victory they had planned. But it was not to be. Washington actually gave out that he intended to reinforce the Long Island troops, probably aware this would be to the liking of the British commanders; for, thereby they would be likely to capture the more Americans and with greater ease than pursuing them hither and thither over the continent. As though in the fulfillment of his plan, Washington directed the gathering together on the East River of every boat that could be found, ostensibly to carry his reinforcements to Brooklyn; and then he artfully used them instead to carry his

Long Island troops in safety from Brooklyn to Manhattan. By the time the British discovered Washington's strategy. It was too late. Their opportunity had passed, and their dream of ending the war with one mighty engagement and complete victory was ended forever! As I recount what happened in this momentous struggle, there are two thoughts uppermost in my mind: first, the gratitude we owe to those brave men who made the supreme sacrifice in the protection of our nation in its infancy; and, second, the hope, the prayer, the aspiration that some day the horror of war will pass from the earth forever. I know it will be long before this comes to pass. I know the multitude of difficulties obstructing the way. I know full well the labor and pain involved in progress toward universal peace. But no occasion of this kind should ever pass without a fresh commitment to further as best we may, each in his own humble way, whatever makes for this happy end. This is the supreme test presented to the intelligence of the universe, to determine if it can successfully cooperate for the progress of humanity.

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THE BATTLE OF LONG ISLAND

Good evening friends:

This is the eve of the 154th Anniversary of the commencement of the Battle of Long Island. It is fitting that on such a memorable anniversary we should revive our recollections of the brave deeds of those who participated in it. In order to better understand what was involved in the Battle of Long Island, it is desirable to briefly review the thrilling events which immediately preceded it, and which are among the most interesting episodes in America's struggle for Independence. For several years prior to 1776, the colonists had been supplicating the British Crown to rectify the abuses which had so sorely afflicted them; but, finally, despairing of accomplishing anything by any form of petition, the colonists had reluctantly resorted to open resistance to British rule. Rebellion had in fact broken out in various places. It had come to be generally recognized both at home and abroad, that war was imminent between Great Britain and our embittered colonies. As early as the spring of 1775, General Gage, then in command of the British forces in Boston, alarmed by the defiant and rebellious spirit of the people of Massachusetts, and incensed by their unconcealed contempt for the military forces commanded by him, sent a command of 800 soldiers to seize the munitions the colonists had stored at Concord; but, only to witness his troops come fleeing back under a galling fire that assailed them from every tree, wall and point of vantage. Instead of returning to Boston exulting in the accomplishment of their purpose as General Gage expected, his once proud, confident troops came back a disorganized, fleeing rabble. Even a thousand of England's best trained troops, sent at top speed to reinforce the 800 who were in flight,

did no better than to rescue them from complete annihilation. In March 1776, Washington, who had been called to the command of the Continental troops, forced General Howe, who had succeeded General Gates in command at Boston, to evacuate that city and to set sail for New York. Strangely enough, notwithstanding the virtual state of war that existed, no formal declaration either of war or of independence was adopted until July 4, 1776. On that date, as all the world knows, our independence of Great Britain was declared by the Continental Congress in session at Philadelphia. Long before the momentous declaration startled the world, the British government had foreseen that conflict of a serious nature was pending, and had been preparing for it. From the four quarters of the globe Great Britain had been summoning a mighty fleet, and assembling it in New York Bay. It was the greatest fleet of war vessels the world had ever witnessed. It consisted of approximately four hundred vessels, and this brings us back, my friends, to the Battle of Long Island, and to July 4, 1776. I want you to picture just what was occurring, as though you were actually on the ground, and I want you to try to experience the emotions that filled the hearts and minds of the patriots who were staking their lives and fortunes upon the pending issue, and who saw this mighty fleet gathering for their conquest. Many there were with sad, but none the less stalwart hearts, as they beheld the gathering of this mighty armada, and learned of the seasoned, experienced troops Great Britain had summoned for the attack, and who were waiting only for the word of command to begin operations. You all know that high ridge of land that skirts the New York Bay along our Brooklyn water front, now teeming with commerce, lined by docks, ship yards, and terminals, but at the time we have in mind it was a beautiful sylvan ridge, covered by pines, locusts and all those other trees indigenous to our section, with picturesque declivities running down to the shores, and with shining sandy beaches caressed by the wooing waves of the Bay. You would, if there, have been hurrying from one patch of woods to another, seeking the best points of vantage, and peering out from the shelter of the luxuriant summer foliage as the British vessels sailed hither and thither, or anchored as suited them best in preparation for the conflict that was pending. This fleet included ships of the line, with their high oak bulwarks, convoys, transports, brigs, frigates, and corvettes. It was a scene of activity from Bay Ridge to Gravesend. Likely you would have joined those who with pick and shovel were throwing up breastworks along our line of defense.

No nation other than Great Britain, the acknowledged mistress of the sea, could have summoned such a mighty armada. Sinister, death-dealing guns bristled from row upon row of port holes, and thousands of soldiers as well as sailors gave evidence of the extent of the assault that was intended. The British strategists had determined that the way to end the rebellion would be to crush our army by one terrific, smashing blow, which would at least paralyze if it did not actually annihilate us. The British believed that if they could effect the capture of Long Island and New York, with the defeat and capture of our troops gathered here, they

could then, if any resistance continued, drive a wedge of naval vessels and armed forces up the Hudson, and thus separate the Eastern from the Southern colonies. You can well understand the advantage this would have given them, since once effected, they could at their pleasure have first attacked one and then the other group of colonies.

With this picture of British strategy in mind, and the mighty means the British had to execute their plans, let us return to the vicinity of what is now Fort Hamilton, Brooklyn, on that memorable 4th of July, preceding the actual battle. Among the earthworks the Americans constructed, was a redoubt with a battery of twelve-pounders, firing shots a little larger than baseballs, and this battery was on a little hill overlooking the bay. The British ship Asia of 64 guns, attracted by the activity of the battery, sailed in towards the shore, majestically in the full caparison of its towering masts and taut sails. There is no more beautiful sight to behold than such a great vessel under full sail. But see, there is great activity on her deck. She is preparing to fire. There is a moment of suspense. There is a flash as her guns let loose, followed by a thund'rous roar and columns of smoke curling upward through her rigging. We instinctively turn our eyes towards the battery! Has she raked it? Demolished it? No. No harm has been done, she has only damaged a neighboring fence and barn. But now the American battery has had the effrontery to fire back. The aim is accurate! Five of the Asia's crew lie on her deck mortally wounded. See, she is altering her course! She is withdrawing. Thus on July 4, 1776, while the Declaration is being signed in Philadelphia, the red seal of conquest has been added here in our home city. For weeks following the first engagement the preparations of the British preliminary to landing in force went on, and during the same period the Americans strengthened their defenses, which in the main ran across what is now the heart of Brooklyn, from Gowanus Creek to the Wallabout. Eventually, upon August 22, the British under the command of General Howe, aided by General Sir Henry Clinton, Lord Cornwallis and General Heister, began to disembark. Before the close of the day, 15,000 experienced, disciplined, well equipped professional soldiers of the army of 24,000 intended for the attack, stood ready for the assault upon our volunteers, of whom there were but approximately 8,000. Our men lacked uniforms, training, equipment and experience. General Washington was of course in supreme command of our forces, but the actual commanders in the field were Generals Greene, Sullivan, Putnam and Sterling. The British landing out towards the Narrows and Bath Beach, effected a great encompassing scythe-like line, and from this various columns marching forward sought gaps in the American defense, and to outflank our various advance detachments. In this strategy the British were successful. Notwithstanding the bravery of the Americans, the odds against us were too great: our lines were penetrated, and we were forced back. The defense of the Americans was distinguished by many thrilling engagements. They tried to make up with valor what they lacked in numbers and equipment! Col. Atlee, with a small body of Pennsylvania troops and such others as he could gather,

made a wonderful fight. His command struggled up hill and down hill, advancing and retreating as the battle raged. They showed persistency and courage worthy of our best traditions. It was a valorous struggle against overwhelming odds. Battle Hill, where Greenwood Cemetery is now, was the scene of a desperate encounter. Here, General Sterling showed the true fighter's grit and tenacity. He made history that day of which we have a right to be proud. Forced back upon the treacherous Gowanus Creek, hemmed in, cut off, attacked by an overwhelming force, he hastily gathered a few hundred men and, charging with desperate courage, at the very crisis when it seemed his force was absolutely doomed, he checked the enemy long enough to enable his main troops to effect the crossing of the Gowanus, and actually to carry with them some prisoners. Major Gist, with a body of Maryland troops, made a heroic fight 'round the Cortelyou House. Here the carnage and sacrifice were terrible. But alas, all this valor was in vain. The odds were too great, the battle went against us. General Washington, watching part of the engagement from a little hill near the present juncture of Court Street and Atlantic Avenue, said to General Putnam, "Great God, what brave fellows I must this day lose". It was only through Washington's resourcefulness that the American army was extricated. Hemmed in at the close of the attack, when it seemed inevitable the British would, when it suited their purposes, effect their capture, Washington gave out that he would reenforce our army with additional troops, and gave orders to gather every boat that could be procured for the purpose. This was done to mislead the British, and when night fell, the boats were all actually used to carry the Americans across the East River back to Manhattan. By the time the British discovered Washington's ruse, it was too late, their opportunity had passed, and their ambition to end the war with one mighty engagement was defeated forever. Now, we as a nation are enjoying the fruits of the great struggle of which this engagement was part. This nation, then in its infancy, has grown to be the strongest on earth. Succeeding generations have demonstrated to the world that the principles of democracy, for which these brave men paid the supreme sacrifice, when worked into the fabric of governments, not only make for its stability, but the progress and happiness of the human race as well. All honor to those whose valorous deeds protected our nation in its infancy.

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GEORGE WASHINGTON

Good evening friends. Good evening.

The purpose of my address to you to-night, is to refresh your memory in respect to some of the stirring events associated with the life of Washington, which, occurring in and about New York, in the early days of our history, not only startled the world when they occurred, but very greatly affected its subsequent progress. Events which, furthermore, justify, in my opinion at least, the claims of New York to the great bicen-

ennial memorial to Washington which our Congress proposes in his honor, at a place, somewhere in the United States, not yet definitely determined upon. Of course there are many cities and states that are earnestly desirous of securing the honor of this memorial. Regardless of the physical form which the memorial may take, whether it be a world exhibition, or the establishment of some great philanthropic, educational or other institution, the memorial will bring to the city which is fortunate enough to be selected by Congress, many benefits and advantages of a material nature, including the investment of capital, the employment of labor, and an influx of visitors; but, it is by no means my purpose to-night to emphasize this phase of the subject. To the contrary, I propose to stress only the right which our city has to claim the honor of the memorial, and of its spiritual and inspirational advantages. This right I claim by virtue of the historical ties which link us, as no other city is linked, with the immortal Father of our Country. There is one very unfortunate handicap which New York experiences in seeking recognition, and incongruous as it may seem, this rests in its great size and multiplicity of activities. New York is so big, its interests are so diverse, it is so accustomed to big projects seeking it, or growing within it, and all without solicitation, but just in the regular routine of things, that we fail to recognize as other communities do, the need of going after what we want. Most of our "go getters" are so busy "go getting" for themselves that they have no leisure in which to help the town. We lack the public spirit that is manifest in many smaller cities, by virtue of which all the energetic spirits of the community can practically overnight, be enlisted to aid any fair proposal with promise of general welfare that may come along. This situation makes it all the more necessary to arouse public opinion in New York in regard to the situation, and to bring back to memory, as I have mentioned that I want to, these memorable events wherein were interwoven the histories of George Washington and New York City. One of the most important of these memorable events was the Battle of Long Island. In order to get the true perspective of this tragic engagement, it must be recalled that the patience of our forebears having become exhausted by the indifference of Great Britain to their long continued and piteous petitions and appeals, had resorted to open insurrection. In the spring of 1775, General Gage, in command of the British forces in Boston, alarmed by the gathering of munitions by the colonists, and incensed by their contemptuous defiance of his authority, sent 800 soldiers to Concord, to seize the munitions secretly stored there, only to suffer the chagrin of seeking them hurrying and scurrying back under a galling fire that assailed them from every fence, tree and point of advantage along the roadside. Even a reinforcement by a thousand men, which Gage sent quickly to aid in the struggle, could do no more than save the remnants of the first detachment from destruction, and the two detachments had to share together in their general ignominious retreat and defeat. But that was not all. A few weeks later there occurred the Battle of Bunker Hill, when our raw recruits inflicted upon the trained troops of the enemy, full double the casualties our patriots suffered. Following this the American troops under Washington forced General Howe, who had succeeded General Gage in command of the British forces, to withdraw from Boston and seek harbor in New York.

While these events were in progress the British had not been idle. By July 1776 a fleet of 400 vessels had been gathered from the four quarters of the world, and were at anchor, or sailing back and forth on the sparkling waters of New York Bay. Great Britain was the acknowledged mistress of the seas, and this mighty fleet included battleships of the line, convoys, brigs, corvettes, frigates, and other naval vessels, all bristling with guns and equipped to the minute. It was in fact the largest fleet of war vessels that had ever been assembled together for an attack.

It was the avowed purpose of the British to put an end at once and forever to the struggle of the colonies, by one tremendous smashing blow of irresistible strength, and every resource of the Empire had been taxed to this end. The British strategists designed not only to defeat but to annihilate us. England's strength was feared throughout the world, and it seemed there could be but one outcome to the plan her military and naval commanders so carefully laid. Yet, strange as it may seem, even up to the gathering of this fleet, the colonies had not formally severed their ties to the Mother Country. It was not until July 4, 1776, as all the world knows, that, by the adoption of the Declaration of Independence at Philadelphia, they did so, and it was upon this very day, in fact, as the immortal document was being signed, that the first engagement occurred in the Battle of Long Island. This was between a battleship of the British fleet and a shore battery of the patriots located where Fort Hamilton is now, so, the blood that day shed off our shores, for it was the British who suffered and not our battery, may be regarded as the final seal to the Declaration. Following this engagement, hostilities languished until August, and then upon the 22nd of the month, the destined landing from the fleet came in force. The patriots who had been laboring for weeks with picks and spades erecting defenses, laid them aside and loaded their muskets. The British forces, under the leadership of England's most competent generals, landed from their ships and filed regiment after regiment into battle array, picking their way the next few days through devious defiles in the woods, or openly assaulting the American lines. It was a hard struggle and a sanguinary one, in which our forces were driven back and still further back, until finally it seemed as though the British forces had but one further blow to strike to accomplish our destruction and the overwhelming victory they had planned.

It was just at this critical juncture that the initiative, the resourcefulness and the genius of Washington extricated our army from its predicament. Washington accomplished a retreat across the river to Manhattan, with a ruse as clever as it was well executed. Washington saved the patriot troops to our country, and under his masterly leadership, they persevered with the struggle until our independence was finally acknowledged by Great Britain. But this battle was only one of many engagements that followed in and about our city, and in which Washington was the commanding figure and guiding genius, and each separate engagement is an additional reason for according New York the memorial. The British

strategists realized full well that if they could drive a wedge up the Hudson, and thus separate the New England colonies from the Southern colonies, using New York City as their base, and the Hudson as their channel, they could then at their will and as pleased them best, wage war first against one group and then another, with likelihood of ultimate victory.

It was Washington's skill, perseverance, courage and industry that in time wore the British out, and accomplished the defeat of this able plan. Though he won few battles, he never lost a campaign, and back and forth in and about New York, at times retreating, at others advancing, then deceiving, and engaging occasionally, as the stress of circumstances demanded, the struggle was fought to a successful finish on our side. This finish came November 25, 1783, when the British troops, following the signing of the Treaty of Peace that definitely and forever established our independence, evacuated our city and the country.

The simultaneous signing of the Declaration of Independence in Philadelphia, and the engagement with the enemy in New York, with Washington in high command, followed by the prolonged struggle 'round New York, with New York as the base of the enemy, and Washington still in surpreme command; and, last but not least, the official evacuation of the British through our city, with Washington entering it in triumph practically simultaneously; are events that constitute a chain of such momentous character in connection with his military service to our country, that on this basis alone New York would be entitled to the Washington memorial. But this is not all. Here too, it was, December 4, 1783, while standing in Fraunces Tavern on Broad Street, which is still preserved for us, that Washington took affectionate leave of his officers. Our history is replete with dramatic events, but there are few such events that rank with what occurred that day, when these officers who had established our independence received from their beloved commander his parting benediction, and with tears in the eyes of all, said farewell to one another. They were the surviving veterans, seasoned and tried, but many there were equally brave and meritorious who had forfeited their lives in the great struggle. And now we come to another chapter in the life of this great man, wherein he takes up fresh responsibilities and obligations and of a civic character in place of the military duties he had hitherto discharged, and wherein he was to show he possessed qualifications in this field, as valuable to the new states as any he had exercised for the old colonies. It was right here in New York City upon April 30, 1789, that Washington took the oath of office as the first President of the United State, and it was here too, our first Congress under the Constitution assembled. It was here in New York that he brought together his first Cabinet, and here that he conferred with our first Senators and Representatives while our nation was still in its swaddling clothes, and learning to apply democracy under the new constitution. It was a valiant attempt, along new lines, which had startled the world. The enemies of democracy, and they constituted a vast majority throughout the world, at least of those who were articulate, prophesied failure; and even those who were friendly disposed to it, were pessimistic, if not actually fearful

of the result. Only a small percentage of thinking people throughout the world had faith our adventure in government would survive more than a few years. But with Washington's fostering, solicitous care, and his patience and forbearance, all exercised in the friendly environment of our city, our nation survived the critical period of its early infancy, and here again we establish another claim to the memorial. Then finally, there is a broader, even though less personal reason so far as Washington is concerned, why the Washington memorial should come to New York. New York is the metropolis of the country. From the very earliest days of our republic it has been the gateway of the world to those who have aspired to avail themselves of our institutions, opportunities and advantages, and they have come in millions. Our gateway has been symbolic the world over as the entrance to the road to liberty, to those who have aspired as we have aspired, and who cherish like ideals and inspirations. New York stands symbolic of American progress, industry and power. New York typifies American genius. New York is the meltingpot into which have been poured all the nationalities in the world, and from which have been sublimated outstanding Americans of the highest type. New York portrays those unique and startling characteristics of American development, of the amalgamation of the races, of creeds, of ideals and inspirations to a greater degree and in a more intense way than any other city in our land. New York is symbolic of our originality of thought, of our initiative, and of our indomitable perseverance as a nation. No other city in the world has within so brief a span grown from so humble a beginning to such a stupendous status. While it appeals by its magnitude, it intrigues with its psychology; ever changing, sometimes whimsical, sometimes rash, but typical always of American vitality.

In itself New York stands unrivaled as the most gigantic monument the world knows to industrial co-operation, to unity of effort under freedom of contract, to patient industry, to originality in enterprise. New York is the Mecca that every progressive man the world over wants to visit at least once before he passes beyond. New York has risen from the humble foundations which Washington defended when threatened, and which were the scenes of many of his most conspicuous services. It must be obvious to all who study the facts, that New York, indeed, is the appropriate place for this memorial, designed to be the crowning glory to his honor, and the tribute of our generation to his extraordinary services.

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GEORGE WASHINGTON, PATRIOT

Every few years, America is afflicted with a pest of muck rakers and iconoclasts. Their delight is to search the annals of the past for whatever they contain which may be utilized to detract from the fame of our illustrious forefathers. Whatever few talents the muck rakers and iconoclasts may have, are concentrated upon magnifying and emphasizing the defects they claim to discover. They do not hesitate to distort the facts,

nor to deepen shadows until they are abysmal black, nor to disguise vituperation in the garb of candor. When outraged public opinion protests the injustice of it all, they invariably offer in defense that what they do is essential to historical accuracy; thus, smugly trying to convince the world that their aspirations are truthful though they may actually possess only a grain of truth to the pound; and, that candor forces them to speak, when in fact, they are prompted only by sordid greed, or by an avid desire for notoriety, Washington, Franklin, Jefferson and Lincoln, among others of our illustrious patriots, have been victims of these attacks. But, numerous as have been the attacks of the iconoclasts, and deep as the muck rakers have dug, it is gratifying to perceive that the American people by a large majority have not been seriously disturbed in the faith they have in the great men against whom the attacks have been directed. The American people have faith in the character and in the high purposes of these great men. For the services which these men have rendered at times when our nation was in peril, the American people are grateful, and they are more than proud to do them honor.

Among all our galaxy of great men none is more worthy of the honor shown him than George Washington. In subscribing to the greatness of the Father of Our Country, no one need fear the charge of idolatry which in the past has occasionally been raised by the muck rakers and iconoclasts. Thinking men have long since come to the realization that perfection is not to be found in man. In honoring the distinguished services which Washington gave his country, we are not idolizing him, but testifying only to those high qualities of heart and mind which distinguished him even among the incomparable group with whom he was associated; and, which group, achieved our independence and laid the foundation for our national greatness. Of these super qualities of heart and mind, we have abundant proof, and George Washington placed them at the service of his country with a disinterested patriotism, and in part at least as a sacred commitment. No demand was ever made upon him, but he responded with an exemplary spirit of public service. His ease, his comfort, his fortune, his life, were ever at the command of his fellow countrymen. Even the boyhood of Washington was replete with interest. Biographers commonly refer to his education as deficient, but this is due to the fact that they confound education and schooling as synonymous, though the two words have entirely different meanings. Education is the systematic development and cultivation of the natural powers with which a youth is endowed, aided by inculcation and example. In short, it is the development of one's natural powers by experience and contact. Judged by this definition, George Washington's education was particularly good, for his youth and early manhood were wonderfully rich in experience, and in contact with men of affairs and distinction. His schooling on the other hand, it is true, was deficient. It was the custom during the time of Washington's early boyhood, for the well-to-do families of Virginia to send their sons abroad for their schooling and Washington's father intended he should be educated there, but Washington's father died when Washington was but eleven years old, so that this plan was

never carried out. Little George had actually to depend upon such schooling as could be obtained close home, and probably it was for the best that this turned out as it did. He took advantage of all that was offered, but he was largely self taught, and the fact that he achieved as much schooling as he did under the handicaps he experienced, is evidence of the sterling qualities, such as industry, zeal and perseverance, that later in life distinguished him. In his boyhood he excelled in mathematics, and this led in part at least to his taking up surveying. Surveying, in those early days, was not the uneventful vocation it is at present; at least not such surveying as Washington did. He was only a lad of sixteen when as a surveyor he penetrated the wilderness, peopled mostly by Indians, and dotted only by an occasional camp of a hunter or trapper, or the rough cabin of some venturesome settler. Think you, Mothers and Fathers of to-day, who have sons of this age, what it would mean to you to have them engaged in so perilous a calling as the youthful Washington followed, when, for perhaps weeks, he was isolated and unaccompanied pursuing his task in the mystery of the forest and no word forthcoming from him either of good or evil. Washington in the wilderness experienced all the hardships and perils of the frontiersman and explorer. Night after night he slept in the open with only the sky for his roof, and only Mother Earth for his bed. Rain and snow, wind and cold, did not dismay him. Washington was an intensely human youth, an everyday fellow, playing the game of life with a true spirit of sportsmanship. He was in contact with the rough characters of the early days, suffering the privations that they suffered, hazarding the risks that beset them, and experiencing through it all the same discomforts that those around him experienced, and taking it all as it came, as an essential part of the game. Someone recently has been making much of the fact that on occasion Washington was known to swear. What of it? The American people were not seeking an effete and perfumed diletante, nor a dear little Lord Fontle-roy for the hazardous life Washington pursued; and, for my part, if on occasion he swore, I say there was justification for it, and I have every confidence the occasion called for just what he said and the way he said it.

From time to time Washington returned from his surveys to civilization, when he was welcomed by the blue blood of Virginia, of whom we hear so often. They must have recognized the latent powers which later in life distinguished him, for they made much of him. Washington was only 19 when at the outbreak of the French and Indian War they appointed him to the rank of Major. He had scarcely attained his majority, when Lieutenant Governor Dinwiddie promoted him to the command of the entire military district of nothern Virginia, the zone of greatest danger and responsibility. How pitiable it is for critics of to-day, to belittle the services of a man who, even at such an early age, had won the esteem and confidence of all who knew him best. I am always particularly interested in the youthful days of our great historical characters, the days of their formative period, when they were winning their first successes and speculating on what the unknown life ahead had in store for them. It has been well said "We love young women for what they are, and young men for what they promise to be", and it is one of the great misfortunes in life that girls do

not always stay young, and that young men when they grow old fail to fulfill the promises of youth. But no charge of unfulfilled promises can be laid to our beloved Washington. He made good even in the period which the world allows men for promises only, and as he progressed through life he ever added fresh contributions to his early gifts.

Racing through life at the pace we do, I find that many men though conversant with the services rendered by Washington as Commander of the Continental forces in the War for Independence, do not realize the value of his services in the earlier French and Indian War, nor the tremendous importance to the world involved in this long protracted struggle. Washington, even though a very young man when this conflict raged, was one of the most distinguished figures in it. In fact he contributed more to the ultimate success of the colonies than any other American engaged. It must be borne in mind that the colonies in the days just preceding this bloody struggle, were but a fringe of towns and villages along the Atlantic Coast, with a filtration a little further back of scattered settlements; and, somewhat still further back, what may be likened to an advanced guard, made up of a few venturesome hunters and trappers roaming the forest. The coast was held firmly by the English-speaking colonies, but the vast interior of the continent stretching beyond the Alleghenies, beyond the Mississippi, beyond the Rockies, was unsettled and mostly unknown. But this vast interior was recognized by the farseeing men of the time as the potential seat of a mighty empire, with a wealth of natural resources such as no monarch, no not even the Emperors of Rome in the very height of Rome's glory and power could ever boast. The nation that should possess and control this vast territory would, in the course of time, largely dominate the world. The resources which to-day make America the richest country on the globe, and the American people the most prosperous, lay there ready to command. Fertile fields, water power, gold, silver, coal, virgin forests, thousands of miles of navigable rivers lay ready waiting for the magic of human hands to convert into all the comforts and luxuries the mind can conceive. France on one side, and Great Britain and the colonies on the other, were the contestants for this empire. France and England were the two most powerful countries of the day, intense animosity stirred them to the depths, and the struggle was one between foes striving for the biggest prize the world has ever known. In this desperate struggle, Washington was the most distinguished figure in the strife which occurred to capture and hold the territory around the head waters of the Ohio River, the key to the situation, and including the present site of Pittsburgh, with its wealth of iron and coal, with adjacent oil, and from which more wealth has probably been derived than from any other area of like size in the world. It has been well said that the shot which Washington fired in this struggle was heard 'round the world. Yet, valuable as his services were in his early manhood, they were but the training for the great work that was in store for him; and his achievements were but the stepping stones to his subsequent fame. It is not surprising that after a period of almost a generation, when the struggle for independence required the most forceful, fearless, competent leader

America had, and possessing the confidence of the people, that Washington should have been chosen. The men who selected him composed an exceptionally sagacious group, whose fortunes and lives depended upon the success of his leadership, and under such conditions his selection attests the confidence they had in his ability, in his honor and in his zeal. In forming one's opinion of Washington, it must be borne in mind that even at the outset of the great struggle for independence he was one of the wealthiest men in the colonies, the owner of a great estate, and his wealth was in a form that could not be concealed from the enemy in the event of disaster; further, that one would naturally expect under such conditions he would be ultra conservative, and inclined to support the Crown as the embodiment of power. But regardless of the risk involved in the possible sequestration of his estates, regardless of the jeopardy his life was in, he espoused the cause of the colonies and accepted the leadership of the armed forces, the position above all others that involved the maximum risk. He risked all that he possessed, in behalf of the weaker side; the side that he believed to be in the right. Had the colonies lost in that eventful struggle, even if Washington had not paid the penalty with his life, he would likely have been exiled as Napoleon was exiled, to pass the remainder of his days upon some distant isle, to be held ex communicado with the rest of the world. How pitiable it is that critics should cavil about inconsequential trifles in the lives of the great characters of those stormy days, when it is clear that the services they rendered called for all that the best of manhood and patriotism had to offer in the way of commitment, courage and sacrifice. When after the termination of the war it became necessary to establish a stable government for the colonies, and the Federal Convention assembled for the purpose, Washington was unanimously elected by this convention to preside during its deliberations, and this convention framed the constitution which was subsequently adopted by the several states and became the basic law of our land. Here again we see the convincing evidence of the confidence and respect in which he was held in peace as well as in war, and it will be very clear to any who care to study the details of those stirring days that Washington was the great stabilizer, the balance wheel to the government machine so to speak, maintaining it in equilibrium; and, further, that he brought to the discharge of his peaceful functions the same clear, cool, deliberate qualities of mind that distinguished him amid the perils of war. He did not to any considerable extent engage in debate, but his advice was listened to by all, and his judgment was usually decisive. Finally, it became necessary under the constitution as adopted to elect a president. The choice of selecting a leader now passed from the Congress to the nation, and to whom did they look? To no other than to Washington. Just as the Congress and Convention had selected him unanimously, now the electors chose him for two successive terms. For eight troublous years he rendered distinguished service. At the outset of this period our government was regarded by the world as no more than the experiment of a group of enthusiasts; an experiment which would soon come toppling down, to be supplanted by some form of monarchy; but, under his sagacious, fostering and solicitous care, our government not only survived but prospered; and,

having passed the dangerous period of infancy, it has grown ever stronger and stronger; until today, among the nations of the world, it stands for the embodiment of strength and stability. In every hamlet in the land some picture, some effigy or some monument of Washington will be found. Mt. Vernon, his old home, is our national shrine. The Washington Monument, rising from the earth far towards the skies in all its simple grandeur symbolizes his life; but, if you really want to know what is the greatest memorial we have of him and his achievements, look around you to the broad expanse of our country, with its teeming millions of free people, enjoying the institutions for which he fought, and which were preserved for us thereafter in the trying days of their infancy through his patience, his courage, his zeal and his enthusiasm.

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THOMAS JEFFERSON

It is absolutely essential to secure a proper concept of an historical character, and to visualize his true relation to the events in which he participated, to study the antecedents whence he sprung and the environment in which he played his part. Just 184 years have passed since the eventful day that ushered Thomas Jefferson into this world. The world of Jefferson's infancy was not such a world as we know to-day, but almost as different therefrom as though it were another planet. Neither steam nor electricity had yet been harnessed, and their latent powers were not even suspected. Mankind was still going about its daily affairs much as it had been doing for thousands of years before. It is very certain that science and invention have achieved more within the last century than they had achieved in all the centuries that preceded Jefferson's birth, and that with the achievements of the last century have come changes in our social and political relations of parallel magnitude and complexity.

The debt that we owe to Jefferson and to the others of that incomparable group that designed our nation, is incident to the fact that together they severed the bonds which had connected us with monarchical government, upon which the world had up to that time principally leaned, and established in our land, a new form of government of startling originality. A new government so well conceived, and based upon such vital principles, that it has stood every stress and strain even to this day, and still is serving our complex social relations as efficiently and happily as it served the simple life that prevailed when it was first conceived.

The antecedents of Thomas Jefferson were excellent. Both his father and mother came of families which had contributed much to the public weal in the way of service and example. His father was a man of great industry, who was respected by all who knew him, of no great wealth, yet sufficient for the maintenance of a comfortable home, and to give his children adequate education. Jefferson's father was of the yeoman strata,

sturdy, honest, independent, and loyal. Jefferson's mother was a Randolph, and the Randolphs were an aristocratic family, but of that high type of aristocracy which made conduct and not wealth the basis of admission to its circles. Jefferson was born in Albemarle County, then on the very frontier of civilization. Virginia embraced within its borders many families of wealth and distinction, the owners of great tobacco plantations and farms; then there was a still more numerous class of settlers who were clearing the forests and establishing homes for themselves, but not yet long enough established to be classed as prosperous; and, finally, there was a sprinkling of the idle and shiftless such as are found in all communities. Of course there were many Indians, generally restless and resentful, and even at times breaking out in atrocities, forays and wars. In all, Jefferson's environment was a most interesting cross section of American colonial life ranging from aristocracy to savagery.

Jefferson received a good education, in the course of which he mastered advanced mathematics, French, Latin, and Greek. He was but 14 when his father died, and he said in after years that thereafter he had had to depend upon his own common sense for his guidance. With this in mind, it will be realized what sterling qualities he must have possessed to have come through clean, and to have achieved the success he did. At 16 he entered William and Mary College, and when he rode in to Williamsburgh, the town in which the college was located, he saw a village for the first time in his life, and this consisted chiefly of a main street only a quarter of a mile long. I would just like you to visualize the youthful Jefferson on that day as he rode into the village gazing 'round, a perfect master of his horse, a well knit, agile, slender yet muscular stripling, with freckled face and reddish hair. In the course of a few years he developed great muscular strength. Though Virginia's chief staple was tobacco, and he profited from its cultivation and in its sale, he never smoked. He drank moderately of light wines, but never to excess. He loved horses and racing, but did not bet nor gamble. He played the violin and was very fond of both music and dancing, but he indulged in no dissipation. He excelled in all outdoor sports, as riding, rowing, swimming, and running. A strong constitution thus built up, served him throughout his life. When tempted to dissipation and the frailties of youth, he would demand of himself what would his preceptors and those he respected do under similar circumstances; and, thus strengthened, he would thrust temptation behind him. He was a naturalist of keen observation. He was interested in the Indians, and he won their confidence and respect in early life, and he held it throughout. When he finished college he began the study of law in the office of George Wythe, who had the distinction of teaching law not only to Jefferson, but to John Marshall, our most distinguished Chief Justice, and to Henry Clay, who was twice a candidate for the presidency. Even as a youth, Jefferson became the companion of the Governor of Virginia, and of some of the most distinguished men of the state. Following his admission to the bar, he very quickly achieved prominence, and became one of the most successful lawyers of his day. With these important but seldom

mentioned facts in mind, can you not visualize a great man in the making? He entered public life clean, with no blot on his character, and with no cause for regrets, nor anything to explain.

It is impossible for me in the course of this brief address to detail all the many brilliant services which Jefferson during his long and full life rendered his country, but he rendered certain services of such exceptional interest and of such far reaching consequences that I must not neglect them.

One of the most important services that Jefferson rendered was his successful attack upon the then existing laws of Virginia in respect to entail and primogeniture. Under the system of entail and primogeniture, lands could be entailed so that, passing on the death of the owner to the elder son, they would not be subject to sale or forfeiture under any circumstances, or to be bequeathed to any but the eldest son in each generation thereafter. Under this iniquitous system, in a country where great areas of land had been acquired by the rich, it would have been inevitable with the growth of the country that we would have developed a landed aristocracy of great wealth and power, with riches ever further gravitating into the hands of a very few persons; and, at the same time, a multitude of others who might well be termed the disinherited, with this multitude of the disinherited not only solely dependent upon their labor for their sustenance, but shut off from the resources of nature wherewith to apply their labor except upon such terms as the landed aristocracy might be willing to concede them employment. This would have promoted a condition in which those born rich would have become richer, and those born poor would almost inevitably have remained poor. It would have closed the door of opportunity, and it would have made the lucky circumstance of birth and not high qualities of mind, or genius, or industry the controlling factor in individual progress and achievement. No greater evil can befall a country than a monopoly of its land, for it places the prosperity of the many in the hands of a few, stifles competition, creates a small group of idle rich and a very large group of idle poor. The latter not idle of their own volition, but because of conditions they cannot control. As the poet Goldsmith has well said:

"Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay,
Princes and lords may flourish or may fade,-
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied".

Jefferson struck at the very heart of the evil of entail and primogeniture. He was successful. The system was destroyed never to be revived while free institutions flourish in our land. We of this generation never having experienced the consequences of the old system, accept the

present status as a matter of course, but we owe to Jefferson and to those who aided him in uprooting it a debt of gratitude so deep and lasting that no words of mine are adequate to give expression to it.

Another great accomplishment of Jefferson was the Louisiana purchase. Louisiana and the Floridas belonged to Spain, but Napoleon Bonaparte rising to the zenith of his power, elated with the success of his military genius, the embodiment of the militaristic spirit which dominated France at the time, which later brought her to the verge of ruin after saturating the soil of Europe with the lifeblood of the two generations of its bravest men, saw in the vast Louisiana territory an opportunity for a Napoleonic empire in the new world that would be comparable with the dynasty he was erecting in Europe, and he acquired the territory from Spain through a secret treaty which was to us as startling as it was sinister. Jefferson ever alert, ever vigilant in what he conceived to be the interest of our country, saw clearly that the treaty ceded to France not only territory in the way of the mouth of the Mississippi River and along much of its length, but further transferred to Napoleonic control thereby, the vast area beyond; in fact a very large percentage of our continent, including much of America of the very richest promise.

To secure a full realization of the situation, and the menace which the acquisition of the territory by Napoleon involved, we must refresh our memories as to the ambition which filled his mind, and which converted all Europe into a battle field. Napoleon had already bent France to his will; Great Britain, Italy, Austria, Greece and Egypt had suffered from his imperialistic designs; the whole world was aghast at his successes, and was alarmed at what next he might attempt. Jefferson saw all this and saw also that our beloved country was beset by Great Britain on the north, still smarting from her defeat at Yorktown, and Napoleon in the south, with his insatiate desire for power which I have described, and surpassing anything the world had witnessed since the days of Alexander the Great. But Jefferson was too wary to betray his alarm, though he let France know in a dignified way our concern, and then with a wariness that was unremitting, he watched the course of events. They favored us; Napoleon determined again to wage war with Great Britain, and needing funds for this purpose, and willing to defer his conquest of the new world possibly until he made certain of the destruction of Great Britain, the only country in Europe he really feared, he eventually entertained Jefferson's proposals for the purchase by the U.S. of the Louisiana territory. Jefferson acquired it for fifteen million dollars. The vast territory acquired for this ridiculously low figure includes the present states of Arkansas, Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, Louisiana, Iowa, Montana, Wyoming, and the Dakotas. His act was denounced at the time as unconstitutional, as being beyond his authority, and for other divers reasons; but, after more than a century, the world is today practically unanimously of the opinion that it was one of the greatest achievements in our history. We not only secured the vast territory, but the war between Great Britain and France weakened both of

these great powers and while they were engaged in it we had opportunity to gain strength for the second war with Great Britain which followed ten years later. But of course of all Jefferson's achievements, his authorship of The Declaration of Independence will ever be the chief in the hearts of our countrymen. Should every other act of his pass into oblivion in the cycles of time, the memory of this one will ever be cherished. Nor is his glorification for this noble production confined to our land, but wherever mankind aspires to liberty or values liberty attained, Jefferson's clear enunciation in this document of the unalterable truths upon which liberty is based has won him esteem that will endure from generation to generation. When the Continental Congress selected the committee to frame the declaration of independence upon which they were determined, Jefferson, though but a young man (he was only 33 years old), received the largest number of votes of all nominated, and though his associates on the committee included such illustrious men as Benjamin Franklin, John Adams, Roger Sherman and Robert Livingston, they unanimously committed the composition of the document to Jefferson. It was a fortunate selection, for Jefferson with a vision and a daring that disclosed his greatness, brushed aside the conventional lines that might well have been expected, of basing the declaration upon a list of grievances and denunciation of King and Parliament only, and in lieu thereof framed the Declaration upon an enumeration of principles upon which all Governments should be based; and he also set forth more clearly, logically and forcibly than had ever previously been enunciated the inalienable rights of men, and the justification of mankind for dissolving Governments whenever such failed to secure these rights or violated them, and to establish new governments along proper lines in the place of those deposed.

Not only did the document set forth these most vital matters more clearly, logically and forcibly than they had ever before been enunciated, but the manner of their presentation was in every respect so perfect that though more than a century and a half has intervened, no one has ever since improved upon it. The Declaration of Independence stands today absolutely unrivaled in its field, and though it has been criticised and assailed during all this time, it is stronger in the hearts of those who love freedom than it ever was. Next to the Ten Commandments, it stands today the most famous proclamation known to history. Jefferson was engaged upon the Declaration of Independence for twenty days. His associates on the committee made a few minor changes. In Congress it was debated for three days. A few trifling additions were made, and some eliminations, chief among which was Jefferson's reference to slavery. Jefferson was opposed to slavery, and I do not doubt if he had seen an opportunity for a simple denunciation of slavery in principle that he would have grasped it, and that he would have been far more radical than he was, but the opportunity was not present, and such denunciation as he felt free to make of slavery as an institution he had to couple with the tyrannous acts of the King; but, with this, Congress would not agree. Throughout the three days' discussion Jefferson sat silent, preferring to let his work stand or fall on the judgment of his associates

than to urge its adoption by personal argument; and, eventually he had the satisfaction of witnessing its adoption even though those who signed it did so at the risk of their lives. Jefferson's life was a record of service, of indefatigable industry in the establishment and development of our country, unmarred by selfish purposes, unsullied by corruption or evil, and even those of us who differ with his political opinions, must hold him in the highest respect for his unique and unrivaled contributions to the foundation of a republican form of government on this continent.

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ANDREW JACKSON

Good evening, Radio Friends: The subject of my remarks to-night is no less a personage than Andrew Jackson, seventh President of the United States, and one of the most striking, picturesque, and romantic characters in American history. An address upon Andrew Jackson to-night is timely, as this is the anniversary of his birthday. He was born March 15, 1767, or just 160 years ago to-day.

The history of the United States is replete with stories of national heroes, who have risen from humble stations to greatness, and the lives of not a few of these heroes have been marked by many thrilling experiences, but among all our national heroes there is none who outranks Andrew Jackson either in the interest, or the variety, or the rapid sequence of his adventures.

Jackson's life was a life of romance, of adventures, of melodramatic episodes, of escapades, of hair-breadth escapes, and of successes. These began at such an early age, followed each other in such rapid succession, and continued so far through life that his biography seems to resemble fiction more than fact. Even the brilliant imagination of Dumas, who has invented for his heroes exploits that have held in breathless suspense millions of interested readers the world over, has conceived nothing more thrilling than episodes in the life of Andrew Jackson; but beyond this, he stands in a way absolutely unique among our national heroes, in that he represents first, a phase of American life, second, an era of our development, and third, a section of our country in a way no one else had done.

Though he had only sufficient schooling to enable him to read and write, yet he was brilliant in many respects. Uncouth, almost savage at times, with no hesitancy to strike or to slay, yet later in life he attained dignity, and throughout his life he had a gentle side to his nature that distinguished him among all his contemporaries. He was an Indian fighter, a duelist, a jurist, a politician, a statesman, a general of rare strategy and force, and eventually he became President. Jackson embodied in his single

fiery personality a whole phase of American history. A phase into which a goodly part of this country entered practically simultaneously with the rebellion of the colonies, and which endured until we entered the threshold of those stirring events which culminated in the Civil War. Andrew Jackson was of Scotch-Irish ancestry, the son of parents who emigrated to this country from the little harbor of Carrackfergus, on the Coast of the north of Ireland, and no one among all his forebears appears ever to have achieved distinction even in this tiny village. He was born like so many other distinguished Americans in a little log cabin, so rough and so crude that it would not be acceptable to-day even as a shelter for domestic cattle, let alone as an abode for human beings, and this was located just on the border line between North and South Carolina. As cheap as land was in those early days, when almost every man could aspire to some of mother earth, and partake of her bounties, it seems that the Jacksons were so poor that they were unable to acquire any of it, and when Andrew's father died, as he did before Andrew was born, the expectant mother had to seek shelter in the home of her relatives, where she gave her services in return for the support of herself and offspring. Andy was a wild, daring, mischievous youngster, and as he emerged into boyhood, the age in which lads of spirit ordinarily take interest in stories of adventure, of Indians, of warfare, and the like, we find him not reading of the adventure of others, but participating "on his own" in wild adventure; in fact, a very active participant, young as he was, in the turmoil around him, incident to the war of the rebellion. The war between Great Britain and the colonies was in full blast. Its horrors were decimating our firesides. The glow of burning homes illuminated the fields, and the defenders of our institutions were filling patriotic graves.

Throughout the Carolinas the conditions were exceptionally terrible, even for these dark days: the population was divided between those who supported the colonies, and those who still stood for the King. There were assaults, burnings, killings and reprisals, with occasional forays of British troops under the brave but merciless Tarleton. One of these forays penetrated to the very home of Andrew, killed 113 of his neighbors, and sorely wounded very many more than were killed. Now for a time the mischievous Andy turned nurse, and worked among the wounded; then, though too young to join the organized forces of the colonies, he yet accompanied them on several of their expeditions. He and his brothers participated in the terrible strife that went on around them, defending our land as best they could, with the meager means at their command. Both of his brothers were killed in the course of the struggle. His mother, too, gave her life for her country, dying while on an expedition to succor American prisoners of war in the hands of the British. Though Andrew was no more than a child, yet he was in the thick of the fray. He was but 14 when, while participating in a foray against the British troops, his little band was trapped and cut to pieces. Andrew was made a prisoner and he showed his dauntless spirit even at this early age in defying his captors, though any ordinary lad would have been overwhelmed by his misfortune. His captor, a British officer, ordered him

to black his boots, Andrew scorned him, told him in effect that though he was a prisoner of war, he was not a bootblack, and he demanded treatment as a prisoner of war. At this, the officer, enraged, cut him down with his sword, inflicting wounds upon his hand and head, the scars of which he bore to his grave, but it is not in evidence that he ever blacked the boots.

Young Andy was penned up with scores of other prisoners in a British pest hole, abused, derided, and starved until he ultimately contracted smallpox, but through all his misfortunes his brave, dauntless spirit survived. At 15 years of age he found himself motherless, his two brothers killed, his best friends driven from their homes, and many of them slaughtered, his own frame tortured by his wounds and the pangs of disease. The hatred of Great Britain, the cause of his misfortunes, was strong in his heart. There is no doubt, but this hatred influenced his whole subsequent career. His critics say he could not spell correctly, that he spelled one word four different ways on a single page of writing, but the fate of America in those days was hanging not on those who could spell right, but upon those who could shoot right, and courage, not schooling, was the criterion of the efficient man of the day. In course of time he became a saddler, then a lawyer. As a young man he was gay, he still retained his love of mischief, of sport and of frolic. He participated in all the pastimes of his age, in cock fighting, racing, hunting, but he was more than diligent with it all, and at 21 he was appointed public prosecutor for the entire western district of North Carolina. It is difficult to picture in our times of orderly legal procedure the duties and the dangers experienced by the public prosecutor in those stormy days, and in the wild and lawless country where Jackson lived. He was in danger not only from the lawless element it was his duty to prosecute, but from the marauding Indians, who lay in ambush along his way as he passed from district to district. During this dangerous time, in the vicinity of Nashville, the Indians averaged a victim every ten days. Jackson traversed his district ever at the risk of his life, and he established a reputation for fearlessness as well as competency that distinguished him in all the country around.

Jackson was a member of the convention that framed the Constitution of the State of Tennessee. Subsequently on admission of Tennessee to the Union, he became its representative to Congress, and when only 30 years old became a Senator from that State. At this time he is described by one of his contemporaries as a "tall, lank, uncouth looking personage, with long locks of hair hanging over his face, and a cue down his back tied in an eel skin; his dress singular, his manner and deportment that of a rough backwoodsman". Yet later in life, he acquired, as I have previously said, a distinguished and elegant bearing. While in the Senate he was of such a choleric temper that Jefferson, who was then president of the Senate, observed that Jackson was never able to speak in that body, for every time he attempted to, he so filled with rage that he choked. Nowadays what happens in the Senate occasionally makes the rest of the world so provoked that we are in danger of choking. I suspect it was simply that

Jackson was too natural to conceal his emotions.

I have referred to Andrew Jackson as typical of certain phases of American life; of phases which are now happily nonexistent, and survive only in tradition. The "code of honor" is a phase of this class. Andrew Jackson was a duelist. In his day and in the turbulent section wherein he was active, every man who aspired to be regarded as a gentleman treasured as among his most precious possessions a brace of dueling pistols. These pistols were quite as essential in those turbulent days to a well ordered household, as a bag of golf clubs are to-day. Jackson fought several duels, chief among which was that with a man named Dickinson. Dickinson was celebrated as the best marksman in all the country around. On the way to the dueling grounds he gave an exhibition of his marksmanship to his friends, the mark being pendant by a string, but instead of aiming at the mark he amused himself by aiming at the string and severing it with his bullet, telling the bystanders in effect if Jackson came along to show him the kind of shooting he was to expect. In due time Jackson faced him. Deadly enmity filled the hearts of both men. They came with a fixed determination, each to kill the other. When the word came to fire, they were but a few paces apart. The venom in the eyes of each was distinctly observable by the other. Jackson knew Dickinson would be quicker on the trigger than he himself could be, yet calmly imperturbably with death staring him in the face he stood unmoved awaiting the signal to fire. As Dickinson raised his weapon, aimed and fired, the spectators all anticipated Jackson's immediate death. To the amazement of all, and particularly to the amazement of Dickinson, Jackson did not collapse with the shot, but stood erect, still, and glaring at Dickinson with his kindling eyes, then slowly and deliberately Jackson aimed. His quietness, his precision, his steadiness filled his victim with fear, his face blanched and he recoiled. Jackson pulled his trigger but it caught half cocked, he released it, pulled again, and Dickinson fell mortally wounded. Jackson turned from his fallen foe to his friends, and they started to walk together from the field, when one of them observed that Jackson's shoe was full of blood; Dickinson had proved to be actually the marksman he was reputed to be. His aim had not failed. His bullet had broken Jackson's ribs above his heart, and had inflicted a wound which while not fatal was so severe that it troubled Jackson to his dying day. But Jackson's nerve, his fortitude, and his courage sustained him in the hour of trial, and he was successful in concealing from Dickinson for the brief hours that preceded his death that Dickinson had inflicted the injury he had. Jackson wanted to injure Dickinson's pride in his marksmanship and to conceal from Dickinson until death occurred that Dickinson's aim had been true.

It was of course natural with Jackson's early training and in view of his impetuous nature for him to become a soldier, and as Major General of militia in a campaign against the Greek Indians, he demonstrated that he was a fearless, able, tireless commander. It was in the second war with Great Britain, however, that Jackson found his great opportunity.

The suffering Great Britain had inflicted on Jackson and upon his family was still fresh in Jackson's heart when the second war with Great Britain occurred. It was with delight that he accepted a commission as Major General in the U. S. Regular Army when it was tendered him in 1814. Jackson threw himself into the fray with an enthusiasm that will ever remain one of the brightest examples for the emulation of our commanders. But it takes more than enthusiasm to achieve victories; it calls for all that a commander has of talent, of military skill, of sagacity, of the power to command men, of enthusing them; together with eternal vigilance, with tenacity of purpose in the face of discouragement, and finally the courage to dare in the face of great danger. In all these high qualities Jackson showed himself above comparison. . . Finally, after several campaigns in each of which he showed marked merit, the eventful day in which he achieved renown for all time arrived. It was January 8, 1815, when at New Orleans he stood face to face with the seasoned British veterans fresh from their victories in the Spanish Peninsula. The British numbered 12,000 - the Americans but 6,000. The Commander of the British was the celebrated Sir Edward Packingham. A sorry outlook it seemed for the poor backwoodsman and those who followed him, but he was not dismayed. He stationed his forces with consummate skill, he enthused his men with dauntless courage, and when the day closed he had inflicted upon the enemy one of the worst defeats history has ever recorded. The Americans lost in that decisive battle only 8 killed and 13 wounded, while the British, incredible as it seems, lost 2,600. A more gallant feat of arms this country never celebrated before, nor since. The American people were so elated at this success, and so grateful for his services that it entrusted him with other important commissions, and finally in 1828 testified to their supreme confidence in him by electing him President of the United States, and this confidence they confirmed by re-electing him at the expiration of his term. His election was the first great political triumph of the West. Again, as a candidate for the Presidency, he was typical of that strong, if rough, western territory whence he had sprung, with all its faults perhaps, but likewise embodying its virtues. Its intense determination, its dauntless enterprise, its unflinching courage, its intense Americanism, its unbounded confidence in itself, in our institutions and in the future of these institutions. Jackson stood in his day and he still stands the embodiment of that restless American spirit born of the American Revolution and which continued even beyond the Civil War, and that has defied all physical obstacles, mountain chains, deserts, forests, and has carried civilization across the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific; that spirit which has erected the world's greatest democracy where but a few generations ago there was only a wilderness. What does it matter if that spirit was oftentimes compassed by the rough and illiterate woodsman, by the unlettered driver of the covered wagon, or by the wild and reckless cowboy? We must not be prejudiced against those who wrought such miracles, but credit them for the marvels they achieved, and honor them for the foundations they laid with such pain and sacrifice. Without those foundations, the blessings that are now common to us all,

would never have been achieved.

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THE BOYHOOD OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

I am going to talk to you to-night on the boyhood of Lincoln. Boyhood has a charm all its own. It is always intriguing, and I have long had a particularly keen interest in the boyhood of our great historical characters. Almost always their boyhood is colorful, and not infrequently it is replete with episodes of exceptional interest. But aside from this, certain it is we cannot come to a full understanding of any of our historical characters until we have learned of their boyhood, and know from what they have risen as well as the heights they have attained. American history abounds with dramatic stories of famous men who, passing their boyhood amid humble surroundings, have nevertheless not only emerged from it, but have eventually risen to the very pinnacles of greatness; but, throughout the list, the story of Abraham Lincoln stands out as the most thrilling of all. No one could start from a more humble plane than he did, and no one has achieved a greater eminence. I think that even though we may not be conscious of the fact, one reason we hold Lincoln in such high esteem is that his life, probably more than the life of any other famous man, typifies most nearly the history of that thrilling period in American history wherein the pioneers, descendants of the pilgrims, penetrated the western prairies and participated, even at the risk of the nation, the settlement once and forever of the hideous question of slavery. In this connection let me remind you there was the circumstance of his descent from pilgrim ancestors; his pioneer parents ever restlessly penetrating hither and thither through the wilderness; striving to reclaim it; suffering heartbreaking vicissitudes; yet never despairing but struggling ever onward; then his humble birth; and finally, his subsequent progress step by step until, leading the nation in its life and death struggle, the eyes of the world focused upon him. Each chapter in Lincoln's history has its counterpart in the history of our country, and the sequence of the chapters corresponds with the sequence of events in our national life. To enable you to visualize Lincoln both in respect to his antecedents and the environment of his boyhood, let me please remind you that his forebears on both sides, emigrated from England. On his father's side from Norfolk, in 1638, or 171 years before Lincoln's birth, yet none of them through these many years had achieved any distinction. His mother's family also was of humble birth, and likewise without anyone of distinction to relieve the drab monotony of existence. Lincoln's grandfather on his father's side, after whom he was named, was a typical pioneer; self-reliant, courageous and hardy; competent to wrest his livelihood from the wilderness; and seeking in the wilderness, the freedom and adventure he seems to have prized above everything else. He ventured through the wilds of Kentucky, and there built a little cabin near the site of the present city of Louisville, but then only a little outpost. Grandfather Abraham Lincoln had three small sons, Thomas,

Mordecai, and Josiah, and one day while working in the clearing just in front of his little cabin, with his boys playing about him a band of marauding Indians crept up, with typical stealth and cunning. They killed him from ambush. Soon as he fell, Josiah, who was at his side, sprang to the surrounding brush to make his way with all possible speed, not to seek shelter for himself, but to the little fort or outpost to summon aid. Mordecai ran for his life to the cabin close by. There he knew his father's gun was ever ready. Reaching the gun, he thrust it through a hole. He was just in time to see an Indian seize little Thomas, the youngest of the trio, only six years old, in his murderous grasp. Mordecai aimed quickly at a little white ornament on the Indian's breast; he knew his brother's life was at stake, but notwithstanding his exertion and excitement, his nerves and hand must have been as steady as a veteran's, for his aim was true, and the Indian fell dead from Mordecai's first shot. Little Thomas at the moment, ran as fast, you may be assured, as his little legs would carry him to the shelter of the cabin, and the protecting musket of Mordecai. Together the children held the cabin against their foes until the siege was raised by the help Josiah brought from the fort. Is it not a perfect picture of our early days? Is it not an epitome of the tragedy in the lives of our pioneers? Largely by their courage and sacrifice this nation has been created from the wilderness. This little boy Thomas, my friends, rescued from the very jaws of death through the courage and marksmanship of Mordecai, and quick wit and fleetness of Josiah, became the father of Abraham Lincoln! The little orphan, Thomas, thus cast upon the world to shift for himself became a wandering hired boy, dependent upon doing chores and odd jobs wherever he could find refuge. He grew to manhood physically strong and athletic above the average, but without any schooling. It was not until after his marriage to Nancy Hanks, and years after Lincoln's birth by her, that he learned even to write his own name, or how to read. Wandering restlessly from job to job, he picked up some knowledge of carpentering, and cabinet making, but he seems never to have achieved success either at his trade, or otherwise. He drifted from place to place, with no vicious habits, it is true, but always leading a precarious, vagrant existence. He never emerged from poverty. When Thomas was in his 28th year he married Nancy Hanks. Nancy too came of poor pioneer parents. She used the rifle and tools of the backwoods farmer, and not only killed game, but dressed the skins. She did as well all those other duties of the women of her day and place. She had qualities of mind and character above the average. Also she was good looking. Lincoln said of her at the time of his father's death that however unpromising her early surroundings had been, she was intellectual, had a strong memory, acute judgment, and was cool and heroic. Later, speaking to William H. Seward, he said "All that I am or hope to be, I owe to my angel mother - blessings on her memory". Lincoln was born of these humble parents February 12, 1809, in a little log cabin. His cousin Dennis, who lived two miles away, has told of Thomas coming over to his home and bringing the news the day of Lincoln's birth. Of course the family was all excitement at once. Little Dennis started on the run to see the new baby. His mother hurried up her work and followed him as quickly

as she could. On arrival at the Lincolns' cabin, she cooked some dried berries and honey for Nancy, gave Baby Abe his first bath, slicked up the cabin, and returned home, and that was the immortal Abraham Lincoln's introduction to the world. How marvelous it is that Abraham Lincoln, the offspring of these humble parents, brought forth in the heart of the wilderness, in this tiny, obscure cabin, his advent known to but a single family aside from his own parents, should have risen to the presidency of the United States, to guide it with his inspiration and superb leadership through the most perilous days of our national existence, and destined to ever endure in history as one of the world's greatest men! A few years later, we find another Nancy, father Thomas, sister Sarah, and Abe, now a little boy of seven, living in Indiana in what was then known as a "half faced camp". A cabin about 14 feet square, with the bare earth for a floor, not even made of logs, but merely of poles, with no chimney, and entirely open on one side. Of course in such a shed, there was so much outdoors indoors, and so much indoors outdoors, no windows were essential and they had none. A few branches and the skins of wild animals served as beds. At this time Indiana averaged but three persons to the square mile, and Illinois to which the ever restless roving Thomas took them later, even fewer. Agriculture such as it was, employed the crudest implements, including primitive plows, or in their absence spades. Their guns were flintlocks, muzzle loading. Their chief illuminant, the flickering logs of the camp fire. Up to the arrival of the Lincolns in Indiana, little Abe had never seen a church, and if he had ever heard a sermon it must have been from some itinerant preacher holding forth in the open. Thomas was, in his way, solicitous about little Abe's future, and his ambition was to provide Abe a good education, but his idea of a good education was no more than that he should be able to "cipher clean through the rithmetic". It was at his mother's side little Abe learned to read. It was his mother who inspired him to study. As a matter of fact, though during Lincoln's boyhood, he had four or five different teachers, he had in all less than a year's schooling, and some say not more than four months. Lincoln as a child had no slate, nor paper on which to do his simple sums. He used the sand and clay of Mother Earth and a piece of sharpened stick instead. On some occasions he did his figuring with a piece of charcoal from the camp fire on the back of a big wooden shovel. When he had a shovel full of arithmetic, so to speak, he rubbed it off and began again. Once to his great delight he came into possession of a copy book. This must indeed have been a treasure. This inspired him to rhyme. In this rhyme the humor that was one of his distinguishing qualities in later life manifested itself. He wrote in his copy book:

"Abraham Lincoln
his hand and pen,
he will be good, but
God knows when".

Ah, yes my friends, God did know when, and aided Lincoln through the perilous days of the rebellion, and as he piloted the ship of

state amid the dangers that beset it! If you had chanced to come across Abe Lincoln in the days of his boyhood, there in the backwoods, you would have found him long of leg, thin but with astonishing strength. His winter garb consisted of breeches and hunting jacket of deer skin, a hat of coon skin and shoes of cowhide. - In summer barefoot and probably bare headed, and the hunting shirt replaced by one of mixed linen and wool. He spent his time hunting, trapping, fishing, picking berries and doing chores. Is it not amazing that from such primitive surroundings, with such handicaps as have been described, with practically no schooling, there should have developed a leader who aroused the conscience of millions; an emancipator who freed a race; a commander whose army clung steadfast though its blood saturated a hundred fields; a president who inspired a nation; an orator who enthralled the world; one whose love for mankind, patience, modesty and humility will endure as long as our history is handed down to posterity!

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ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Good evening friends:

Throughout the United States to-day in the year 1931, 125 million people are doing honor to Abraham Lincoln. Sixty-six years have passed since his tragic death at the hands of an assassin. There are very few who are participating in any of the memorial ceremonies to-night who were living when Lincoln perished. What then were the events in his life, and what were the contributions he made to our nation that impel us to do him honor, and justify us not only in cherishing his memory ourselves, but in handing down to our children and our children's children the same sacred commitment? Abraham Lincoln stands out conspicuously and commanding, even among the galaxy of distinguished characters who in critical times and in great emergencies have guided the policies and shaped the destinies of our country. He stands forth as an exemplification of that tradition we love so dearly, that under the beneficent influence of our democratic institutions, men of humble birth and environment can emerge, and do emerge to assume the highest place in our national life to direct our progress and further achievement. Abraham Lincoln's origin and life symbolize the progress and development of our nation during parallel times, and better, more dramatically and accurately than the origin and life of any other man. It symbolizes that dramatic period in American history, when the hardy pioneers who had already reclaimed from the primeval wilderness a narrow fringe along the Atlantic coast, plunged further into the plains and forests of the West to reclaim Kentucky, Illinois, Indiana, and the adjacent territory. To get a true picture of Lincoln we must get the perspective of his antecedents. Lincoln's grandfather was a

typical pioneer; self-reliant, courageous, hardy, who sought in the wilderness the freedom and adventure he prized above everything else. He penetrated the wilds of Kentucky until close to the site of the present city of Louisville. Here he built a shelter for himself and his three motherless boys. One day while working in the clearing close by the crude little shelter, while the boys played nearby, the Indians crept up and killed him from ambush. One of the boys, Josiah, standing nearest to him, sprang into the surrounding brush, and with all possible speed made his way to a little outpost fort to summon aid. Another of the boys, Mordecai, ran for the cabin, and as he reached it he seized a gun, and not a moment too soon. Turning he saw one of the Indians seize his little brother Thomas, only six years old, in his murderous grasp. Think my friends of this thrilling moment, the father lying dead, one brother in flight and his fate unknown, the other struggling to pull away from his savage captor. The lad aimed at a little white amulet on the Indian's chest, and panting, as we can imagine, from his exertion and excitement, knowing not at what moment other Indians of the marauding band would attack the cabin, he pulled the trigger. His shot flew true. The Indian fell dead, and little Thomas slipped from his death grip. Thomas ran for dear life to the protection of the cabin. Together the two children held it until help came from the fort. This little orphan Thomas, thus thrown on the world, drifted from settler to settler. He grew strong and vigorous. In time he became a carpenter and cabinet maker. Eventually he married Nancy Hanks, of almost equally humble surroundings, and from this union sprang Abraham Lincoln. Little Abe was born to these humble parents 122 years ago to-day, in a little log cabin, in the heart of the wilderness. The nearest neighbor was two miles away. Lincoln's father brought the news. The family was all excitement at once. The mother of the household hurried over to the Lincoln cabin, cooked some dried berries and honey for Nancy, gave little Abe his first bath, slicked up the cabin, then returned home, and that was the introduction to this world of the immortal Lincoln. How marvelous it is my friends, that Abraham Lincoln, born of these humble parents, in the heart of the wild wilderness, in this obscure cabin, his advent unknown except to one family aside from his own parents, should rise to the presidency of the United States, become the most commanding figure in the world of his day, and so enshrine himself in the hearts of a grateful people that they are celebrating his birth to-day, one hundred and twenty-two years after its occurrence, and with promise, moreover, to do so in perpetuity. Lincoln's childhood was a life of privation. His home a "half face cabin", with the earth for a floor; with no chimney; without windows, for windows were unnecessary since the structure had but three walls, the fourth side being entirely open to the weather. It was not even constructed of logs, but of poles only, with the interstices filled with clay. Lincoln's father was solicitous about little Abe's education, but his idea of what constituted a good education was no more than to be able to figure clean through the arithmetic. It was to his mother that little Abe turned, at her knee that he learned to read, and from her he secured his inspiration for study. In all he had less than a year's schooling, yet such were his natural gifts and his indomitable industry and

perseverance in the pursuit of knowledge, that his letters, addresses, and state papers are unsurpassed for beauty of expression, lucidity, logic, and purity of form. Lincoln's rise was not meteoric. In many of his ambitions he suffered disappointment and defeat. He loved a beautiful girl, and she died. He engaged in business, and it failed. He aspired to an appointment, but was not named. He aspired to the Senate, and was defeated. His friends tried to nominate him for the Vice-presidency, and did not succeed. But he struggled on. He rose from plane to plane by perseverance, by industry, and by acquitting himself in whatever he undertook to the best of his ability. Thus he strengthened himself for the difficult tasks ahead. Whether he was splitting rails, piloting a flatboat, clerking, surveying, acting as postmaster, practicing law, or canvassing for votes, he steadily progressed in the hearts of his countrymen. Year after year his vision broadened, higher ideals inspired his ambition, until chastened and strengthened he became the logical champion for that titanic struggle that was to determine the fate of our union. Never in our history has there been a more thrilling duel between leaders in opposite political parties than the dramatic debates between Lincoln and Douglas; nor has there ever been another such contest with so momentous an outcome. These debates presaged the terrible Civil War which only a few years later brought our nation to the brink of ruin, and cost both sides not only the destruction of hundreds of millions of dollars of property, but hundreds of thousands of human lives and untold misery and distress. Lincoln could not have been pitted against a more dangerous adversary. Douglas had acquired skill as a debater in hundreds of previous engagements. He was arrogant in his strength and skill. He was unafraid, audacious, and unscrupulous. He knew his political life and all that he cherished in connection with it depended upon the outcome, and he fought with desperation. Yet Lincoln proved his equal in every encounter, and more than this he outranked Douglas in strategy. Lincoln forced Douglas into a position wherein Douglas, to win his election as Senator would have to jeopardize if not destroy his chance of gaining two years later the presidency. Lincoln's sagacity was vindicated, though Douglas promptly was elected Senator, Lincoln two years afterwards defeated him for the presidency. In February, 1860, Lincoln delivered in Cooper Union the most carefully prepared and momentous address of his career. Joseph Hodges Choate talked to him just prior to the address, and he has said that he saw in his countenance little evidence of that marvelous brain that "had raised him to the highest station among his countrymen." Choate found him ill at ease, and apprehensive as a young man before a strange audience, but when speaking Lincoln seemed transformed, his voice ringing, his eyes kindling and his face seeming to light up the whole assembly. This assembly consisted of the most intellectual citizens of our city, and he held them as though in the hollow of his hand. And then followed his election as president, and those subsequent troublous, terrible years when he bore in his big understanding heart the sorrows of our nation. Oh! how deep the sorrow! How terrible the suffering! Who can look upon his portrait without a welling heart? The melancholy of those deep set eyes. The furrows of anxiety; care and responsibility deep driven by the horrors of Civil War, in every feature.

When nature moulded those haunting features, the mould was broken. No man knows a visage like it. Lincoln preserved the Union. Lincoln emancipated a race. Lincoln paid the supreme sacrifice. But his spirit, his ideals, his inspiration are with us yet, for you, and for you, my friends, if we do but aspire for them. They are ours to fortify us in our love for our country, and to hold us ever steadfast to justice, to equality of opportunity, to liberty and progress.

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OLD POSTAL SYSTEMS

Good afternoon, Friends:

In telling you about old time postal systems, I am sure you will want to hear of what the monasteries of Europe, and the great colleges of Europe contributed in these respects, for their accomplishments have almost passed from memory. In the eleventh and twelfth centuries there were several monastic orders such as the Order of the Chartreuse and the Order of Cistercians which established monasteries in various places in Europe in rapid succession. It is said of the Cistercians that they had close upon a thousand abbeys, chapels or monasteries in almost as many different places. Just as to-day we have chain stores with branches all over the country, so in the old days of which I speak the monastic brotherhoods had their branch abbeys and monasteries, and of course numerous churches and other religious establishments. Obviously it was necessary for the ecclesiastics at the head of these orders to keep in touch with their many widely scattered missionaries and priests, so it came about that they employed messengers to travel with messages from one to another, and gradually these messengers became organized into an efficient body of couriers. Strangely enough, practically simultaneously with the development and spread of the monasteries, colleges and universities came into being, and they too discovered that it was necessary to communicate at frequent intervals one with the other, and they too established courier or post systems for the purpose. The colleges went further than this, and developed a post system or courier system whereby the students and their parents were enabled to exchange letters, bullion, small parcels and the like. These colleges you see had agencies corresponding to the different branches of our present postal system as parcel post, letters, money orders, etc. I have no doubt that the college boy in those distant days was not only as much of a family luxury as he is now, but even a greater drain than to-day on the family treasury in view of what the records show as to their need of bullion. Some time ago I heard of a boy who while at college wrote to his father at home, "No mon, no fun, your son", and the father promptly answered, "How sad, too bad, your dad".

You know my friends this is only history repeating itself, for as I have said, in the middle ages the college boy was just as impecunious as he is to-day, and this circumstance is reflected in a peculiar practice which came to existence in connection with these college postal systems I have been telling you about. You see the carriers or messengers of these universities who on their routes went from town to town, were exempted from military duty and were otherwise privileged. Now it so happened it was common for wealthy men to become the patrons or sponsors of poor students, paying their tuition and supporting them as needs be until they could support themselves. In some cases the lads had to bind themselves to work for these patrons after graduation so as to pay them back. But the patrons noting the privileges and exemptions enjoyed by the carriers or messengers that passed back and forth between them, secured the recognition by the universities of a title which was the equivalent of what we would now call an "honorary membership", in the messenger sodality, thus becoming titular messengers, and thereafter enjoying all of the advantages of the regular messengers in respect to exemptions and privileges, though of course it was beneath their dignity to do any messenger work, and they never did so. It is a very strange circumstance that in various parts of the world, in places far remote from each other, and at different times in the history of mankind, letter carriers have made a practice of carrying letters in split sticks. The sticks have ordinarily been three to five feet long, and split at one end, so as to permit the letters to be slipped between the two pieces, where they have been safely held by twine or thongs. In some cases the sticks or canes have been quite short, in fact not much longer than the handle of a hammer. Not infrequently the canes have been borne before the couriers with the letters held up like miniature banners, and again the canes have been carried over the shoulder with the letter to the rear. In some pictures the couriers are represented as though offering the letters to the person for whom they are intended and held out at arm's length on the end of the stick. The first mystery is why this method of carrying a letter should ever have been adopted by anyone, and the second mystery is how it came to be a practice among people of different nationalities, as for instance among the religious orders, and in Switzerland, Japan and Africa. Even to this day in parts of Africa where letters are still carried by native runners, the split stick is still used. This brings to my mind that in India, that land of mystery and extraordinary happenings, the native couriers who convey the mail from town to town on foot, running along narrow paths to the sparsely settled areas, and which commonly are infested by poisonous snakes, carry bracelets of bells on their ankles. These are large enough to make considerable noise as the Indian couriers swiftly run along with bare feet, and half clad bodies, and thus the snakes are frightened from the path and seek refuge in the nearby foliage. It is said that approximately 100,000 persons a year are killed in India by poisonous serpents, so you can well understand how necessary it is to protect the couriers from so horrible a death. Turning from the old world to the new, it comes to my mind that Humboldt, the great German scientist, in his book called "Picturesque Views of the Cordilleros", says that in South America,

in the latter part of the Eighteenth Century, he came across native letter carriers who would wrap their letters up in a cloth, which I understand was waterproofed, and tying it on their heads like a turban, would with the aid of a light log of wood, swim along the Amazon to their destination. The Amazon was the only means of journeying from place to place, because of the impenetrable jungle which comes down to its banks. These long distance swimmers, with the mail in their hats so to speak, carried no food but depended upon handouts from the villages along their routes. I suppose the natives were as glad to swap victuals for gossip as the swimmers were to swap gossip for victuals. Another strange means of carrying letters is the carrier pigeons. The wonderful, uncanny instinct of this remarkable bird which has defied investigation and research and remains as much a mystery to-day as it was to the ancients, has been utilized by men for centuries as a means of conveying messages. Five hundred years before Christ, Anacreon is supposed to have used pigeons to carry his love letters. They were equally useful in war. Besieged cities in the days of ancient Rome used pigeons to convey messages to their allies and to others of whom they sought help. Some postal enthusiasts point out that the pigeon Noah despatched from the Ark, and which came back with a twig in evidence that the flood had abated, must indeed have been a carrier pigeon. Forsooth since he carried the twig, it is self evident he must have been a carrier. I am not going to dispute it. I can say this though, that I have not only known of some pigeons that have been carriers, but some carriers who have been "birds". I guess it is an even thing. But seriously speaking again, from the time of Noah to the present, the most wonderful utilization of the pigeon was in the siege of Paris. It will be recalled in this connection that July 19, 1870, war broke out between Germany and France. The French planned to invade Germany, but their armies were driven back, outflanked and defeated. The French retreated, the Germans pursuing. By Sept. 15, 1870, the Germans appeared in force at the outer defenses of Paris. They quickly surrounded the city and the siege was on. Of course, it was vital to the French to keep open communications between the besieged city and the rest of the country. At first they concealed letters in copper balls, and at night cast them adrift in the swift flowing Seine, but the Germans detected the device, and thereafter caught the balls in nets stretched across the Seine. Then the French undertook to get their letters out by stealth, but those who essayed this difficult task seldom returned. Many were captured. Only a few succeeded in making more than one round trip. Balloons were also resorted to, but inasmuch as it was impossible to regulate their flight, even though they were released only when the winds seemed propitious, they were not generally successful. They did succeed, though, in getting several good loads of mail to the outside world, and they were useful too in aiding in the passage of carrier pigeons. Finally the French resorted to carrier pigeons as their chief means of carrying letters; notwithstanding they had on several previous occasions rejected suggestions that they be employed. After considerable experiment and experience, they devised an exceedingly thin film of collodion, and on

this they photographed the letters, reducing them in the process of photography to microscopic size. The photographs of a full letter sheet were no longer than a pin head. In fact they were not as large as a pin head. The film weighed so little, several could be sent by one bird, and it is said that of these microscopic letters a single bird has carried as many as thirty thousand. Just think of that, one pigeon carrying more than 30,000 letters. Of course on receipt of the tiny, microscopic letters, they had to be enlarged before they could be read. It cost ten cents a word to send one of these letters, and the postage on letters carried by a single bird amounted to many thousands of dollars. Some of the birds deserted. Some were overcome by storms. Some were killed by hawks loosed by the Germans for the purpose. Some were shot, and in all, the percentage of losses was very great. But my friends it all shows how the ingenuity of men strives to overcome all obstacles. Let us hope though no future wars will ever call for a revival of such expedients.

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OUR POSTAL SERVICE IN DAYS OF YORE (WRITTEN IN 1925)

It was about 1610 that the Dutch fur traders built their first rough huts on Manhattan, but not until 1623 that any actual settlement was effected. In this year thirty families known as Waloons took up their abode there, and at the same time, or very shortly thereafter, another group of them effected a small settlement on the site of the present "Wallabout" in Brooklyn. The connections of these families must of course in the beginning have been practically exclusively with the old world, aside from such necessity as there may have been for the settlers on Manhattan and those on the Wallabout to correspond with each other, and whatever letters were sent as a result of this inter-settlement necessity were carried by any chance neighbor that might be going in the right direction. Communication was maintained with the Old World by means of the occasional ships that spent many weary weeks in their voyages to and fro. These brought fresh colonists from time to time. With all those things to colonists required both for their own use and their trade with the Indians, and the ships carried back in exchange the furs, lumber, and other things secured by the colonists through barter, or grown on their new farms. There was no semblance of a postal service for many years, nor even so much as an established post office, but there developed a sort of co-operative handling of the mail as the colonists grew in strength, and the number of letters increased. It was the practice in Europe when a ship was about to sail from Holland, or in later years, during the British possession, from England, to announce the date of sailing well in advance, when all those who had occasion to write to their friends on this side of the Atlantic, would carry their letters to the ships and secure the good offices of the captain, or some other officer or member of the crew to bring them over. As soon as a

ship was sighted in the harbor the settlements would celebrate the arrival by gathering at the landing place, for the coming of a ship was not only a busy time for everybody, but it was a more or less festive occasion as well. The traders who had merchandise on board would commonly receive their letters direct from the captain, but the officers who had letters for persons who were not known to them, or who did not ask for them, would take the letters to the taverns, then known as "coffee houses", and in these, racks were provided, in which the letters would be stuck awaiting claimants. The racks were ordinarily made of boards, covered with green baize, upon which tape was tacked back and forth with brass headed tacks. The letters could be shoved just behind the tape, but so as to leave the address visible. Of course this method gave an excellent excuse for everybody to travel from one coffee house to another to make sure no letters were overlooked; an excuse very likely that would not have been so frequently availed of had the taverns served nothing stronger than coffee, but it seems that schnapps in the very early days, and later West Indian rum were the popular beverages. The most famous of all the old taverns utilized in the delivery of mail, was the Burns Coffee House, which was situated on Broadway, just opposite Bowling Green, and in its day the resort of the well to do. It is a noticeable fact that within a few feet of its site a branch of the New York Post Office is still maintained. Here would gather on "ship day" the excited, bustling burghers of substantial means from "Breucklin," Paulus Hook and Pavonia, as well as those who lived nearby on Manhattan. Another famous coffee house, built in 1642, stood at the head of Coenties Slip, and this was patronized very largely by those who crossed the East River in the market boats from Bergen, Gowanus and Breucklin. These boats were commonly rowed by stout Dutch women, the wives and daughters of the sturdy farmers of the day. Some regard this in fact as the first post office in New Amsterdam, and it has a particular interest to Brooklynites on account of the patronage upon which it depended being largely drawn from our side of the river. The system of coffee house delivery survived for close to three-quarters of a century, playing a very useful purpose in the simple life of the times. In many cases the letters held by the taverns were intended for people living far out in the little settlements on Long Island, or up the Hudson and in neighboring Jersey, and it was the practice when a traveler saw on one of the green baize boards a letter for some hamlet in the direction he was going, to carry it with him, even though he did not intend to pass through the particular place it was for, but with the thought that on reaching the vicinity for which it was intended he could hand it to someone else, so that eventually, passing from hand to hand it would reach the happy owner.

But in August, 1664 an English fleet under Colonel Richard Nicolls, having for its purpose the conquest of the New Netherlands, dropped anchor in Gravesend Bay, and whatever may have been the excitement on the arrival of the packets which have been mentioned, it was as nothing to the excitement this visit caused. Previously in March, 1664, Charles II, had granted to his brother the Duke of York, all of America lying between

the Connecticut River and the Delaware (and much more too), and his representative in the person of Colonel Nicolls, had come to claim the concession, and claim it he did most effectively, deposing the Dutch Government and establishing that of the Duke of York instead. But though his conquest set aside the Dutch Government of the colonies it did not very materially interfere with the customs of the colonists, and the coffee house delivery system continued on. In fact it continued until 1686, when it was ordered that all ship letters should be sent to the custom house, yet in the meantime the colonies had twice changed hands, passing first from the English to the Dutch, and then by the Westminster Treaty of Peace of February 6, 1674, back to the English again. In fact the coffee house system, unofficial though it was, proved more enduring than the Government itself. But the growing colonies called for something better. New York had grown to be a flourishing town, and settlements were well established in Broucklin, Mispot (Maspeth) Boewijck (Bushwick), Bedford, etc., and all now sections of Brooklyn, and in 1692 the municipal Government in New York established an official post office. Subsequently, in 1710, the British Government awoke to the necessities of the colonists, and the British Postmaster General directed the establishment of a "chief letter office" in the city of New York. How slow communication was between the colonies in the days of which we are dealing, will be appreciated from the letter which Governor Lovelace wrote in respect to the mail route he proposed to introduce January 1, 1673, whereby he designed to connect up New York, Massachusetts and the intervening territory. Doubtless the good Waloon colonists discussed this over their Christmas tables, laden with venison, wild turkey, and good Long Island duck, all very plentiful in those days with as much satisfaction as was felt by their townsfolk on Manhattan, since all were equally interested in the benefits the new service held forth. Governor Lovelace said in part: "This person that has undertaken the employment, I conceived most proper, being both active, stout and indefatigable. He is sworne as to his fidelity. I have affixed an anual salary on him, which, together with the advantages of his letters and other small portable packages, may afford him a handsome livelihood. Hardtford is the first stage I have designated him to change his horse, where constantly I expect he should have a fresh one lye. All the letters outward shall be delivered gratis, with a signification of Post Payed on the superscription, and reciprocally we expect all to us free. Each first Monday of the month he sets out from New York, and is to return within the month from Boston to us again. The mail has divers baggs, according to the townes the letters are designated to, which are all sealed up till their arrivement with the seals of the Secretaire's Office, whose care it is on Saturday night to seal them up. Only by-letters are in an open bag, to dispense by the wayes. I shall only beg of you your furtherance to so universal a good work; that is to afford him directions where and to whom to make his application to upon his arrival in Boston; as likewise to afford him what letters you can to establish him in that employment there. It would be much advantageous to our designs if in the interval you discoursed with some of the most able woodsmen to make out the way for a Post, which, in process of time would be the King's best highway; as likewise passages

and accommodations at rivers, fords or other necessary places⁹⁹.

In 1689 William and Mary were established on the British throne, through the Revolution which had convulsed the British Isles, and no sooner had William restored a reasonable semblance of tranquillity at home than he gave some of his attention to the Colonies, which by this time had grown to some 200,000 souls. Previously Governor Dongan had undertaken to link up the Colonies by a post from Virginia to the French possessions, and Edward Randolph had served under the Crown for a time as postmaster of this "United Colonies", but neither Governor Dongan nor Randolph seem to have accomplished much more than meet the convenience of the state. Thomas Neale, erstwhile Master of the Mint, applied to King William for a franchise to establish at his own expense a postal system throughout the colonies, in return for the monopoly of the business, and a right to the postage with rates to be fixed by the colonial assemblies, all for a term of 21 years, the Crown to receive the merely nominal recompense for the privileges conferred of six shillings and eight pence annually at the Feast of St. Michael the Archangel. Just why this Saint was selected to be thus commemorated is not on record. The franchise was dated February 17, 1691. One of the features of the service in New York under the franchise was that postmasters who were also innkeepers were exempted from excise charges, from which it may be inferred that the colonists had no scruples about taking their letters and their toddy from the same hands. The postage from New York to Boston was twelve pence, but from Boston to New York but nine pence. The assemblies fixed the postage under the Neale franchise, as has been said, and good New England thrift was evidently as keen for a bargain then as now. The Neale Franchise was surrendered to the Crown in 1707, when the British Government took over the service itself. By this time Brooklyn had become a quite important settlement, and of course the principal one on Long Island, and what is now Fulton Street, but what was then known as the King's Highway had been laid out. The postage rates were greatly increased under the Crown, the postage on a letter weighing an ounce for instance, passing between here and Philadelphia being three shillings. The service ran along without noticeable incident until 1753, when our illustrious Benjamin Franklin was made Deputy Postmaster General jointly with a man named William Hunter. Franklin was to have \$300 per annum "If he could get it" and he showed his genius in postal affairs, as in every other task he undertook. Though he found the service broken down and in debt he soon cleared off its indebtedness and established it on a self supporting basis, so that by the end of his service of 21 years he was not only clearing his princely compensation, but producing more revenue for the Crown from the Colonial post than it was receiving from its postal system in Ireland. But notwithstanding this record of efficiency Franklin was removed from office in 1774. He was not long out of the service. July 26, 1775 the Continental Congress elected him Postmaster General, and for the first time the entire postal affairs of the colonists passed under "Home Rule" to continue so even to this day, except where during the stormy days of our struggle for independence the

service was here and there suspended while the territory was held by the British troops. Brooklyn suffered with New York an exceptionally long suspension, for following the defeat of Generals Sullivan and Sterling in the Battle of Long Island, August 22, 1776, and the seizure of New York, Governor Clinton, the British provost marshal, abolished the postal system, and for seven years thereafter it was not permitted to function. Business was not resumed until 1783, when the British troops evacuated New York in conformity with the provisions of the Treaty of Peace. While Franklin was Postmaster General he kept all his postal accounts in a nice little memorandum book of 300 pages, and the entries in it show how much attention he gave to the clerical details of his office, though at the same time finding opportunity to solve the major problems. It seems that no matter how many duties the appreciative colonists thrust upon Franklin during his long career, he somehow found time to discharge his every obligation with credit alike to himself and those who honored him. Throughout all the troublous days of the pre-revolutionary and revolutionary days, whether under royal or colonial control, the postal service appears not to have been extended officially to Brooklyn. In fact it appears that as late as 1793 there was no post office on any part of Long Island, and no authorized post routes. In 1806, however, there appeared an item in the Long Island Weekly Intelligencer to the effect that the then postmaster of Brooklyn, Joel Bunce, had 53 letters uncalled for, and it seems the office was then located at Front and Fulton Streets, where it remained when Mr. Brunce was succeeded by Thomas Birdsall. Later, within a few years, the office was removed to Fulton Street opposite Hicks Street, and while at this location Erastus Worthington was postmaster. He was followed by a Mr. Bennett, who was postmaster in 1824, and between this date and 1829 the office was held by S. E. Clements and Joseph Moser. From that time to the present, the men whose names are given in the following list have served and the office has been located on the several sites shown. From the very earliest days the volume of mail for Manhattan was of course much in excess of the volume for Brooklyn, and as so little is known of the early days of the service in Brooklyn it is necessary to turn to Manhattan for evidence of the wonderful growth of the postal system. In 1825, just a century ago, there was employed in the Manhattan office a man named Joseph Dodd, and it was Dodd's duty to trundle down to the Hudson River in a wheelbarrow all the mails intended for the West and South, originating not only in Manhattan, Brooklyn, and Long Island, but from the entire East as well, and upon arriving at the river bank he would transfer them to a skiff and row them over to the New Jersey shore for despatch thence by stage to their destinations. It does not appear that either the wheelbarrow or the skiff were ever overburdened. At the present time (1925) it requires a fleet of 522 automobiles to carry the mails of New York and Brooklyn alone, and annually they traverse 5,114,134 miles through our streets, so that the contrast of this fleet with the wheelbarrow is striking evidence of the marvelous growth of the service. The principal mail to arrive from out of town a century ago was that from Boston and the East. The contract to carry this mail was given in 1825 to a Colonel Reeside, who put on a fleet of new stages. These stages

were very showy affairs, drawn by horses of quality: of the "first families in Virginia" in fact, as the genealogy of horses goes, and as the sound of the silvery horn would give advance warning of the approach, men and women would for the nonce lay aside the tasks of the day and the children would come scampering from all directions to see the show. Well can one picture the scene. The driver, all caparisoned in the gay trappings of his calling, exhibiting his skill with the reins and cracking his whip over the flanks of his peppery steeds with much noise but little sting; the footman tooting blast upon blast on his silvery coach horn; the horses spurred by the whip, excited by the horn and stimulated by the knowledge of the supper awaiting them, putting forth their very best efforts to bring the journey to a speedy end. What an opportunity for the cheers of the youngsters, for the waving of kerchiefs by the maidens, and the formal salutations of the staid merchants as they recognized friends among the passengers. The mail from the coach intended for Brooklyn would be separated at the New York Office upon the arrival of the stage, and sent across the East River by ferry. The ferries had developed since the days of early colonization from boats propelled by oars and sails, to horse propelled vessels - the horses mounted on "tread mills" which operated side paddle wheels. Eventually all these methods of propulsion were substituted by steam, so that by the time under consideration, 1825, steam ferries were no longer a novelty, and Brooklyn had grown to a population of approximately 20,000 people. The Post Office in Brooklyn, however, appears not to have come into the dignity of a building devoted to its purposes, but occupied part of a store. This is not surprising, when it is remembered that even in Manhattan the post office up to 1825 had occupied but a single room in a little frame building on the corner of William and Garden Streets (now known as Exchange Place) and that this room was but 12 x 15 feet in area. When I entered the service there was still a man named Forrester, under whose instruction I occasionally worked in the New York Post Office, and at the time our veteran of veterans, who remembered these little quarters well and who entered the service the year that they were vacated, when the Post Office was moved to another structure that afforded somewhat better facilities. I marvel at the development within our two life spans. To-day (1925) the New York Post Office is fairly bursting through its walls with approximately a million and a quarter square feet at its disposal in Manhattan and the Bronx, and Brooklyn is in like condition with approximately 325,000 square feet. It will be seen, there were but two lines between the little frame structure with its single room to the colossal plant of to-day, which is in fact one of the greatest business organizations of the metropolis.

During the century just closed the Brooklyn postal service has extended its carrier delivery service back from the Little Old Brooklyn of the Heights section until it covers practically the entire area of Kings County to the Ocean and to Jamaica Bay, and it has extended into Queens along the eastern boundary. The postal area includes a population greater than that of Manhattan, and among all the cities of the United States it is exceeded in population only by Chicago, aside of course from the City of New York, of which it is a part.

CRADLE DAYS IN THE POSTAL SERVICE

(1930)

To-day I am going to tell you some interesting episodes connected with very early days in New York and of the postal service. In fact I am going to tell you of the cradle days in this city of the Postal System which has since spread over the United States, and which is now, in 1930, ranked among the greatest industries of the United States. It was in 1610 that a small group of adventurous Dutch traders erected a few rough log cabins on the lower end of Manhattan, and began to trade with the Indians, swapping various gee gaws, tools, trinkets, and what not, with the Indians thereabouts, but it was not until 1622 or 1623 that real, bona-fide colonists settled here. In the very early days of both the traders and colonists, there was no established postal system, nor was there need of any. When ships were about to sail from Europe for our country, all those who had occasion to send letters here, were in the habit of taking them down to the wharf from which the ship was scheduled to sail, when they would hand them to the captain or someone else on board regarded as reliable, who would carry them along with him. There was no need in those primitive days of the care which now has to be exercised in directing letters. It was quite sufficient to mark them with the addressee's name and this name only. If though, one cared to be particularly exact it would not be out of place to add to the name the simple word, "America". It was not a difficult task to find whoever was wanted when there were so few here, and all knew each other. But later the group of colonists grew rapidly. Every man, woman, and child on seeing a ship from Europe coming up the bay, would crowd to the picturesque shore of the Hudson river and such docks as there were to see it come in and to enquire "Any letters for me"? "Any letters for me"?, or whatever may be the equivalent of this in Dutch. But in the course of years the colony outgrew this sort of service, and instead of the ship captains handling out the letters at the wharves, they carried them to the taverns. The taverns in those days were known as "Coffee houses". Of course the principal drink of the old Dutch burghers was "Schnaaps", and it had always been a puzzle to me why the name "coffee house". Whatever the reason for it, I suppose "schnaaps" by any other name, even "coffee", smelled sweet to the old cronies who gathered in them. In these coffee houses, they had large bulletin boards, across which they tacked green tape row above row, and behind this green tape they stuck the letters from abroad. The first of these coffee houses to receive a sufficient number of letters to earn it the distinction of being called a "post office", was located on "Coenties Slip", at almost the southern end of Manhattan, just about where the East River meets the Bay. At that time there were several settlements in what we now know as Brooklyn, as at the Wallabout, Gowanus, and Breucklin. These were devoted to farming, and the sturdy Dutch and Walloon farm wives would row their boats across the East River and the lower Bay to Coenties Slip, laden with their farm products for sale in the open market place of Coenties Slip, and these women became the common carriers of all the mail from the Brooklyn side of the river for Manhattan and beyond.

Another famous coffee house which harbored many thousands of letters in its day, was known as "Burns", and it was located at practically the foot of Broadway. You know my friends the rounders of those days had a better alibi than their successors have ever had since, for inasmuch as no one ever knew in just which house the sailors would have their letters, the rounders had a good excuse to visit them all. Commonly letters were left in these houses for settlers far back in the interior of the State, and who never had opportunity to visit New Amsterdam or New York, yet nevertheless they would generally eventually get their mail. Thus it might be that a letter would bear the name of a man as far north as Albany, and a traveler from some place on the Hudson would take it with him and on reaching home would hold it for a week when, learning of someone going to Albany, the letter would be handed over, and thus by slow relays, possibly after months of delay, the letter would eventually reach its destination. In the course of time, an organized postal service took the place of the primitive system I have described, and at least the foundation laid for a real postal system, so let us pass on to 1825. In 1825 the post office was moved from the building in which it had been located for quite a while into a little frame house on what was then known as Garden Street, but what is now known as Exchange Place. This house had been a small private school. The post office was only about 20 feet square. Next door snuggling alongside was another little frame house of much the same kind, and in this the postmaster resided. In the little post office, with its dormer roof and old fashion shutters, there were 8 employees, and to serve the entire city there were only 6 carriers, yet the city extended from the Battery as far north as Canal Street. In this little post office there was a clerk named Charles Forrester. He lived to be the sole survivor of the group, and when I entered the postal service, though he had grown grey and bent, he was still active and hearty, and sometimes told me of the "good old days" when both he and the city were young. Thus there are but two life times, active, industrial life times, between that little old frame post office and the mighty postal organization of to-day, employing throughout the country about 350,000 men and women, or more than there are now in 1930, in the army and navy combined. Forrester told me that he lived as I remember it, when a boy, somewhere around Duane Street, and that he used to walk to work in the morning through open fields, on a dirt path, and part way through a swamp, with here and there a tannery, a blacksmith, or small factory, and that he would pick up any letters these places intended for the post office and carry them in. Now great office buildings reach up almost to the sky on every hand, and the city has extended as far north as Yonkers.

In the little frame post office building on Garden Street, working side by side with Charles Forrester, there was another clerk named Dodd, and it was the duty of this man to gather together once a day all the mail posted in New York, and all the mails received there from Boston and the East, and that from up the State which came down the Hudson by sloop or otherwise, and all that which originated on Long Island, and to trundle it down in a wheelbarrow to the bank of the Hudson where he would transfer

it to a rowboat and then row over to the Jersey shore. At that time there was a line of stage coaches operated therefrom and for a long while these coaches were the only established, routine means whereby we forwarded mail inland to the South. So you see my friends that so far as the mail service was concerned, this little wheelbarrow, and this little boat belonging to Dodd constituted the connecting link, and the only connecting link between New York and all our "cross Hudson" west and southern territory. How wonderful, extraordinary, and marvelous it is, that in the course of but a few years more than a century, in fact well within the memory of two generations, our country should have grown from so primitive an infancy to the mighty, dominating influence among the nations of the world which it now holds. I do not know of anything connected with the industrial development of our country, that aids us better to visualize the height this development has climbed during the century we have just passed, than a comparison of this little old post office wheelbarrow of 1825 with the trains, motor vehicles, pneumatic tubes, and airplanes of to-day, now being employed by the postal system hereabouts. It has been a mighty stride, and ranks among the greatest dramas in the history of the human race. So my friends, I will say good-bye to you to-day, leaving this picture in your mind, of my old companion Forrester, and his pal Dodd, working together in the little old frame post office I have described, with the primitive wheelbarrow and the equally primitive rowboat, all together forming the background for the postal system of to-day, which employs in New York City alone approximately 26,000 men. Their postal experience and my own linked as I have set forth, disclose a marvelous progress in the biography of the postal service.

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THE POSTAL SERVICE IN MANY LANDS

Good evening, Friends:

I wait in vain for a response. This radio is a poor sort of business after all. It is a case of everything going out and nothing coming in. On the other hand, it has its compensation, for no one can talk back, at least not until the next day, and that is a blessing. And that reminds me of an episode at a post office window, when a man said to a stamp clerk: "Give me a two cent stamp. I've been waiting on the line fifteen minutes to buy it; now tell me when this letter will get to Philadelphia"? "In the morning", said the clerk, "if you stick the stamp on right". "Indeed then, you are wrong" said the man "for it is addressed to Buffalo"! And now if we have gotten acquainted, and established friendly relations as it were, it is my purpose to tell you some interesting things concerning the postal service, not only of our own country, but of other countries; not only of our own time, but of far distant times, even occurring in a few instances in those remote, primitive periods when history was in its early infancy, and romance lent its charm to what has been preserved for us. It is noteworthy

that even very primitive people, without means of communicating their thoughts by written language, have nevertheless succeeded in conveying certain intelligence by tokens, and progressing from such crude foundations we see evidence all through the ages, of serious attempts to establish and to maintain more or less rudimentary postal systems, and that these attempts have very closely approximated the advance and enlightenment of the several nations which have at different times dominated the world. Caesar wrote, twenty centuries ago, that the Gauls had a system whereby important news was systematically carried over long distances by men stationed at intervals who called to each other, and so, by word of mouth, did what our modern postal system does in a more efficient way. In Palestine also, from ancient days down to comparatively recent times, men stationed on the hills that abound there, have conveyed messages with great rapidity over many miles of territory by similar means. Using their hands as megaphones, bending upon one knee and pressing their diaphragms with force with the other, they would succeed with practice, in calling from hill to hill, and conveying messages with great speed. Herodotus, writing 500 years before Christ, tells of the wonderful postal system of Darius, who ruled one of the greatest empires the world has known. From his capital extended for hundreds of miles well kept post roads, along which speedy messengers carried his orders even to the outermost of his possessions. Probably everyone in New York, and those who visit it as well, has read that very striking inscription which is carved across the full length of the main post office in New York, and this was written by Herodotus nearly twenty-five hundred years ago. It is at once, not only an undying tribute to the efficiency of the couriers of Darius, but an inspiration to all of us in the postal service of to-day who have succeeded them. Can I do better than to repeat it for you? It runs: "Neither snow, nor rain, nor heat, nor gloom of night stays these couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds". There is a dignity to the lines, and a comprehension of the carriers' duty that grips the reader with the completeness and finality of Herodotus' observation. But just to show the universality of the postal system, and how the same ideals have animated it the world over and throughout many centuries, let me say that Marco Polo, writing of China way back in the 13th century, tells of the Chinese couriers stationed three miles apart, who, running from post to post would cover in one day a distance that would take the fastest traveller three days, and not long ago an official of the Chinese postal system, designated by his government to seek in the United States the best he could learn here, told me that there are many carriers in China at the present time who cover as many as forty miles in a day on foot, and carry considerable weights at that. In some cases they use, I have been told, wheelbarrows with sails, in which they trundle the mails, setting the sails when the breeze is favorable to aid them on their way. An oddity in the line of conveying messages is told also of the thirteenth century. The Caliph of Bagdad (it sounds like the Arabian Nights, does it not?), wishing to send a message to Genghis Khan, the Conqueror, that greatest of Mongols, and fearing that his messenger traversing enemy

territory might be captured and his letter discovered, shaved the messenger's head, tattooed the message upon his bare pate, then sent him forth, his hair growing while he travelled, and before he reached the enemy country wholly concealing what was written. Evidently the Caliph of Bagdad believed in Safety First rather than speed. I am afraid that in this day, when every man and his neighbor has his foot on the gas and is speeding it up to the limit, this particular form of "special delivery" will never be revived. Prescott, writing of the Incas of Peru and their civilization, tells us that they employed swift runners to carry their posts, and Humboldt records that the Indians of South America carried messages along the mighty Amazon by wrapping them in handkerchiefs which they made into turbans, and then with the aid of light logs they swam the river from village to village, since the tropical foliage made travel by land impracticable, and they were fed as they journeyed by friendly natives. Just where the Indians got their handkerchiefs, or what use they made of them, other than to wrap their letters in, Humboldt doesn't tell us, and without deprecating anything which so distinguished a traveler may have witnessed, my own observation has been that an Indian has about as much use for a handkerchief as for a powder puff. In India, the land of the deadly cobra, there are districts where the mail carriers have to pursue their course from village to village through narrow trails bordered by high grass, and woe betide the unwary runner who has the mischance to step upon this death dealing reptile, which may seek the path for the sun bath snakes so dearly love. The runners have adopted the ingenious device of wearing little tinkling bells on their ankles, and 'round their necks, so that as they run along they automatically signal their coming, and thus scare off the serpents. In their hands they carry light but strong spears, to aid in their defense against their four-footed enemies, and some of them cross the streams that intersect their paths in rude boats made of four great urns or jars held together by ropes. During the siege of Paris, when in 1871 the Germans held it in their iron grip, the ingenious French, finding every other means of communicating with the outside world cut off, resorted to a combination pigeon and balloon post with most remarkable success. Their method was to send up in balloons captive pigeons which had been raised in Paris, and these balloons passing over the German lines, would descend in French territory beyond the German cordon. Of course, the pigeons could carry very little weight, and so the French would write their messages on paper of uniform size, and placing them in groups photograph them, thus reducing the messages to microscopic size, and, of course upon the thinnest and lightest of paper. These reduced messages would be fastened to the pigeon, which would be released to seek its way back to Paris as best it could without being picked off by the enemy snipers in readiness for them. The charge for these pigeon-conveyed letters was ten cents a word, and during the siege as many as fifty thousand letters were sent. Of 57 of the balloons sent up, 2 were lost at sea and 5 were captured, but the others reached their destinations.

In our own land, in the colonial days, the mails were carried from town to town by carriers on foot and on horseback, or in some instances by stage coach. No great effort was made to speed. The mails were infrequent, but they met the requirements of the day. Largely the services of travellers were pressed into play where the letters were for places for which there were no established routes, and the courtesies of the time required that travellers accept, and do their utmost to deliver safely and promptly all the letters entrusted to them. Later on, however, with the winning of the Golden West, when we pushed our frontiers beyond the Mississippi, wresting the fertile prairies from the hostile Sioux and the Pawnees, we established the justly celebrated pony express, which in its time was one of the swiftest means of conveying letters the world had. Only a short time ago I stood at the grave on a high point of the Rocky Mountains, of one of the most celebrated of these pony express riders, no less a personage in fact than Buffalo Bill, who, in my boyhood, was one of the heroes idolized by Young Americans. He won fame as one of the fastest and most fearless of the pony express riders, as well as an Indian fighter. One of the most celebrated routes of those stirring days was that from St. Joseph, Mo., or St. Joe, as it was then generally called, to Sacramento, California, a distance of 1,900 miles, which was made in the amazing time, considering the difficulties and perils braved by the riders, of but eight days! The Indians were not the only perils the riders encountered, but villainous desperadoes as well; also, terrific blizzards that often froze them to death as they rode, and cloudbursts that swept away to the canyons the hazardous trails over which they had to ride at full speed in the darkness. But if it may be said of the pony rider that he travelled like the wind, what is to be said of the pneumatic tubes, in which our mail is carried, as it were, on the wind? The pneumatic tubes connect the New York and Brooklyn Post Offices, and also a chain of 27 stations of the New York office located along the backbone of Manhattan Island. The system includes a little more than 26 miles of double tube, each tube being eight inches in diameter, and running under the streets at various levels. Into these tubes round steel cylinders are placed, each about 8 inches in diameter and 21 inches long, much as a cartridge is placed in a gun barrel, and each cylinder holds on an average 600 letters. No sooner is the cylinder in place in the tube than air pressure is exerted behind it automatically, and away it shoots at a speed of thirty miles an hour, as though being shot through a rifle, yet so ingenious is the mechanism that controls the pressure that when it arrives at the station of its destination it emerges upon a metal table without injury to anything, and I once even knew of a cat being shot through for a couple of miles with no more damage than ruffled dignity, but great astonishment, both on the part of the cat and the man who opened up the cylinder. But, my friends, I will tell you more of this system some other time. In closing, may I ask you to take a kindly interest in the Postal System? It has come down to you, as I have shown, through all the

ages. As it stands, it is one of the greatest institutions of our government, and according as the people of this country take interest in it, and insist upon efficiency within it, so will it measure up, - for those within the service who are devoting their lives to its development are dependent upon YOU who own the service to say how high its development shall be carried, and what means shall be placed by Congress at our command to carry out YOUR desires.

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BUFFALO BILL (CODY)

Good afternoon, Friends:

My little talk to-day is to deal with some of the stirring and interesting episodes connected in one way and another with the days of romance of America to which I introduced you last week in describing the old stage coaches that used to carry our mails, and also to the pony express which was maintained for the same purpose. These romance days of America have always had an exceptional charm for me. They thrill with the adventures of the pioneers penetrating the wilderness, with the exploration of our continent, with the creation of our mighty nation from out the wilderness, and establishing civilization where previously there had been nothing but savagery. All through this epic of adventure, hardship and industry, there runs the story of the Postal Service. When our early pioneers penetrated beyond the Mississippi, where we have carved out the great states of Missouri, Kansas, and Nebraska, they found stretching before them for hundreds of miles plains and prairies and across these plains and prairies great trails or paths more or less clearly defined, which had been made by the vast herds of buffaloes which then roamed the country over. These unique and grotesque creatures had been disturbed up to that time by the Indians only, who hunted them that they might feed on their flesh, and make of their skins both raiment and tent covers. Few people to-day realize how vast were the herds of these buffaloes, now almost extinct, when the lands of which I speak were first opened up and settled. When I was a boy their slaughter was progressing fast. Truck drivers wore great buffalo skin coats, and sleighs were very numerous in those days and almost every sleigh had a buffalo robe, and they were in evidence on every hand. Well across the plains utilizing largely these buffalo trails, there followed the pony express and the stage coaches carrying the mails. It is not to be understood though that the course of the pony express was all prairie. To the contrary, part of the trail was over some of the roughest country in America. The coaches I have just mentioned were not infrequently attacked by Indians. I recall that my own sister was traveling in the far West when I was a child, and the stage coach which followed the one on which she rode was attacked, and some of the party were scalped and others made captive. One of the most celebrated of the pony express

riders was Buffalo Bill. He entered this dangerous service when only sixteen years old, and on one occasion in a great emergency carried the mails on a continuous trip of 322 miles practically without rest periods; which, considering the speed at which he traveled and the attendant circumstances, was probably of the most remarkable feats of endurance any horseman ever performed. Think my friends of this man in his saddle, rising and falling, rising and falling, of the pounding and pounding, of the clouds of dust, of the heat of day and chill of night, hour after hour without intermission of appreciable length, while he reeled off all those 322 miles.

Buffalo Bill earned his sobriquet in a peculiar way. The pony express was forced out of business by the building of a telegraph line, and the stage coach vanished under the competition of the locomotives. During the building of the great iron way for the locomotives, William Cody, for that was Buffalo Bill's real name, was hired by the contractor to provide the construction men with buffalo meat, and it is said that in eighteen months, to meet the terms of his contract, he killed 4,280 buffaloes. No wonder their skulls and horns dotted the plains along the road for years after, like dim spectres of the past. Some years ago I stood at the grave of Buffalo Bill, far up on a mountain in Colorado, where a museum is maintained in which are preserved many mementos of his prowess as Indian scout, hunter, and pony post rider. From a nearby cliff one can look down upon a great plain, stretching forth mile after mile seemingly without boundaries. Across this plain in the old days the great trains of covered wagons treked on their perilous journey to Utah, California, and beyond. From this point of vantage, the Indians would spot any poor unfortunate straggler from a wagon train, struggling along with lame horses, with broken wheels, or disabled by some mishap that would cause him and his family to lag behind the caravan. The Indians taking advantage of the opportunity, would attack from their mountain lairs. Before aid could come to the unfortunate pioneer, the combat would be terminated, and the Indians with their stolen treasures, and such victims they saw fit to preserve from the massacre, would make their way back in their stronghold. To-day prosperous cities are nearby. Great states have come into existence. The pony express and the mail coach have been succeeded by the mail train, the rural and city carriers; and last, but not least, by the airplane carrying its load of mail at 125 miles an hour. Among the outstanding accomplishments of the Pony Express I may mention that though the schedules called for ten days from St. Joseph, Mo. to Sacramento, California, President Buchanan's farewell message was speeded up so that the trip was accomplished in 7 days and 19 hours. The news of Lincoln's election was carried in 8 days. This was a case you see of good news traveling fast, as well as bad. The greatest exploit of all, was the carrying of Lincoln's Inaugural Address in 7 days and 17 hours. So far as known this was the fastest time ever made for such a distance by men and horses. Nor is it likely to arise for carrying messages by these means for so great a distance, and at utmost speed.

There were over four hundred horses in this overland pony express, and an equal number of men manned the different stations to care

for them. There were 80 riders in all, and ordinarily 40 were riding in one direction while 40 others rode in the other. The horses were always driven at top speed. Their bit was 10 miles each, but the riders ordinarily rode fifty, or five mounts, and they changed mounts as they rode at full speed. Of course the service called for exceptionally hardy, active, courageous men. Men strong of body and quick in thought. Their lives frequently depended as much upon their quick wit as upon their physique. Among them were some desperate characters. One of these was a man who gave most efficient service while in the pony express, but who subsequently became a desperado. It is said that in all he killed 26 men before he was cornered by the Vigilantes in Virginia City, Montana and hanged. I have sometimes wondered what sort of a reception he will receive when he reaches the world beyond, and encounters those he sent on before him! When the pony express started, the rate of postage was \$5. per half ounce, or fraction thereof for letters, but the Government regarded this as too much and reduced the rate to \$1. per half ounce. Just try to visualize the unfortunate Beau Boy who wanted to write daily to his own, dear, little Sweetie, but discovered it would cost him \$5. per letter to do so! The trail the early campers followed, headed for Salt Lake City, and standing on the crest of one of the Rocky Mountains, about 1927 or 1928, I could still discern the path, though of course it has long since been abandoned. The Mormons undertook to establish an independent state which they called Deseret, and herein they openly espoused polygamy, the leaders taking to themselves many wives, and thus centering upon themselves severe denunciation from the rest of the United States. Incidental to their dreams of this independent state of Deseret, they coined their own money, and had a set of postage stamps printed in Europe, though none of the set was ever used. Of course polygamy was eventually broken up, and the Mormons' dream of an independent government was dissipated by public opinion, congressional action and decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States. Now my friends I will bid you all good afternoon, with the hope to greet you again a week hence. Goddbye until then.

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PNEUMATIC TUBES (1931)

Have you ever heard that Uncle Sam has had a pipe line for many years, but instead of pumping oil, he blows millions of letters through it? It is true, and he thus connects the main post office at New York with many of its most important stations, and with the post office in Brooklyn. In what is now the heart of New York's financial center, only a few steps from Wall Street, there stood a little over a century ago a little frame house with a couple of dormer windows, on what was then known as Garden Street, but what is now known as Exchange Place. It had a frontage of about 20 feet, and was slightly less than this in depth. It was then the only post office in New York. Once a day all the mail, originating in New York,

and that arriving from Long Island, "up State", and New England, intended for the West and South, would be gathered up and placed in a wheelbarrow. This would then be trundled down to the Hudson River by a man named Dodd, one of the half dozen clerks of the office, and arriving at the river's edge he would transfer the mail to a skiff and row it across the river, for dispatch to the "rest of the United States". The wheelbarrow and the skiff have long since disappeared, and even memory of them has almost passed into oblivion. In their place we have hundreds of Government-owned motor vehicles, a great fleet of majestic ferry boats, and last and most interesting of all the system of pneumatic tubes which bear to the important postal system of Manhattan and Brooklyn, the same relation as the arteries bear to the human body.

The pneumatic tube system in New York was established when I was a lad, shortly after I entered the Postal Service. A celebration occurred the day of its installation, and Chauncey M. Depew, then in the meridian of his popularity, delivered an oration as part of the program. It was planned that the first container should be dispatched so as to arrive at a certain moment with a load of letters, but instead of this, an unidentified joker put a live cat in it, and to the astonishment of all assembled when the lid of the container was removed, out jumped Tom almost in Depew's face. It did not phase the incomparable Depew for even the wink of an eye, but quick as a flash he said "The cat is out of the bag", and continued on amid an outburst of laughter and applause as serene and unperturbed as though cats leaping at his face in the middle of an address were an everyday occurrence. The pipes, or "tubes" as they are called in the postal service, are of steel, approximately eight inches in diameter. They start at Station P on the southern tip of Manhattan, located in the Custom House. Close by was old "Castle Garden", later used as an aquarium, but originally known as the "Gateway to America" since through its portals millions of immigrants entered this country. Thence tubes run underground to the main post office located at 33rd Street and 8th Avenue, Manhattan. Two branches extend as far north as 125th Street connecting up en route one group of stations on the East side and another group on the West side of Central Park. The main post office at 33rd Street feeds the Pennsylvania Railroad, and the Grand Central Station Post Office feeds the New York Central, the New York, New Haven & Hartford lines, etc. From the City Hall Station there is a spur that runs to the main office in Brooklyn, so that Brooklyn and its two and a half million people are articulated with the system. In all there are 27 miles of double line, or 54 miles of single, permitting a circulation of mail in both directions. The only point in the system at which the "pipe line" is visible "above surface", is on the Brooklyn Bridge. In the stretch of line connecting Manhattan and Brooklyn, the Brooklyn Bridge has been availed of, and passengers on the trolleys could for many years see at the sides of the tracks if they looked closely, underneath a narrow plank path bordering the tracks, the tubes along with the other structural parts of the bridge. They very closely resemble the familiar pipe lines of the oil fields. In all, in addition to the main post

offices in New York and Brooklyn, there are 25 postal stations linked up directly by the system, but this by no means represents the extent of the service they render. For instance the northern end of the line at 125th Street finds the motor vehicle service which ramifies throughout the Bronx, and the line terminating in the main office Brooklyn connects with the motor vehicle service that supplies the many Brooklyn stations. In order to transmit the letters via tube, they are placed in what are technically known as "Carriers". These have much the same relation to the tubes as a cartridge or bullet has to a gun. The carriers are just a shade smaller than the diameter of the tubes. They are made of steel and brass. Around the circumference at several points are reinforcing bands and gaskets; the latter to prevent the passage of air 'round the carriers from bow to stern. Each carrier has an ingeniously designed lid, which automatically prevents the insertion of the carrier to the tube unless the mail is safely locked in. To get the carrier into the pipe line, a cradle device is employed. This can be best described as two sections of tube, each about three feet long, placed parallel with the pipe line, and which are held together by a quadrant of solid steel, with the point of the quadrant elevated just sufficiently above the line to permit of both sections of tube being rocked alternately into line with the system. To operate the device, a carrier is placed in one of the two sections, when it is rocked into position so that it lines up with the pipe line, when the valves are automatically opened which supply the air under pressure, and the carrier goes off with a speed of thirty miles an hour. Of course when the section of the tube which bore the carrier is rocked into position, it throws out of line the second section of tube on the quadrant, and into this another carrier is inserted, and so on alternately one or the other section being rocked into position. The device operates very much after the principle of the cartridge chamber of a revolver, only that it employs a quadrant instead of a complete circle. Each carrier is approximately two feet long, and contains from 500 to 700 letters, according to their size. A carrier can be dispatched approximately every 15 seconds. Notwithstanding the speed of transmittal and the weight of the carriers and their loads, the air pressure is so nicely controlled by by-passes, etc., that when the carriers are ejected from the tubes, they fall out on the so-called apron of the catch table with the scarcely no more jar or noise than would be made by slapping the same table with the open hand. The rocker mechanism can be set for control or automatic operation, and in either case the frequency of dispatch is subject to regulation. Operating at capacity, practically a ribbon of mail is kept passing through the pipes. To lubricate the system, carriers are sent through the tubes as frequently as necessary, containing oil instead of letters, and by suitable means the oil is permitted to leak out of the carriers along the entire line.

Aside from inserting the carriers and taking them from the apron at point of delivery, the whole system when once in operation is practically automatic. The pressure pumps are operated electrically. They feed air tanks, or "pressure tanks", as they are technically known, and as the pressure in these falls below a certain point, the pumps begin

to operate, and continue to do so until the required pressure is again attained, when automatically the pumps stop operating. The system is so perfect from a mechanical standpoint, that it is practically free from interruptions of all kinds. More than six million letters and small parcels have been transported by the tubes in a single day. Boston also used a pneumatic system between two stations.

Some years ago in New York a policeman who had just been transferred to a new post was going his rounds late one night, when he chanced to loiter in front of a bank. In a little while a peculiar noise much like the blows of a sledge hammer was heard by him. Looking across the street he saw a bank, and quickly surmised, after making a survey of the place, and finding no evidence of unlawful entry through doors or windows that burglars were cutting an underground passage to the vault. He 'phoned the Captain in charge to send a police wagon and a corps of officers to the scene. They came. The building was surrounded. They searched up and down, in and through the whole place, but not a trace of the yeggmen could they find. Still the noise of the sledge could be heard from time to time, and they were convinced the burglars were tunneling, as first surmised, to reach the vaults. In the height of the excitement the policeman who had previously long covered the post happened along. They led him to the spot on the corner where the noise could best be heard. He listened. He heard. A hearty laugh greeted his tense and excited pals. Said he "why that's no drilling, nor mining. That's the pneumatic tubes turning the corner", and so it proved. The line came very close to the surface just at this spot, and turned a corner. In making the turn, every heavy laden container struck the outer angle of the pipe line curving 'round the corner, and then slid on its way. There was no arrest. The crowds dispersed, and the tubes continued their efficient functioning. The pneumatic tubes have always been useful, but their usefulness is being daily enhanced as the congestion in our streets grows worse and worse. Of course it is essential that our post offices and post office stations be located in our busiest centers. That is where they are mostly needed. The congestion of our streets, therefore, is at its worst just where, from the postal standpoint, freedom of movement between our units is of greatest importance. The pneumatic tubes are the answer.

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OUR FIRST CROSS-CONTINENTAL AIR MAIL (July 1924)

Invisible friends, I greet you. Marvelous as is this means of communicating with you, it is no more marvelous than the story I am about to tell, and in which I know you will be intensely interested, for my story deals with American genius, American enterprise, American pluck and American accomplishment. What I am about to describe is not only your

service but your great adventure, for the attempt which is being made to establish the air mail across the continent is the most daring yet undertaken by men to annihilate space, to efface time, and to knit together closer than ever before the great chain of cities which stretch from coast to coast, so that our letters, and all that the mails convey of business, of confidence and of love may be carried from the Atlantic to the Pacific in the very brief span of 36 hours and 45 minutes. Picture my friends the dramatic weirdness of this adventure! On the broad expanse of our continent this mighty nation, one hundred and ten million strong, are going about their vocations, or resting in slumber, while high up amid the clouds, above us all, in the silence of space, in the darkness of night, two solitary figures, singled out from all humanity, are piloting two planes from the opposite ocean shores, the Atlantic and the Pacific, hurtling towards each other with frightful speed, yet depositing at their respective destinations by regular schedules the precious cargoes they bear. To grasp what is being done, let us follow one of them in his adventurous flight. In the post office prompt to the minute, the last letters for the air mail are accepted, the pouches are closed and whisked away by motor and train to Haselhurst Field, in New York suburbs, at the very shore of the Atlantic, and there the waiting plane with motor gently whirring, to warm up the engine, stands ready, pilot in place, to receive it. The plane, trim and cleancut like a champion yacht, ready to defend the cup, stands glistening brightly in the sun, its highly polished surface reflecting the rays like a mirror. One moment the pilot, with his head crowned with a pilot helmet stands upright in the cock-pit while he adjusts, as for a seat, what appears to be a khaki package, as big as a cushion, and bound by light lines. Ominous package! It is the life-preserver of the air, - a parachute, upon the uncertainty of which his noble, courageous life may depend. It is fastened to the pilot's sturdy body by straps and buckles. Should a line be tangled ever so slightly it might lead to death. He adjusts everything. He regains his seat, he cries out "Ready? Stand by"! - and at the commands the blocks are pulled instantly from the wheels by alert helpers. Clean cut, sturdy youths grasp the ends of the wings, they aid in directing the plane, the propeller whirs faster and faster, the polished arms send great clouds of dust whirling to the rear, the hum becomes a roar, it deafens, it terrorizes, it seems laden with the dread of the adventure. The plane starts, it rises, then dips, then rises, then soars, and with the exhaust roaring full force it faces its destination and is off for triumph or for death, to San Francisco, the fairy city guarding the Golden Gate of the Pacific, - 2,600 miles away. Steadily over city, field, farm and hillside the plane wends its way through the pathless space, but it is broad daylight, and the pilot from long experience knows well the land beneath and the course he should set. In 34 hours and 45 minutes he crosses the States of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Ohio and lands safely at Cleveland.

The man who piloted the first plane from Haselhurst Field, when the system was inaugurated, July 1, was pilot Wesley M. Smith, married but a few months since, and his new made bride was there in her

blushing prettiness to bid him Godspeed, with a kiss that revealed the honeymoon not yet past. Strange as it may seem the pilot is said to be completing his musical education and he shortly expects to abandon the air for arias and to be seen thenceforth issuing from the wings of the opera stage instead of from the wings of his plane. Here indeed is a new way for opera singers to attain high notes. But it is not with the daylight flying I wish to deal, for by this time that has become a prosaic story, but with that part of the journey which is flown at night. In order to traverse the continent in continuous movement within 34 hours and 45 minutes, it has been found necessary to brave for about 1,000 miles the terror of the night. Far above the surface of the earth, in fog, amid terrifying lightning, in gales that sweep over plain and the mountain, amid storms of snow and sleet, the airplane must keep on, and woe betide the aviator who loses his way in the darkness or is unable to select a landing place if he is so unfortunate as to experience engine trouble en route. Such a misfortune is almost certain to end in disaster and death. To provide against such terrible eventualities, the aviation experts of the Government have laid out an illuminated aerial way, running across the States of Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska and Wyoming, for a distance of approximately 1,000 miles, and said to be the first lighted air way in the world. It can be readily understood that it is not only necessary to light this aerial way, but to accomplish this in such a way that the lights can be readily distinguished by the speedy airmen from all over lights that dot the country. To accomplish this every three miles is marked off with acetylene flash lights, of 5,000 candles power, and each of these flashes 150 times a minute. They keep blinking, and winking, and winking and blinking as though signalling to the pilot "Come on Old Boy, it's all right. Come on". Of these lights there are more than 300 along the aerial way. Then every 25 miles there are ariel light-houses. Who would ever have believed a few years ago that the Government would be erecting light-houses across our inland prairies, hundreds of miles from both coasts! These aerial light-houses are approximately 25 miles apart and there are 34 of them, each equipped with search-lights of 7,000,000 candle power. Benjamin Franklin's father was a candle maker, and a very industrious man, but if he had made a candle every minute, and worked 24 hours a day without a moment's rest, from the year Benjamin Franklin was born, which was 1706, right down to the present moment, he would not have made candles enough in all the 218 intervening years to take the place of more than half these lights for the very little while his candles would burn.

But marvelous as are these lights, they are but pygmies to the five huge beacons located on High Towers as Chicago, Iowa City, Omaha, North Platte, and Cheyenne, spaced approximately 250 miles apart. These are of 500,000,000 candle power. Think of it, - each of half a billion candle power. It is not likely that all the lights in the world that were in existence when Edison invented his electric lamp would if combined have equaled in intensity this single group of beacons. These lights revolve, and can be distinguished for a great distance by the pilots as they seek

their way amid the clouds and stars . From a distance of 50 miles or thereabouts they are said to look like great orange balls in the sky, but as the pilots approach nearer the lights take on the appearance of enormous coach lights, illuminating everything in their vicinity with an intensity that rivals sunlight. But returning to our trip we will join our plane again as it enters the ribbon of light, while all else is darkness. As it rushes through the air at 100 miles an hour or more, the little winking lights but 3 miles apart are passed almost as we pass telegraph poles when touring in a motor car, and peering into the blackness the pilot, a new one, now picks up as quickly as possible the larger beacons 25 miles apart. He passes one, then another, and still another, ticking them off one by one, he looks eagerly for the great searchlight that marks the end of his bit. He fancies he sees it, he loses it again, he is uncertain, then sure. Yes it is there, he directs his course with greater certainty, each minute bringing it closer, when, suddenly, the dread of the aviator, a heavy fog, settles around him, and again he must rely upon the small ribbon of light and his own good sense of direction, aided by his compass, to guide him to his goal. When finally the mail safely reaches San Francisco it will have been carried over the Apalachian and Rocky Mountain Systems, and it will have risen at one point nearly 3 miles above water level. It will have traversed our greatest river, and covered practically every variety of terrain our country knows. At the head of the mighty postal organization of 350,000 men and women is Postmaster General New, and in immediate charge of the transportation of the mails including transportation by air, by land and by sea, is Col. Paul Henderson, and it is very largely through Col. Henderson's untiring energy and enthusiasm that this wonderful air mail service has been accomplished. My friends in narrating this story of American accomplishment to you I am but rendering on behalf of the Postal System only an account of our stewardship to you who employ us. As I finish speaking somewhere in the vast vault of heaven two intrepid pilots are seeking their course amid the perils perhaps of hurricane, lightning and fog, braving in times of peace the dangers we associate with war, and all in your service. We cannot do better by our courageous, faithful, loyal pilots, than with reverend, bended heads pray for their safety. Theirs is the supreme commitment of peace. Good night.

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OWNEY, THE POST OFFICE DOG

My talk to-night is to be just a little chat to those who have been fortunate enough in life to have sometime or other included a dog among their circle of friends. I always feel that no matter how full a man's life may otherwise have been, that he has missed much if he has not had this happy distinction. You know there is a certain sympathetic feeling, a sort of mysterious attachment, a kind of free masonry as it

were, among those who have had dogs for friends that bind them together in the bonds of common interest and mutual understanding. It is because of this common interest and mutual understanding that I venture to chat to you to-night about Owney, the post office dog, a wonderful traveler, and one of the most famous dogs this country has ever known. Talks about dogs over the radio are usually devoted to the aristocrats of dogdom; to the blue ribbon holders; to those canines with pedigrees as long as those of Princes of the House of Hapsburg, but my story is not to be of this kind. My story is to be of a plebian dog, who had no boast of ancestry to commend him to the fancier, but was just a D-O-G dog, who achieved his reputation not through the prestige of pedigreed parents, but just his own sterling worth. He is like the great men of our country we are all so proud of. Though of lowly birth, starting from a very humble beginning, he won over the hearts of those with whom he came in contact through sheer force of character, by his constancy, fidelity and common sense. I have always had a warm spot in my heart for the mongrel, the kind of a dog the poet Goldsmith had in mind when he wrote:

"And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp and hound,
And curs of low degree".

Probably it was this feeling that prompted me one time to adopt a dog no one else would own, and to apply to the town clerk for a license for him. On my application I described him as "a Heinze hound", and the next day the Town Clerk called me upon the 'phone, and said, "Mr. Firmin, what kind of a dog is a Heinze Hound? none of the men in the town hall ever heard of one before". "Why", said I, "a Heinze hound is 57 varieties of course, and that is the kind he is", and I may say now that he was a good sport at that. Well, Owney was not as many kinds of dog as Goldsmith sang of, nor as my Heinze hound: he was only credited with being a cross between a Scotch and Irish terrier, and I am sure he never worried as to which predominated. This dog, Owney, first stepped out of oblivion into the limelight, 'way back in the latter part of 1888, 38 years ago, when as a poor, friendless, shaggy puppy, homeless, footsore and weary, he drifted through an open door of the Albany post office. In more than one respect he resembled the pup Eugene Field described, when he wrote:

"His hair was like a yellow fleece,
His eyes were black and kind,
And like a nodding, gilded plume,
His tail stuck up behind".

Having introduced himself into Uncle Sam's post office, Owney selected a pile of Uncle Sam's mail sacks and made a bed of them, just as though he was one of Uncle's nephews dropping in for a shakedown while passing through town on a hike. He was not disturbed. The post office clerks made him welcome, or at least they did not eject him. As the morning broke,

and the day clerks began to come in and the night clerks prepared to go home, one man after another asked "who owns the mutt"? So many asked the same question that someone dubbed the funny little visitor, looking out with his piercing eyes from beneath his shaggy locks, "Owney", and under this funny name he was known forever after. Owney was such a genial little fellow, with such a merry twinkle in his eye, and such a friendly little wag, to his tail, that he promptly intrigued the whole Albany office. High officials, clerks and carriers were all captivated by him, and he vindicated his queer name "Owney" by owning the office just as the office began to be proud of owning him. For quite a time he was content with his exploration of the Albany post office, with an occasional ride to the station on the mail wagon, on top of the mail sacks, which seemed to have a sort of magnetic charm for him, but one day when he took one of his trips to the station, curiosity got the better of him, and he followed the mail sacks into the mail train. This chance occurrence determined his destiny. When he crossed the threshold of the mail car, he entered a new life. The men on the car petted him, and off he went with them into the wide, wide world to see what it was like. Knowing whence he came, the men after giving him a good run down the road, brought him back again. He was not long back, however, before the recollection of his adventurous trip revived his wanderlust, and off he went again, not forgetting to bark goodby to his Albany friends, and to wag his expressive little tail as the train pulled out. Again after traveling here and there he came back, but the wanderlust grew stronger and stronger, and his visits home became briefer and briefer, while his journeys extended further and further. Owney was quite indifferent as to the direction in which he traveled, but he never made a mistake as to his selection of cars. Invariably he selected a railway mail car, with his Uncle Sam's identifying mail sacks, and not only never sought, but actually disdained accommodation in baggage car, coach or Pullman. As he grew in experience, though as I have said, he took longer and longer trips, he always gravitated back to his old home town. His friends in Albany, fearful that he would some time or other wander too far, and among strangers who would not aid in his return, finally bought a collar for him. On this they inscribed, "Owney, the Albany Post Office Dog, Albany N.Y." and this he proudly carried for many years.

I have referred to Owney's uncertain ancestry, but whatever indiscretion there may have been on his part in his choice of ancestors, he inherited more than a good share of intelligence and alertness. He was a wise little dog, and though he had a good sense of humor, and was a "regular fellow" when among friends, he was always dignified when dignity was called for, and he looked with disdain upon those who tried to force familiarity, particularly as he grew older, his fame greater, and he became a social lion. His sense for post office men, and post office mail sacks, was unerring. In all his long life he never wavered in his allegiance to the service.

Owney's peregrinations after a little while aroused considerable curiosity, and the boys of the Albany post office in order to ascertain where he went on his journeys, tied a card to his collar, which bore a message requesting those he visited to tie tags to him, so that upon his return home they would be apprised as to his wanderings. He would commonly ride as far as the mail car went, and when it reached a terminal he would hunt around for another outgoing one. Into this he would climb and look 'round for his customary bed of mail sacks. Finding these, he would be quite contented. His collection of tags grew quickly. They disclosed the wide extent of his wanderings, and they included many of an interesting character. Baggage checks, hotel key checks, coins, badges were garnered in great numbers. Of course it took him but a short time to cover the State of New York, and the New England States, all the time adding to his collection. On one of his trips he got as far as Washington, and was duly introduced to Postmaster General Wanamaker. Mr. Wanamaker saw that his collar had become so weighted with tags that poor Owney could no longer carry it with comfort. The Postmaster General thereupon had the collar removed, and replaced with a fine little harness, to which, much to Owney's satisfaction, his decorations were transferred. He was quite proud of his collection. If during the time he had his collar anyone removed it, he wanted it quickly replaced. If this was not done, he would become impatient. The boys would take his collar off sometimes for sport, and throw it on the floor, when he would nose around until he would, by the aid of his paws, finally get it on again, which was no easy task with his ears interfering. In the course of time his harness got to be covered with tags. He was a veritable perambulating Christmas tree. Eventually his load got so heavy he had to be relieved of it just as he had been of his collar. He not only traveled all over the United States, main systems and branch lines, but he explored Canada, Nova Scotia and Mexico. You may wonder how he managed to get board as well as transportation over all his long career. Only once is it recorded that he ever came to grief in this respect. This occasion was in Canada, when he was held up for his board, and those who held him would not release him until his Albany friends sent on funds for him. Eugene Field, in his ballad of the Taylor Pup, tells of a pup that ate

"Potatoes, biscuits, mush or hash, joint, chop, or chicken limb
So long as it was edible, 'Twas all the same to him!

"And frequently when hunger's pangs Assailed that callow pup,
He masticated boots and gloves Or chewed a door mat up".

But Owney was a wise dog. No door mats for him! When he traveled he traveled right, as became a dog of distinction. In the days of Owney we had very few trains, if any, which had dining cars. Instead of such cars, the long distance trains stopped at stations where there were dining rooms, and the passengers left the cars and dined, and then returned to their seats and their baggage. When the train stopped at restaurant stations, fifteen minutes for refreshments, you know, Owney was the first

off his car, and at the head of the procession headed for the lunch room. Of course it was an esteemed distinction and privilege to have so celebrated a traveler for a guest, and Owney never lacked a host.

Owney not only knew all that other dogs know, but he knew a lot more besides. He knew the meaning of the different whistles of the engines, and the bells, and whether they meant the train was coming to a stop or was about to go, and he could meander around the switch yards and avoid all the dangers. He was in several wrecks, but came through them without serious injury, though somewhere and somehow, he lost an eye, but just how he lost it I do not recall.

Owney had an admirer named M. I. Ingersoll, who tells how Owney was lured to a camp one day by one of his post office chums. Owney stood the quiet of the camp just two days and nights, when his wanderlust rose in rebellious ennui, whereupon he made his escape. He was seen in the camp at 6:30 in the morning, but by 8:30 he turned up in Boston, and made for the railroad station hot footed, evidently having caught the first boat in. He had been in Boston before, making trips there from Albany, but not apparently from the camp, yet he found his way. What was such a feat for an experienced globe trotter like Owney, who knew the United States from Alaska to Texas and Maine to Florida? Owney was not only a collector of coins, tags and badges, but of poetry as well. I can't say very much as to his discrimination and taste in this direction. But I know that from long experience one cannot be polite and at the same time fastidious, when it comes to criticizing poetry written by friends. You know how this is yourselves. When asked what you think of a poetical efusion, or should I say confusion, composed by a friend, it is high diplomacy to take a chance, and tell such a whopper that the recording angel hearing you will, in the depth of her sorrow for your sinfulness, shed a tear, and thus perchance blot out her entry of it. That is the rule I have been following for the preservation of the friendship of struggling poets these many years, and even if I do not get by on judgment day, I will at least have postponed a lot of agony for a long time meanwhile. Well, one verse that he garnered ran thus:

"Only one Owney, And this is he;
The dog is aloney, So let him be".

another read:

"Once there was a dog that took it in his head
Never to stay at home but ever to roam instead,
You have him now Send him on ahead".

I reckon two specimens are enough. Am I right? Well, as might be expected, Owney's picture was in demand. Mr. Leck, a photographer, tells the trouble he had trying to photograph Owney in a studio, while the dog kept milling around, as you know dogs will when nervous. In an inspired moment a mail sack was spread out where he could see it, when Owney promptly settled down upon it contentedly, and thereafter posed as desired. In the course of time Owney, on one of his visits to the Pacific

Coast stopped off at Tacoma, Washington. Jumping on one of the loads of mail leaving the office, he was carried down to the wharf and saw it loaded on a steamer. This aroused his interest in the steamer. Tacoma at the time was resorting to publicity to boom its advantages, and the then postmaster, Mr. A. B. Case, or "A.B.C.", as he was called by the boys in gray, conceived the idea of giving Owney a trip around the world to attract attention to Tacoma, as well as to give pleasure to Owney. Arrangements were quickly made. Owney was provided with a nice little suitcase befitting his official position. In this he carried his credentials, a blanket and a comb and brush. Also they packed in his harness with all his decorations, to be worn at levees, and when he would have occasion to impress dignitaries in foreign ports with his importance. Never before had he traveled with such pomp, or in such a consequential manner. It had its effect. No sooner did he reach Japan, but word of his arrival was carried to the Emperor, and, presently, with becoming decorum, the Imperial Japanese Government issued him a passport all duly signed and sealed. This passport in good Japanese characters admonished him as passports admonished other tourists, that in granting him the freedom of the country, he was not to conduct himself in other than a conciliatory way in his relations with the Japanese, nor to run to fires on horseback, nor to write his name on temple walls nor shrines. Further he was not to drive fast on narrow roads. So far as my information goes, he upheld the reputation of our country, not disregarding a single prohibition. From Japan he went to China, and here again he was honored with a passport, duly issued by the Emperor. By this time I fancy emperors were just ordinary indoor sports to him. He had trouble with a steamship company in China, which did not want to take a dog without a guardian as a passenger, or something of the kind, so with a flourish of his tail he went back to Japan and took a steamer from there to Singapore. Then he sailed to Port Said, said to be the most dissolute city in the world, possibly for which reason he hastened on to Algiers, exciting wherever he went the greatest curiosity. In Algiers he saluted the Bey. Finally he sailed for home, but made a call at the Azores en route. He was met on his arrival at New York, by a group of reporters, who sought to interview him, and they made much of the scores upon scores of souvenirs he had gathered en route, in the way of coins, decorations, medals, passports, etc. He was accorded an escort of honor up to our Grand Central Station post office, two days before Christmas. To please the Tacoma folks, he was headed off in that direction, and reached there just 132 days after his departure, which was very quick time in 1895 for circling the globe. One might believe that after such a trip, and in view of his previous unequalled record as a globe trotter, that Owney would settle down and rest on his laurels; but not so, he would not stay put, but resumed his journeys at once.

In the course of time, whether it was because the post office boys paid too much attention to him to the neglect of their duties, or because in his old age he grew peevish, I do not recall, but the higher officials prohibited him further passage on the cars. However, Owney was

not to be denied by anything of the kind, and with or without consent, he continued his travels. Finally on one of his trips he took sick in St. Louis, but was nursed and cared for, when he went to Frankfort, Indiana, and thence to Toledo. On arrival at Toledo he was wearing his collar, but he had but few tags on it, indicating that he had not made many stops on his trip, or else the boys were afraid to put them on, as they might betray who had harbored him. In Toledo he bit one of the clerks, and after some deliberation it was decided that he should be shot. A United States Marshal was delegated to be the executioner, but Owney sensed the situation, and took certain liberties with the Marshal's trousers which prompted that gentleman to retreat for more reasons than one. But poor Owney's day had come. His bravery only deferred his execution; it did not save him. He was shot, at the ripe age for a dog of 17 years. There was sorrow in the hearts of his executioners after his death. How often it has occurred in this world that we have first executed, and then raised monuments to those whose lives have been taken. It was so with poor Owney. They got up a collection, and Owney was turned over to the tender mercies of a taxidermist. A few weeks ago I was walking down one of the corridors of the Post Office Department building in Washington, when glancing in an open door, I saw Owney sitting on the floor with his harness and medals as natural as life, and though it was more than twenty years since I had seen him, it seemed but a day, and a flood of recollections of the poor old fellow filled my mind. I found that the taxidermist, way back a generation ago, had done his task well and that Postmaster General New was about to send Owney to the Sesqui-Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia, as one of the United States Government's exhibits. There he is today, as natural as life, the same old beloved vagabond, roguish expression and all. Is it not fine, to think that after all these years, this faithful old dog who loved the service so well and who established such a marvelous record as a traveler, excelling every other dog, should be thus honored? I hope everyone who goes to the Sesqui-Centennial will look Owney up. You will find him in the Postal Exhibit. Take your children. Tell them all about him. They will, I am sure, remember him longer, and take more pleasure in his story, than anything else they will see. Remember he was our dear old Uncle Sam's most distinguished dog, and that alone must endear him to us all. Good night, don't forget to tell the kiddies in the morning.

Good Friend:

May this little tale, first told over the radio, serve to relieve the tension of the strenuous life, for a few minutes of the departing year or of the new one yet to come.

ALBERT FIRMIN

Reprint from The Quest Magazine.

SUPPLEMENT TO "OWNEY" THE POST OFFICE DOG

I am rather a skeptic in respect to ghosts. I have invited them to visit me at various seances which I have attended, but even where the appearance of ghosts has been guaranteed, I had no luck, and about the only ghosts I have ever had the pleasure of seeing were those Shakespeare had so liberally provided for our delectation, as in Hamlet and Macbeth. Oh! yes, I forgot, I also met Peter Grim on his return. Well, a few years ago I was walking down the corridors of the P. O. Dept. Building in Washington, when glancing in an open door I saw what for the moment I took to be my first ghost! Was it an apparition? A figment of my imagination? Or a genuine ghost? Whatever it was I saw my dear old friend Owney sitting in the middle of the floor with all his harness and medals on, just as natural as life, and though twenty years had passed since I had seen him, it seemed but a day, and a flood of recollections of the poor old fellow came rushing to my mind. I found the taxidermist away back a generation ago had done his task well, and that our recent Postmaster General Harry S. New was about to let Owney visit the Sesqui-centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia as one of the U.S. Government's exhibits. There he reigned throughout the exposition, and thousands of visitors gazed upon him, and marveled as they read the signs descriptive of his exploits.

While he was there I broadcasted about him, and subsequently when visiting the exposition on Brooklyn Day, with the Borough President and other distinguished Brooklynites, I was told by the attendants that great numbers of people had sought Owney out. One attendant said as nearly as I can recollect, as Mary and I stood at attention, after asking him where to find Owney, "There was a guy over in Brooklyn, a hundred miles from here, who broad cast about that mut, and ever since, more visitors have asked me where to find him, than about any thing else in the Exhibition". We thanked him, and sneaked away without revealing my identity. The Exhibition was known as the "Philadelphia's Sesqui Centennial", 1926. Recently the P. O. Dept. was kind enough to let my old friend pay me a visit in Brooklyn, and many hundreds of visitors made his acquaintance; but alas, age cannot be denied, poor little Owney cannot be preserved forever, and year after year he shows more the ravages of time, and I fear he will not make many more trips anywhere, or like the famous "One horse Shay" he will on one of them fall apart. But my friends as long as I live at least, I hope to keep the memory of dear clever, eccentric little Owney green. He had a most unique personality. Owney was faithful to his trust; he served Uncle Sam according to his vision with a fidelity that was unswerving. He was zealous, courageous, and tenacious in following his ambition. In a way his life was typical of our American unrest, which kept our forefathers ever on the move, penetrating the far recesses of the continent and establishing communities in the remotest valleys, on our mountain tops, and on the shore of both the Atlantic and Pacific. I am sure every man and woman in the land who has a dog for a friend will regret that Owney should have met so tragic an end, and that

at the same time they will rejoice with me that in the years that have since passed he has been honored at our national Capitol, and become famous the world over. I have been told that my story of Owney was reprinted in Europe, and elsewhere, and even in distant India.

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NEW YEARS AS OF YORE

As I stand here in front of this microphone on New Year's night, my mind runs back to my youth, and to the way in which New Year's was then celebrated by young America, and the wonderful changes that have been wrought in our lives in the course of but forty years. Then turning to the future, and trying to penetrate its mysteries, you know my friends, I am enticed to speculate on what those of us who will live so long, will be doing after the lapse of another forty years. Forty years ago in New York, on New Year's night, instead of night clubs and cabarets, thousands of homes in practically every strata of our social life, were open to welcome every friend and acquaintance who was inclined to call, and refreshments were provided, more or less lavishly, according to the means of those concerned. Tenements and mansions alike in those distant days were scenes of festive gaiety. Humble lager beer or sparkling champagne; sandwiches made on the kitchen table or offered by French waiters from Sherry's; the jig on the kitchen floor, or the cotillion danced in the grand salon, filled alike the minds of all our young folks, and this was true whether they drew their revenue from pay envelopes or dividends.

The girls of a set in those distant days would not infrequently select the home of one of the number best suited to their purposes, and invite all their beau boys to call upon them; and the beau boys would similarly unite in groups, and jointly hire coaches in which they would make their rounds from home to home. Very frequently the boys would seek grotesque means of making their calls adding to the hilarity of the occasion by arriving in an undertaker's wagon, or a gaily decorated ice cart; and in one instance that I recall, a group of young bloods chose one of the old fashioned two wheel coal carts, and upon arriving at each point of call, insisted upon having the old Irishman who drove the horse, back up to the curb, and proceed to dump them out on the sidewalk in the orthodox way for a ton of coal. In those days Young America did not depend as Young America depends now, upon others to entertain them. They entertained themselves by entertaining each other. There were no movies, no phonographs, no radios, to help out. Hired entertainers at New Year's gatherings were rare, except in the homes of the very wealthy. Elsewhere the boys and girls made their own contributions to the gaiety of the New Year's frolics. One danced, another sang. There were duets,

trios, quartettes, characterizations, recitations, stunts. Of course that delight which has come down through the ages, and thrills one generation after another in the same old way -- I refer to "holding hands", with all its variations and accompaniments -- was practiced in suitable corners, and sometimes in corners that were not suitable; for them, as now, "All the world loves the lovers" and, I might add, forgives them their transgressions. Who would begrudge them? But in general the customs of those days have passed, never to return again; except perhaps as they may be revived in the memory of those like myself who are now old. Tonight we are facing a New Year, another milestone in the progress of eternity. Even as these things of which I have spoken have passed, so undoubtedly are we leaving, though we are unconscious of it, the practices and customs of 1930, for a life in the years to come which will be different, and let us hope better, than any life which has ever hitherto been known. Standing face to face with the New Year, with the old year fading into oblivion, it is well for us who have the interest of our country at heart, to pause at least a while, and to seek among the things, habits, customs and ideals we know to be so transient, however much they may intrigue us while they last, whatever there is in life that we can depend upon as permanent, everlasting, infinite, and be assured when we identify it, we will find it to be both of inspirational value, and to make for the progress of civilization. Among these things, and possibly of greatest moment, is the desire to make those around us happy and contented.

Facing the New Year, and those other years which will follow after, let us see, therefore, by what chart we as Americans should shape our course while we pursue our journey through them, so that we can garner the maximum happiness and at the same time make those around us happy and contented too. Happiness and contentment are the objectives to which the human race knowingly or otherwise aspires; but, too frequently, we make the fatal error of pursuing happiness and contentment for ourselves alone, without thought of others; when, inevitably, we are doomed to failure, and harvest no more than dead sea fruit. Marcus Aurelius said, in effect, some eighteen hundred years ago, and his words are as true now as they were then, that "The happiness of a man's life depends upon the character of his thoughts". Have you not observed that if we harbor animosities, if we nurse petty grievances, if we cultivate prejudices to-day, that the morrow will be filled with spite, venom, and so many distorted visions that we will not only make our own lives miserable, but we will cause unhappiness, distress, and suffering to all about us? On the contrary, if we practice the gentle art of forgiving, of trying to forget the meanness, the pettiness, the selfishness and the other foibles of those about us, and preserve in our memories only those good qualities we can discover in others, we will find that the American of to-morrow will be a brighter, better, happier American for our having done so! Our own James Russell Lowell, in one of his sonnets, has expressed a thought even more refined and sublimated than that which I have quoted of Aurelius, and it runs: "Be noble, and the nobleness that lies in other men, sleeping but

never dead, will rise in majesty to meet thine own". I confess that I have encountered a good many characters in whom I could discover not a single spark of nobility, and yet I hold that there is a great truth within Lowell's very beautiful vision, and a truth no less important and useful for the promotion of happiness than that given us by the Roman Emperor and philosopher I have mentioned. Translated from poetic to prosaic language, it is to use all the good you possess yourself in seeking whatever good there is in your neighbor, and that good will come forth to make for the happiness of both of you. Since a good American poet has bequeathed us this inspiring thought, we cannot do better than as a nation take it to heart. I count one of the greatest evils the world suffers from is the prejudice men hold against men who differ from themselves. The prejudice extends to religion, customs, apparel, and to a countless array of other things. Deep down in the human breast the world over, surviving all attempts of civilization to eradicate the primitive instinct, this thought that difference implies inferiority has persisted. It has been probably the most prolific cause of war the world has known. It has engendered hatred, bitterness, antagonism. It has ever been a disruptive factor to nullify attempts towards cooperation, peace and harmony. As good Americans we must be ever on our guard against this corrupting and provocative thought. If we want to make progress in the years to come towards peace and happiness in our social and business relations, in our religious circles, and as well in all our domestic and international relations, we must be ever on our guard to prevent being corrupted or misguided by all pernicious influences. We must guard against prejudice, be tolerant of those who differ from us in their opinions, and recognize that other races and other institutions have their virtues as well as ours. Our land is a democracy. It is the world's greatest experiment in democratic government. For 150 years peoples in the four quarters of the globe who have aspired to freedom, to the establishment of republican forms of government, and to free themselves from the shackles of aristocracies and autocracies, have looked to us for inspiration and guidance. In this respect America bears a heavy responsibility. Our government will be no better than the units of which it is made up; and, therefore, it is our obligation, our duty, our sacred trust, to individually cultivate the high qualities of which I speak, that collectively and as a nation, we may discharge our trust with honor, and with the courage that comes from a clean conscience. Robert Louis Stevenson wrote some years ago, a very beautiful little guide for every man who earns his living and has to bear the burden of a family, and of all he has written I treasure it most. Let me quote it: "To be honest, to be kind, to earn a little and to spend a little less; to make upon the whole a family happier for his presence; to renounce when that shall be necessary and not to be embittered; to keep a few friends but these without capitulation; above all, on the same grim condition to keep friends with himself - here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy". Of course you have noted those last words. How beautiful is his linking of fortitude and delicacy.

This is a program to which every man should aspire for the year to come. There is one feature of his injunction I would especially and particularly emphasize at this time as especially appropriate. Let me bring it to your attention: We have been suffering in 1930 from one of the deepest and widest business depressions this country has experienced for many years. It seems we must at last have reached its lowest depth. Let us hope this is so, and that when the rebound comes we will go up with the same driving force that we descended. If this be so, let us do as Robert Louis Stevenson admonished us to. In addition to being honest and kind, let us as a nation follow Stevenson's advice, "to earn a little and to spend a little less". Ah! "to spend a little less". What suffering there has been in this time of depression, because in time of plenty there were many who gave no thought of to-morrow. Let all who can in 1931, repair the leaks, and guard against the vicissitudes of the future. Let it be the time throughout America for turning over a new leaf in this important matter. Finally my friends let us strive in 1931, to look upon the pleasant side of life. Let us strive to be cheery, to smile, to laugh, to spread sunshine wherever we go in this year to come. Life at its best is too somber. There is too much misery which is inescapable for us to wantonly add more to it. Bear in mind the world is far too big ever to be overcrowded with joy. Oh! how often have I wished that happiness might be infectious! Let us strive in this year to come as though it were a patriotic duty, to divert our minds and the minds of those about us from strife, from evil, from war, and to direct our thoughts towards those eternal verities, which make for harmony, love, peace, brotherhood, and contentment! Let us strive in 1931 to make our contribution according to our lights and our endowments, however small or large they may be, to the progress of the world towards a brighter, cleaner, purer, saner life wherein it shall be every American man's ambition to bring happiness and contentment not only to himself, not only to his family, not only to his nation, but to the world at large. Perfect happiness will be achieved when, and when only, mankind comes to a realization that happiness is a reflected glory and blessing which cannot be absorbed in full measure unless and until we have given the best in us to those about us and receive back from them the echo of our own good will.

Good evening friends and once again a happy new year to all!

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SYMPOSIUM ON CRIME

Good afternoon friends of the air:

This my friends is a symposium on crime, and this I take it, includes a study of its extent, its causes, the menace it is to our country, and the means whereby it may be at least curbed if it cannot be eradicated. It is not unlikely that we who are to speak this afternoon will not wholly

agree either as to what we conceive to be the facts, nor upon the remedies, but I am opening the symposium on the friendly understanding that my associates, whether they agree with me in whole or in part, are every bit as much concerned in the welfare of our country as am I, and I want to assure them thus early in the program, of my sympathetic interest with all that they may offer in the way of good counsel in this time of stress. With this foundation to stand upon, let me first cite that notwithstanding our pride in our democratic institutions, which we regard as the bulwarks par excellence for the protection of our right to life, of our right to liberty, and of our right to the peaceful enjoyment of property, we find that nowhere in the civilized world is life held so cheaply, nor property so insecurely as in our beloved United States. It is indeed painful for us to have to acknowledge this, but patriotism demands that there be no equivocation on the subject. It would be cheap, compromising kind of patriotism that would endeavor to conceal the truth. Real patriotism demands facing the problem fairly and squarely, and seeking by all means at our command rectification at once, that is both prompt and radical. We are practically unanimous in subscribing to the doctrine that to secure these ends, that is, the right to life and to property, governments are both instituted and maintained among men. From time to time of most remote antiquity, governments the world over have endured or fallen according to the efficiency they have shown or failed to show in administering justice, in protecting citizens in their rights to both life and property, and in restraining the criminal elements who by subterfuge, fraud or violence have been ever ready to despoil the industrious and peaceful. Yet though we have been holding our government to be the paragon in the galaxy of nations, and we all aspire that America, our America, may set a high example for the rest of the world to look up to according to the criteria I have mentioned, yet the statistics of crime, and our actual daily experience with it, force us to acknowledge that our country actually holds an ignominious position among the nations of the world. As to the outside world looking in, the European nations in particular, which we have been looking down upon with such smug assurance in the past, are now viewing with amazement and bewilderment the state into which we have fallen, and our ineffectual efforts thus far to regain our standing. We have the authority of President Hoover for the statement that "More than 9,000 human beings are lawlessly killed in the United States each year. Little more than half as many arrests follow. Less than one-sixth of these slayers are convicted, and but a scandalously small percentage are adequately punished. Twenty times as many people are lawlessly killed in the United States as in Great Britain". (Let me emphasize this, my friends, 'Twenty times as many people are lawlessly killed in the United States as in Great Britain', and then Mr. Hoover proceeds) - "In many of our cities murder can apparently be committed with impunity. At least fifty times as many robberies in proportion to population are committed in the United States as in the United Kingdom, and three times as many burglaries". This is a terrible indictment, but I believe that it is in fact conservative. However, I deem it unnecessary to enlarge upon the

indictment, for I know my friends, that if you are taking enough interest in listening in upon this symposium that you know enough of our affliction already, and that what you are chiefly interested in is, the causes of this appalling situation and the cures for it. In my opinion there are many causes, more in fact than I have time to even enumerate, but I would at least submit these facts. Though we have solved many of the difficulties of mass production, to the extent that we can produce wealth with less human effort than ever before, or anywhere else, we have not yet solved the problem of securing to the individual the compensation for his labor he is entitled to, and the extremes of wealth and poverty which surround us, and the ease by which some amass riches while others can barely exist though they labor ever so faithfully and patiently, is in itself an incitement to the weak and distressed. We have very largely recognized an obligation on the part of the government to spend money for the public weal, and the justification for defraying the cost by taxation but we have not yet learned how to raise the taxes without the burden thereof resting upon those already overburdened, or how to prevent others from escaping who should bear their share. Our country is probably the richest in the world in respect to natural resources, but we have not yet learned how to conserve these for the benefit of all, with the result that they have been largely exploited by those who, taking advantage of the opportunity, have learned the art of exploiting them for their personal purposes, and even utilizing the powers of government to aid them in their purposes. As a result of these factors, we find as I have just said, an extraordinary and unfair distribution of wealth, which acting upon unstable minds, has unbalanced them, and prompted them to take criminal means to satisfy their desires.

I do not believe there is any single panacea for these particular factors in the cause of crime. At least I am certain I am safe in saying there is none which a sufficient number of us will crystallize, to permit of its adoption. From this situation we will likely in the course of time, by the contribution of many minds, and in ways which I do not believe can now be prophesied with even approximate accuracy, eventually emerge. These factors call for all that mankind can give in the way of industry, research, candor, and enthusiasm, without which latter, as Emerson has said, nothing great in this world has ever been accomplished. We, probably more than other people, have within a few years, in very large numbers, (I might almost say a generation of us) abandoned the traditions, the faiths, the religions which have aided and guided our forefathers, and acted as wholesome restraints upon their desires and passions. Most of those who have abandoned these restraints, have sought no other guides to conduct, and the few who have sought them, have mostly sought in vain. I am old fashioned enough, and still sufficiently conservative, my friends, to believe that the traditions and religions that have guided our conduct in the past, are still vital, essential forces, which contain the cardinal principles of conduct, and without which the world cannot prosper; however well it may be to strip them of the unessential details and formulas that largely make up the differences between creeds, and which always obscure and in many

cases even seriously distort the treasures to which like foul parasites they have attached themselves. We need a new reformation, a reformation that will place the emphasis upon the essential, and be done with controversy over nonessentials. A reformation that will bring home to our hearts and to our conscience that success in life is not in getting but in giving, and that true happiness is achievable only by making those around us happy. Looking back over our history, we find that from early colonial times, along with the stalwart citizenry, the intrepid, the aspiring souls, the courageous seekers for human liberty who have made up the great mass of the emigrants who have honored us by coming here, and who together have made up the greatest and most efficient industrial army that the world knows, we have unfortunately, practically continuously, been burdened and afflicted by a putrid stream of social outcasts, some of whom have been deported from their native shores under threat of fine or imprisonment, some of whom have surreptitiously fled therefrom to escape justice, some of whom have been aided by their relatives in order to be rid of them, and who have been not infrequently abnormally prolific and have, like the Duke family, polluted our national blood, all to our discredit, shame and humiliation. We cannot turn back the hands of time, or undo the evil done through three centuries, but we must strive to prevent further contamination by every means in our power.

The greater care that is now being taken to guard against this undesirable, degenerate and criminal immigration from whatever source it may come, is in the right direction. There is room here for the honest, the frugal, the industrious, but we should bar all who have criminal records or evidence of degeneracy. We have in the past devoted too much attention to the punishment of criminals (even though we have achieved such poor results), and too little to the prevention of crime. I do not mean by this that we should coddle the criminal. Far from it, I believe that the punishment, swift, certain, unprejudiced, is a strong deterrent from crime, and that we are not only fully justified in imprisoning those who break our laws, but in requiring them to labor for their own support and for restitution to those they sinned against. But still, I place the emphasis upon prevention. We must bring to bear upon the weak and vacillating youth of our community, and most of our criminals are youthful, all that psychology, all that education, all that criminology, all that the sciences, all that our social agencies can contribute to stay them from crime, and bring back to a social status those who have slipped.

There is no doubt in my mind that very many criminals are criminals from pathologic conditions which are as much afflictions to the so-called criminals as the criminals are afflictions to the community, and that they need curative treatment rather than punishment. In many cases if we could only get at the facts, we would find their parents to blame rather than themselves, and in some cases we would find too, that society itself was largely responsible. For pathologic cases where cures can be effected through surgery or other means, treatment should be at

the expense of the state. If hospitalization is necessary, it should be accorded. Very many cases are what may be designated as borderland cases, or twilight cases, where pathology and criminology blend, and for these we should provide both the stimulus of scientific treatment and the restraint which is produced by punishment. We must look to genetics, to birth control, to sociology, even to sterilization, each to make its contribution to the solution of the problems involved in the taint of inheritance to which I have alluded, and this brings me again to emphasize what I have said before, that there is no single panacea for our distemper. Criminality as we know it to-day is so far-reaching, it has so many ramifications, and it is the result of so many different causes, that it will take all the resources of our social state to materially correct it. Among the most sinister aspects of the crime situation is on the one hand the alliance of business and politics with crime, and on the other hand the alliance of organized labor with crime. That is racketeering and Brindelism, or Parkeism, and the like. There was a time not so very long ago, when criminals were in a class by themselves, and they merely pursued their calling as criminals had, since the dawn of history, but the new criminality is of a different order, and we now find politicians, business and labor allied with, and employing criminals, sometimes one against the other, and again within their own ranks in restraint of trade of freedom of action, or even for vile purposes of blackmail. These evils are spreading, and they already are so powerful, so widespread and so well organized that authority is defied, and the captains of the underworld openly flaunt the law. The worst feature of it all, is the complacency of the public under the humiliating shame. We must have an awakened public spirit; a spirit that will not halt until every rootlet and twig of this system is destroyed, and we should strengthen every branch of our government to these ends.

The increase in crime has been largely due to the ease with which criminals escape punishment. Our country is large; we speak a common language; a criminal may pass from state to state and pursuit is difficult, for everywhere he is mingling with others like himself, in language and appearance; and, too, we suffer because of a lack of a centralized, nationwide police system. So long as a large percentage of criminals escape punishment, the crime wave will continue. We must aim for prompt, certain and adequate punishment. Partly because we have been overzealous in protecting our liberties, we have surrounded the accused with a multitude of safeguards that always make successful prosecution in even very strong cases exceedingly difficult. Further we have adopted exceedingly involved and complicated rules of practice, evidence and jurisprudence; we have provided opportunities for appeals and further appeals; we have permitted the overlapping of the jurisdiction of courts, and added so many complexities to our criminal laws, largely I believe under the stimulus of the master minds of the criminal world and their attorneys, that it is rarely possible to convict and to secure punishment if the criminal has enough money to secure an able lawyer, and if he lacks it, his pals are likely to go out and get it. We will not overcome our shame in these respects until we strike hard at the very roots of these structural and admin-

istrative cancers in our criminal courts system. Then too there is the damnable alliance of crime and politics. An alliance that has left a smirch that is nationwide, and can be found alike in village, town and metropolis. Its ramifications have corrupted our police, have influenced our prosecuting officers; and, creeping even under the magisterial togas, have risen upwards until they have entangled the scales of justice to make doubly certain of their designs. Not until we find some means of freeing the police, prosecuting officers and judges from the humiliation of waiting in the ante rooms of political leaders, and bending the supine knee for their appointments, nominations and renominations, with big campaign contributions on the side, will we be freed of these evils; and here again, we must have an awakening of the public conscience to secure results. In England, it is my understanding, bonds in criminal cases cannot be legally obtained or provided for a money consideration. Only a person who is willing on the strength of friendship to stake his bond on the faith he has in the accused can give bond. Hence bonds are rare, and the prisoner finding no way out of jail but through trial, seeks trial as quickly as he can get it. In our country bonds are procurable by the payment of premiums, which criminals seem generally able to produce; and the prisoner once out on bail, finds it to his interest to delay trial as long as possible, and this he does by every device and legal technicality. The longer the delay, the better the chance of escaping conviction; for witnesses may remove, may die, may be reached or intimidated. There is much room for improvement in this direction, but those who profit by the system will vigorously oppose any modification of existing laws under which they flourish. I believe that much will be accomplished under the Baumes laws recently enacted; that in the main they are good, but that they should be still further strengthened. I believe that the Commission recently appointed by President Hoover will throw light on the situation, and greatly help to focus public attention upon this vexatious problem. All will be helpful. But my friends, above all, to me it seems the matter of paramount importance is the awakening of the public conscience, the arousing of public indignation, the stimulation of political, legislative, social, and religious action. If this comes about all our agencies will begin to function, our political parties will clean house, our legislatures will see the situation in a new light, our prosecuting officers will find juries more willing to convict, our politicians will find it healthy to stop their interference, our courts will be fearful to take chances, our social agencies will make progress, and under the new stimulation though the forces for social order may work under many leaders, they will all pursue convergent lines, with every likelihood of attaining the goal they have in common.

MEMORIAL TO WILLIAM KELLY

Honorable Chairman, ladies and gentlemen:

I am certain everyone present has been deeply moved by the impressive remarks of our Chairman, and that we unanimously approve of his request that the solemnity of this occasion be not disturbed by applause. Chairman Somers in making this request has very appropriately reminded us that our purpose in gathering here to-day is both solemn and sacred. It is in entire harmony with this keynote sounded by him that I shall address you in honor, esteem, and tender remembrance of our dear, departed friend William Kelly. As cheerful as the fair sunshine that charms us to-day, and as gracious as the gentle zephyrs we are now enjoying, is my memory of this friend we have gathered to honor. It almost seems as though nature in its beautiful way is simulating the sunny disposition and the gentle, kindly friendship which he had for his fellow man. As I stand here thinking of Bill Kelly and of his characteristics, one of them which deeply impressed me and which I much respected, brings to my mind a very old story, yet old as it is, I do not hesitate to repeat it, and to bring it back to your memory, for in a homely way it conveys a lesson we should take to heart, and to which from time to time we should renew our allegiance. The story runs that once upon a time an old gentleman was engaged cutting a hedge, on a village path leading from the station, when a stranger entering the place for the first time inquired of him: "Stranger, what kind of people have you in this town of yours"? "Well", said the old gentleman, "tell me please what kind of people you had in the town you have left"? "Oh," said the traveller, "they were a mean lot, always carping and criticizing and nagging, and talking ill of everybody". "Well", said the old gentleman as he resumed the interrupted trimming of his hedge, "I am afraid you will find just the same kind here". Now a little later another wayfarer came along, and he too stopped by the old gentleman. Said he, "My friend, what kind of folks have you in this town"? And the old gentleman asked him the same question he had put before, saying, "Why friend, tell me please what kind of folks did you leave in your old town"? "Oh", said the wayfarer, "I was indeed sorry to have to leave them, they were kindly, neighborly, good people, and it was a pleasure to count them as friends". "I am glad to hear that", said the old gentleman, once more resuming his clipping, "and you will, I am sure, find just the same kind of folks here". There is profound philosophy in this story. We get out of life just what we put into it. If we cherish evil memories, they attach themselves to us and embitter our lives. If we cherish the good we see about us, we get the best out of life God offers. Of course you who knew Bill Kelly detect at once why thinking of him brought this homely, old fable to my mind. The character I referred to was our dear friend's love of his fellow men, which made him seek the good in everyone he knew, and to forget and forgive the evil. When talking, he extolled the good qualities of all his associates, and if he knew anything derogatory, he kept it to himself. You know my friends, if you want to make a fair appraisal of a man, it is nec-

essary to learn the plane whence he started as well as the heights he has achieved. Whenever I have had occasion to study the great characters of American history, whether members of that incomparable group which laid the foundations of our country, or those who following later and building on this foundation have developed our nation and directed its progress, I have always found greatest pleasure in the biographies of men like Franklin, Jackson and Lincoln, who starting from humble surroundings in childhood, have by their extraordinary industry, zeal and enthusiasm in the public service worked their way upwards until they have enshrined themselves in the hearts of our countrymen. So with our friend Kelly. We who are gathered here to-day, know he came of humble parents, that he labored for years as a letter carrier, and we rejoice that while still wearing his grey uniform, and traversing his route day after day, he earned the respect of his patrons, the love of his associates, and the esteem of his supervisors. It was while thus engaged as a carrier that he at least laid the foundation of his popularity which eventually won him friends from coast to coast. I think my friends you will all agree with me when I say in this world of strife and competition we can ordinarily divide those who achieve prominence roughly into two classes. In one class there are those who regardless of the consequences to others, intent only on achieving their purposes, pursue their ambitions at the expense of their fellow men, using them on occasion as mere stepping stones, and frequently not hesitating to sacrifice the worthy and noble things of life, nor to prostitute their talents, if by so doing they can gain wealth or power. Then there are those chosen few who through their love for their fellow-men win their way into the hearts of those about them, and do so almost unconsciously. Generous to a fault, they aid, strengthen and comfort all with whom they come in contact. Their energies, their faculties, their sympathies are ever ready to aid the distressed, to soften the grief of the afflicted, and to mitigate the sorrows of the bereaved. The man this great gathering is honoring to-day is of this latter, rare group. Those he befriended and aided are legion. I could site scores of cases where his heart, his hand, his purse, and his influence came to the rescue of his friends, and among them are extraordinary examples of benevolence and service. Many men no sooner begin to progress a little beyond their associates than they seem to suffer failing memories and cease to recognize their humble comrades of former days, even though many of them likely contributed in one way or another to their start in life. It seems even at times as though they saw the life and friends of yesterday only as viewed from the wrong end of a telescope, with all their old pals reduced to lilliputian size, but it was never so with Bill Kelly. He became President of the National Association of Letter Carriers, Postmaster of Brooklyn, County Clerk, a distinguished and highly honored man in this great metropolis; but his honors failed to spoil him, and to the time of his death he never learned to look down, but always put on the level his pals and friends of the old days. Regardless of the class, color, creed, wealth or poverty of those he met, he showed a democracy of spirit and genuine heartiness that disclosed his sterling character and manly American spirit. Nothing delighted him more than to attend a gathering of his old

postal pals, and there was scarcely a city in the country where he was not known and beloved.

Henry Ford made a statement some time ago that impressed me very deeply. He said in effect, "Success in life is to be measured not in terms of getting but in terms of giving." In appraising the value of this statement my friends, I want you to bear in mind that Henry Ford though once a poor, struggling mechanic, became probably the richest man in the world. He has sounded all the depths and shoals of life incident to his progress from poverty to affluence. He has passed the meridian of life, and reached the age of reflection and candor, and this is his conclusion. It is a wise conclusion, which squares with all that we have in the way of inspiration and revelation. It rings true with the philosophies of the profound thinkers who through the ages have furthest penetrated the mysteries of existence, life, and of conduct. Applying this criterion to the life and conduct of our friend William E. Kelly, observe how high the index points. He gave his service to his associates in gray at a time when to be conspicuous as one of their representatives incurred the enmity and hostility of those high in power, a situation which has happily passed into oblivion. As postmaster and subsequently when elected and re-elected to a more remunerative office, he gave the public a clean, honest, honorable administration. Throughout his career he gave the very best of his natural endowments, his wealth and his spiritual inspiration to the comfort, happiness and contentment of all who came under his kindly, beneficent influence. In conclusion my friends let me tell the thought which comes to the forefront as I think of our departed friend, whose memory this monument is to perpetuate, and which is happily placed in this park dedicated to young America. The thought was beautifully expressed by Hedley when he said "Life is not a goblet to be drained, but a measure to be filled." Our departed friend so regarded his life. He filled the measure to the brim with kindness, gentleness and love for his fellow men. He ran it overflowing in a copious stream of good will, charity and benevolence. Wherever he could aid, whether by sympathy, advice or inspiration, he did so. He had an understanding heart. He will never be forgotten by any who knew him, and as long as our memory lasts, he will be cherished.

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APPEAL FOR RELIEF FOR THE UNEMPLOYED

A few weeks ago a group of Brooklyn's busiest executives and business men, realizing the seriousness of the situation that confronted our city incident to the depression, put aside their usual tasks and banded themselves together to raise money to care for the unemployed. The task that these men assumed was a colossal one. It was to raise right here in Brooklyn a relief fund of \$1,250,000. Unless one has actually been engaged upon a campaign of this kind, it is almost impossible to realize the

amount of labor, the degree of sacrifice, the vexations, humiliations and annoyances involved in gathering such an enormous sum. The task involved the enrollment of thousands of solicitors, and these solicitors, both men and women, had to personally call on thousands of others to safeguard the poor and destitute of our city from cold, hunger and evictions. Now my friends after hard weeks of incessant importuning, after knocking at thousands of doors, invading offices, ringing door bells and the like, we still find we are many thousands of dollars short of the goal, and the sum has just got to be made up within a few days by a last, earnest, desperate effort. The depression has lasted so long, and has afflicted so many, that nothing short of the full amount set as Brooklyn's quota will meet the situation. Each day brings additional long lines of people to the various relief stations in need of food, about to be evicted for non-payment of rent, or deprived of coal, gas and electricity, and the needs of these unfortunate, destitute unemployed people just must be met one way or another, and it is right up to the people of Brooklyn to see the thing through. There are now six thousand solicitors going from house to house in Brooklyn seeking aid for the destitute. They are all volunteers, They are men and women who have taken up this task because they are determined to save the destitute from starvation, and I beseech you my friends to contribute if any of them call upon you. Of course they are provided with appropriate credentials. You know under ordinary circumstances there are so many benevolent and philanthropic people in Brooklyn, and they support so many fine institutions for the relief of such destitution as we ordinarily have from time to time, that no such general, widespread appeal as is now being made is necessary; but the crisis that confronts Brooklyn to-day is so gigantic, that the resources of these good people, and of their fine institutions, are quite overwhelmed. The crisis calls for every man and woman to help who has a job, an income, or a profit from a business. This is every man's job, and no one should fail to do his bit.

Very many of those for whom aid is being asked are very different from the types which seek charity ordinarily. In times past the destitute have ordinarily consisted almost exclusively of the indigent, the handicapped, the indolent, the chronically sick or maimed, the underprivileged and the dissipated. They have been mostly drawn from the laboring class, and the unskilled trades. Many have been mentally defective or mentally incompatible with their social and industrial environment. Many have been fairly good in their day, but have grown old and found themselves shut out by younger and more active competitors. But to-day a very different condition exists. Now the unfortunate destitute persons we have to rescue include a very large percentage who are just like ourselves. The destitute nowadays include men and women who have had schooling. Many are persons of culture and refinement. A large percentage of them have never been in want before, or sought aid from anyone. They are competent to work, they are anxious to work, but they are unable to get jobs of any kind. They include professional men, skilled artisans, tradesmen. They only seek aid in a last desperate effort to keep body and soul together, and

you can well imagine the desperate frame of mind they are in, and the humiliation they suffer, when all else failing they have finally to succumb. You and I cannot turn our backs on this situation. We just must do our bit according to our means, big or little as they may be, and help out.

I have referred to Brooklyn's quota being \$1,250,000. You may want to know how much of this will be spent in Brooklyn before you contribute. Every cent of it is planned to be spent for Brooklyn. Not one cent of it is to go outside our Borough. Not only will every cent of this be needed here, and be spent here, but the number of needy persons in Brooklyn is so great, that large as the sum we are striving for is, it will not nearly suffice, and from the money raised in Manhattan, Brooklyn will require and will receive approximately three times as many dollars as we collect here. You see in Brooklyn we have an enormous population, two million six hundred thousand people in fact, or about seven hundred thousand more people than there are in Manhattan, but we have not got so many wealthy persons here as Manhattan has, not such big financial and commercial institutions. We have in the relief of destitution, let me repeat, to care for an extraordinary number of persons, and yet have not the extremely wealthy to help us. We must depend very largely for the money we raise upon ordinary, every day people, and it is to those particularly I am appealing now. Now my friends I want to bring this matter right home to you individually, as though I were just talking to you face to face, sitting in your room, and you turning over in your mind what you could do to help, and how much you could afford to give. Of course you would realize every one who has a job, a business or an income of any kind, in a time like this is obligated to give as much as he can afford to in order to maintain his self-respect, and what you really should do is to send a check, a money order or a registered letter to the Unemployed Emergency Relief Committee, 215 Montague Street, Brooklyn, without delay, or drop a postal card to the Committee and someone will call on you for the amount, great or small if you prefer that way. Do not fear to make a small donation if you cannot afford a substantial one. Every little helps. Even the price of a loaf of bread may help a family in deep despair. Remember the address. I will repeat it slowly: Emergency Unemployment Relief Committee, 215 Montague Street, Brooklyn, New York.

COMMENDATION FROM HIGH AUTHORITIES

In 1920 a "Joint Commission of the Senate and the House of Representatives" was created to make an investigation of the U. S. Postal Service with the determination to detect its faults and to promote its purposes. I was selected by this distinguished group to aid it, and this was approved by three successive Postmaster Generals, namely Work, New and Hays. It was a tremendous task. It covered the entire United States, and included the entire personnel, not excepting even officials of the highest rank dominant in Washington. It called for courage, determination and extreme accuracy. It was the more onerous because I had to divide my time between this extraordinary assignment and my current obligations as a high official of the New York Post Office involving exceptional financial obligations. It was not until June 30, 1923 that I finally fulfilled my obligations. Upon the completion of my task the Commission honored me by commendatory resolutions, and, the Secretary of the Joint Commission in writing about me later said:-

"Throughout the work of the Commission I have had opportunity to study Mr. Firmin carefully, and I have never observed such an indefatigable worker, nor can I imagine any one with greater enthusiasm for promoting the interests of the service. His zeal, his knowledge, his executive ability, his penetration, his ability to elucidate complex matters render him conspicuous even among the ablest, and his exceptional ability wins the admiration of all who come in contact with him."

But those days of crowded incidents have long passed, here I am 86 years old, like the wreck of a ship upon a beach, and gradually falling to pieces, with faded memories, uncertainty at times even when confronted with minor responsibilities, and turning to others for advice and counsel even when there should be no hesitancy on my part. Fortunately I have sincere friends who are helpful. But notwithstanding my deficiencies in memory I recall my mother's warning to me when a lad. She divided all lads into two groups - "Leaners and Props". If she saw one of her sons leaning against a wall she would likely throw a pincushion at him, and say "Don't be a leaner" "I want my sons to be props". Incidentally when my chums came in to box, she would clear the floor and referee our sport, always with the hope they would not be leaners.

I have been very fortunate in respect to commendations from "High Authorities." It began in my early youth shortly after I entered the Postal Service. Postmaster General Wanamaker established a system of competitive examinations, and I entered them, and headed the list in the first test, and was promoted. Then there occurred another vacancy, and a second examination, and but one other competitor joined me. It happened the second examination was to cover two vacancies, so my competitor and I were both made happy, and were honored accordingly. Then Wanamaker resigned, and before another vacancy occurred, the system was abandoned. My joy came to an end, for political pull succeeded the merit system.

As the years passed along though "Commendations From High Authorities" (The Very Highest in fact) showered upon me. I have a book close by my desk as I write this, which is filled with commendations and I will turn to it, and quote from it the names of many of those who showered me with their blessings, and who are likely well known to many who will read what follows:- I was commended by Postmaster of New York, Henry G. Pearson, while I was only a young lad, and Postmaster General James. James was the Father-in-law of Pearson. But as I look at the list I see it is too long to expatiate on. I will condense on their names and titles. Postmaster Generals Donaldson, Brown, Hays, New, Cortelyou, First Ass't. Postmaster General Coleman, National Superintendent of Money Order Division Charles Matthews, National Director of Budget, Joseph Gartland, Third Ass't. Postmaster Generals J. C. Harriman, W. Irving Glover, and W. J. Barrows. National Director of Postal Savings, C. A. Gable, E. H. McDermot, Sec'y. Of The Joint Commission of the Senate and the House of Representatives. Director of the Division of Postal Savings of the U. S., C. H. Fullaway, A. B. Strom, Commissioner of Budget. Inspector in charge Joseph P. Johnston, Atlanta, Ga., E. M. Morgan, Postmaster, New York. Charles E. Townsend, U. S. Senate and strangely two men named Bartlett, not related, but holding high positions in the Postal Service.

All of these men were outstanding characters in the service of the government of our country, and I esteemed it to be an honor to be approved, selected, promoted, or commended by any of them. Very few of them are still living, but records of their approval of me and of their corresponding aid to me is "on record", and I am very happy to be able to attest my appreciation.

JANUARY 21, 1920

Received a book from the Division Of Money Orders, New York Post Office "IN APPRECIATION OF TIMELY AND HUMANE CONSIDERATION FOR THEIR WELFARE", and which bore the signatures of 220 who gathered for the presentation, both men and women, and the event was one of the happiest incidents of the 37 years which up to that time I had served our government.

A RESOLUTION



ALBERT FIRMIN has completed fifty years in U. S. Government Service with the Post Office Department. He started at \$1.50 a week in 1883 and finished the fifty years on January 8 this year at \$9,000 a year. During the years that rolled by he occupied many positions, filling them competently and always advancing until he reached the top, being appointed by President Coolidge in 1924 to take charge of Post Office matters in one of America's great cities, the city he loves so well—Brooklyn.

During Mr. Firmin's long official life there has been tremendous growth in the Post Office Service. Annual receipts for Brooklyn in 1883 were about \$300,000 in contrast with present receipts of around \$10,000,000. Many changes in the mechanics of handling mail have come about, and Mr. Firmin has been closely associated with their introduction and development. He knows his job, and has given unusual service. Recently he has witnessed the near completion of a beautiful new Post Office in Brooklyn, of which the City may well be proud, and which will always stir strong emotions in Mr. Firmin's heart.

Albert Firmin's service and his advancement have epitomized the best in American citizenship and American opportunity. He has a record for doing things well, and always for the best interest of the Government. However, he has never for a moment forgotten the rank and file of Post Office workers. He has spoken openly on many occasions for those associated with him and has contributed his efforts generously toward better working conditions and better pay for Post Office employees. He is loved and respected by all in the Service, and his friends outside the Service are legion.

Mr. Firmin is an unusually interesting, forceful and erudite speaker, he displays surprising knowledge of intimate details of many subjects, particularly such subjects as pertain to American history and American progress.

While his service has been long, he is still a relatively young man in body and mind.

Mr. Firmin served as President of the Federal Business Association of New York from July 1931 to July 1932. He proved himself a capable leader and a tireless worker for essentials in efficiency and economy. He has been a loyal member of this Association since its inception.

It is, therefore, fitting and proper that recognition of his long and able career in Government Service be acknowledged by this Association, and it is here

RESOLVED that these simple words, incompletely recording the events in the life of a true American, a real friend and a brilliant mind be furnished Mr. Firmin and spread on the records of the Association.

Unanimously approved by
the Executive Committee
February 1933.

Louis J. Mahoney President

B. H. McCauley Secretary

FEDERAL BUSINESS ASSOCIATION OF NEW YORK, N. Y.

Among my most cherished letters of commendation I have received in the course of my life as a government employee, during my connection with the postal service, and coming alike from Presidents, Postmaster Generals, Assistant Postmaster Generals, and other distinguished officials, including Senators and Congressmen, I received another letter from a wholly different source, and involving an entirely different chain of circumstances, which has had a place in my esteem that has never been rivaled.

A movement was on foot to raise a million dollars for the benefit of the Presbyterian Hospital, and in this I enlisted, not for sectarian reasons, for I am a member of no creed, but I recognized the worthiness of the appeal. After the desired fund was raised, I received a letter from Bishop Stires, Diocese of Long Island, and in it he said: "Dear Mr. Firmin: Please permit me to say first of all you were one of the fine group of men who, not members of our church, were yet willing to help in the great enterprise in which we have recently been engaged, you will remain an outstanding figure. Your interest, your constant attention by day and night, your anxiety for victory and your joy in its attainment could not have been exceeded if you stood in my place and been charged with my personal responsibility. I am confident that I speak for the Diocese of Long Island as well as for myself when I tell you that the great personal service which you have rendered shall ever be held in grateful and affectionate memory. Ernest M. Stires".

Reverend Parkes Cadman, was another clergyman of very high repute, not alone in New York, Brooklyn and throughout our country but in Europe as well, and on a number of occasions he invited me to occupy his pulpit and to address his congregation, and this upon the Sabbath as well as upon week day services. I regarded this as a high honor. Rev. Henri F. Gondret is another Brooklyn Minister who for very many years has been a close friend, has often shared his pulpit with me from time to time and I have been his special guest on Anniversary Day.

THE FEDERAL BUSINESS ASSOCIATION AND MY RETIREMENT

During the last few years of the Hoover Administration I served as Postmaster of Brooklyn, and also likewise by his selection, as President of the Federal Business Association, which was created with a view of securing the advantages incident to a harmonious and well disciplined organization of executive heads, army officers, naval officers, judges, and all other national officials in the New York area reaching as far north as 25 miles. I regarded my appointment as a very great honor, and did my utmost to further my regime.

It so happened that just as President Hoover was about to terminate his administration that I completed my 50 years of service, and sought my retirement. Of course my retirement as Postmaster carried with it my retirement from the Federal Business Association. Upon my retirement I was honored by all those with whom I had been associated, and they united in presenting me a farewell, in the form of a handsome resolution, which bore the signatures of both the high officials and the executive committees, approximately 60 in all. The resolution read as shown on previous page.

RED CROSS APPEAL

My dear Friends:

Tonight I am addressing you from a sense of public duty, and though on all other occasions I only ask such indulgence as my message may be worthy of from your standpoint of personal interest, expecting my radio listeners to tune in or tune out as may please them best, and according as my story may be interesting, amusing, or instructive, I tonight, in the cause of suffering humanity, beg you to set all other affairs aside for just a few moments, and to listen to my message. It is not for amusement or diversion I speak, but to bring home to you the truth that man's greatest happiness is found in service to his fellow men. It is in this service I solicit your aid, and to remind you of the opportunity which now presents itself, whereby you can enjoy the reward which naturally follows: The message I have tonight is intended chiefly for those who are happy, healthy and prosperous, but it is about those who are forlorn and needy, and who require the tender, fostering solicitude of the noble and generous in our community to help our unfortunates back to normal again. In the vicissitudes of our existence, life is like a pendulum, swinging between affluence and poverty, with the prosperous of today the needy of the morrow. So, in the name of the American Red Cross, Brooklyn Chapter, harken well please to my appeal, for it is for this Association, and the necessitous and stricken it succors and rehabilitates, that I solicit your aid. The field of the American Red Cross is as broad as the world. Wherever distress occurs, there this emblem of aid and mercy will be found ministering to the stricken and the sorrowful. It brings to the field of disaster the efficiency gained by experience under every circumstance, and it carries to the sorrowing a wealth of consolation that is the outpouring of hearts throbbing with compassion and pity. Floods, famine, fire, earthquakes, all the terrors that the earth knows, do but occur, when, from the four quarters of our generous country, Red Cross Aides fly by the swiftest means at command to rescue the victims, and to minister with the most solicitous care to their support and welfare. But it is not abroad in foreign climes that the greater part of the Red Cross work is done. Here at home their activities are many, and they are ever vigilant to succor the distressed and indigent. Though wherever the sound of my voice may reach, I trust that it will serve as a reminder to those who are members of the Red Cross that the time has come to renew their contributions to their local councils, and to those who are not members that it is full time they should become such, and it is for the Brooklyn Chapter of the Red Cross I speak more particularly. In addition to the emergency work throughout the world, which is handled by the Red Cross, the Brooklyn Chapter aids our World War Veterans, guiding, comforting, and nursing the neuro-psychiatric, the tubercular, and others, who, having fought in the defense of their country, are now fighting for their own lives against dread afflictions which menace them. Throughout the year the busy fingers of noble Red Cross volunteer workers ply the needles in the manufacture of garments against the day when disaster may

overtake us, and leave in its wake a suffering multitude to clothe. As the population of our country grows, disasters due to fire, flood and cyclone afflict, when they occur, more people than ever, and the task of assuaging misery calls each year for greater sacrifice than ever before. But though the Red Cross ministers to sadness, and comforts the sorrowing, there is still brighter thread that runs through its woof. Merry Christmas would not be complete in any Post or naval vessel if it were not for the arrival of the Christmas bags the Red Cross fills and presents. Every one of these Christmas bags carries a message of joy and happiness to some soldier or sailor lad from home, and wondering, perhaps, if he is remembered by those he is protecting though they be far distant. Then again surgical dressings are prepared by the Red Cross in readiness for whatever emergency may arise, while others are supplied to our home hospitals, into which we may ourselves at any moment be carried helpless and suffering. In one year 26,067 garments were shipped for sufferers by disaster, and 156,000 dressings were prepared for hospitals at home and elsewhere. There is a very wonderful Junior Red Cross with the amazing membership of 313,046 and these represent 178 schools. A proud record has the Junior Red Cross, the children under its banner having contributed last year \$13,749., and all of this given by our children was spent on other children. \$2,364. went for the relief of the children of disabled ex-servicemen, \$2,072. went to the children's Library, and \$1,200. to stricken children in Japan, for which country also \$53,574. was secured in a special drive when the earthquake terror startled the world. An Educational Department has carried on classes in Home Hygiene and Care of the Sick; also Braille, that means by which the unfortunate blind may read through the trained sensitiveness of their finger tips. Life-saving certificates have been bestowed, and Brooklyn maintains both a regular and a junior order of life savers. It is in short a busy organization, giving aid over a great variety of emergencies, and calling for all that its officers possess of efficiency, integrity, honor, sympathy and courage, and its very enviable record justifying all that the public will give in the charity of our hearts and the honor of our city. But, my friends, it would surfeit you to dwell upon all the activities of this very wonderful organization, or to harass you with the woes of the afflicted whose suffering it alleviates, but I beg of you give heed to the appeal in its behalf I am making. I am making it not as a person in any way selfishly interested, for as a matter of fact I have no other interest than that of a citizen who recognizes the useful part the Red Cross is playing in its worldwide work. But seeing the necessity for aid, and to get the people thinking about their obligation to the Red Cross Association, I am very glad to do my bit. We should all, in fact, take pride in the measure of assistance our several communities display in the support of this wonderful work. Here is indeed an opportunity for our community spirit to excel. Remember, every city and town in the United States will be competing in this effort to prove its devotion, and its humanity, by sustaining its particular Red Cross Bureau, and we of Brooklyn must contribute generously or suffer in our prestige.

Note, now, carefully, that subscriptions and membership dues should be sent to the American National Red Cross, wherever you may be located, and in the case of residents in Brooklyn to the Brooklyn Chapter, American Red Cross, 142 Pierrepont St., Brooklyn, N.Y. Remember this is the Annual Roll Call. It comes but once a year. It is held from Armistice Day to Thanksgiving. This appeal for aid addressed to the entire nation, and for so great a cause, could not come at a more appropriate time. From the day of our National Triumph to the day we have consecrated to the Almighty that we may thank Him for His infinite goodness, and that we may rejoice together for the blessings and happiness our country has enjoyed. Let it not be said that one among us is so neglectful as to fail in his rejoicing, from remembering the unhappy victims of war, pestilence, poverty and disaster.

Give, my friends; Give and rejoice.

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BROOKLYN, THE DREAM CITY

1928

This talk and similar ones are recorded here principally to disclose how the situation looked at the time of their delivery.

Good evening Friends:

You have just heard the announcer say that the subject of my talk tonight is to be "Brooklyn The Dream City". I hope that before I complete my little talk, I can convince you that Brooklyn is not only a dream city, but a city in which some of the best and brightest dreams a community can wish for are coming true. It is delightful of course to dream, to build castles in the air, even if they are only in the air, but how much better it is if the castles we thus build, and the dreams of the future we indulge in, materialize? I am of course glad to have Brooklynites listening in at all times, but tonight I am hoping that Manhattanites, and Jerseyites, and good folks from all around will be my auditors too, for my message is intended as much for them as any one, to advise them of some of the facts about this very wonderful Borough of Brooklyn of ours which facts I am certain will be of interest to them. Very wonderful changes are going on in this great metropolis in which we live, which will affect the lives of all the millions who reside here, and the alert man or woman, solicitous for the future, and particularly the alert father and mother, solicitous for the welfare of their children, are peering into the future as far as their vision will penetrate to ascertain what these changes will likely be. In 1910 the population of Manhattan was 2,331,542. It is now only 1,814,400, both figures being U. S. Census estimates. Thus we see Manhattan has lost more than

517,000 people in this brief period. Not only has it lost this number net, but its gross loss must have many more, for its birth rate is higher than its death rate by a good margin! So to have a net loss of 517,000 the exodus from Manhattan must have been greatly in excess of this. The significance of this great loss will be realized when it is known that there are only ten cities in the United States which have a larger total population than Manhattan has lost in this exodus. Think of it, the emigration from Manhattan - that is the number of people who have moved - has been sufficient in seventeen years to populate a great city like Buffalo, San Francisco or Milwaukee! It is not to be understood from this that the exodus has left a hiatus in Manhattan by any means; or that any part of it is deserted; or that moss is growing on Broadway; or weeds over-running Wall Street, for the reverse is just the case. Year after year multi-storied buildings, lofts, hotels, office structures have been reared throughout Manhattan to the skies, and a hum of industry is heard over the island that is louder and more widespread than has ever before been heard by human ears in any center of civilization. But mark you, it is the hum of industry, it is not the hum of the mother to her infant child, it is not the hum of childish voices, it is not the hum that rises from a city of homes but from a city of shops, of offices, of great industrial establishments, with whirring wheels, and a hectic, hurrying multitude rushing in and out and about them. Manhattan as a locality for homes has long been waning. Some predict only the rich and the poor will long dwell in it. I do not think it quite as bad as that, but it is the tendency. In a comparatively few years Manhattan will be largely monopolized by industry and commerce. It will be the great financial center of the world, the salesroom of the continent, the seething hive of an intensive industry in which wholesale demands are made on man power, and for rapid exchange and communication, but wherein large areas are not required. Manhattan is already the most intensively developed area the world knows of like size, and the peak has not yet been reached. In the meantime what has been occurring in Brooklyn? In the year 1900 the U. S. Census credited Brooklyn with 1,166,582 people and it now credits us with 2,274,400. This is amazing. It is an increase of 1,107,818 in only twenty-seven years. But the mere statement of this growth fails to convey how phenomenal it is. Just let me remind you that in 1920, when the last U. S. Census was taken, there were only two cities in the United States, aside from New York City, which had as many people as the mere growth of Brooklyn in this brief time, and they were Chicago and Philadelphia. When I referred to Brooklyn as a dream city, you see I was justified, for what has actually occurred here is as wonderful as the things that flit through our minds in dreams. In the brief period of 27 years we have absorbed the equivalent of a great city, a city bigger than Detroit was when the Census was taken, or Cleveland or St. Louis, yet these were than respectively the fourth, fifth and sixth cities of the United States. They were outranked only by New York City as a whole, by Chicago and Philadelphia. But my dear listeners you may say that while this is interesting enough, wherein are we concerned? You are very much concerned. If you are residing in

Manhattan you have doubtless already felt the pressure of business upon the home sections I have referred to, even though you may not have realized the cause of it. Ascending rents have doubtless startled you. If you have sought to move, you have found far fewer houses to choose from than formerly, and in some cases you have found whole neighborhoods given over to business which were formerly residential. The pressure may not yet have been severe enough to hurt badly, but the squeeze is going to grow tighter and tighter all the while, and sooner or later you are going to succumb to it, and join the big trek. You may say, well suppose I do, but why Brooklyn? I would answer that the figures I have just quoted show that the population of Brooklyn has increased by more than 1,107,000 people in 27 years. Most of these asked the same question some time back, and they found the answer after investigation. They discovered that many, if they were rent payers, could live here better for the same rent, or as well for less rent; or if they wanted to buy they could buy here to better advantage than anywhere else. The fact that they were here to be counted, that they had not moved back, and that the stream is still running strong in this direction is the very best evidence this is so. Brooklyn covers 71 square miles, as compared to the Bronx with but 41 square miles, and Manhattan with but 22. We have room for expansion, and land is naturally by that much the cheaper, but what means even more to the home seeker, whether he be intent upon purchasing or renting, the entire area seems to have been designed by God as a home site, free from rock, free from springs, from hills, bluffs and steep grades, and from many of those other nuisances which commonly cause home builders annoyance.

I mentioned a few moments ago when speaking of the intensive business development of Manhattan and of its fast waning availability for homes, that it had not yet quite reached its peak as a center of industry, and I believe this to be true, but I believe it is also true that the day when it will reach that peak is in sight. The congestion of traffic grows greater daily, and there is no relief in sight. Already the evidences of decentralization are in evidence. The exodus of the home seeker of course came first, but it was closely followed by the exodus of manufacturers who required plenty of room for their plants, and which room they could not secure in Manhattan. Then the smaller plants began to join the procession, and they have long been coming to Brooklyn in large numbers, for here they are able to get the men and women, boys and girls to operate their plants, residing close at hand, as well as the cheap land which is essential for the prosperous conduct of their enterprises. Brooklyn is a self-supporting city. It is not a city dependent upon a single industry, nor a single group of industries, and this is very much to its advantage. It is most interesting to witness and study the growth of our borough, particularly in the new sections, where in the course of a year or so fresh centers of development can not only be seen in the making, but can be seen from the time of conception to mature development, just as in the movies in the educational films, we sometimes see the complete growth of a plant from seed to flower in the course of a few minutes. Block after block of houses will go up. A grocer starts a

store, and a butcher and a baker comes next door, then a druggist, a tailor, a restaurant, a shoemaker, a factory, a movie house, each serving the other, each making business for the other, each supporting the other and at the same time supporting themselves. So almost overnight as it were, we have a little self-supporting, self-contained, independent community; yet correlated with the city at large, an integral part of our industrial and civic commonwealth, making for and participating in the upbuilding of America. As the postmaster of Brooklyn, I am of course greatly concerned in all this wonderful upbuilding of our borough. In a survey which was made by the post office last November, we found that in the territory served by sixteen stations of our twenty-eight stations, in which building activity is greatest, there were no fewer than 6,636 buildings under construction and that these would upon completion afford accommodation for 24,066 families. In one postal district alone 1,223 buildings were under construction, in another 881, in another 811, and so it went. No better place can be found than the site of Brooklyn for the location of a great city. It is ideal in every respect.

We have the Atlantic Ocean stretching across the horizon in unbroken line for three thousand miles at our very door-steps, tempering the cold of winter and the heat of summer, invigorating and refreshing our atmosphere. We have the many beauties of the picturesque lower and upper bays skirting another of our boundaries for many miles, outrivalling Riverside Drive and probably every other driveway in the country I have seen, and I have seen many. The Narrows, the historical gateway to America, our land of liberty and opportunity, form but one of the many features which enrich our natural advantages with interesting associations. The sparkling waters of Jamaica Bay lave another of our boundaries, inviting both the home builder and industry to take advantage of its multiple opportunities for development and its advantages for recreation. Great plains, intercrossed by hundreds of paved and sewerred streets, served by subways, trolleys and busses, and all subject to increases for the millions who in the course of time will require them. We have ample room for a multitude of homes, of shops, of factories and of all those other structures which go to the upbuilding of a great city. In 1925 and in 1926 we spent so many millions in the construction of new homes and other buildings in Brooklyn that pretty nearly everybody thought that we would never spend so much again. It was thought we had reached the very crest of the flood. Was it so? No, a survey just completed covering new buildings erected in 1927 shows they were valued at 9.6 per cent more than the value of those completed the year before. We spent in the erection of new buildings in 1927, according to a recent survey of the C. of C., \$191,863,318. Just think of it. This vast sum expended for new buildings in one year, and the most amazing feature of it is that this great expenditure came right on the top of the colossal expenditures for the year before. The records of the Building Department show that during the year just passed plans were filled for 15,811 new buildings. These included 8,620 residences with accommodations for 33,172 families, to say nothing of the hundreds of

other buildings erected with them 33,172 families would make up a great city in itself. That is just what we are doing over here in Brooklyn every year. We are growing new cities annually just as trees add a new ring year after year, or fruit comes upon a vine with each recurring summer. We have a corresponding increase of new office buildings, of hotels, of factories, of stores. All the structures that go in fact to make up a modern city, self-contained, self-supporting, and thriving.

Last year we built on the average a new house, a new shop, or a new structure of some kind, at the phenomenal rate of one every 33 minutes, and we put into these new buildings an average of \$686,808 for each working day, allowing 303 work days to the year, which is about what may properly be allowed deducting from the calendar year all Sundays and holidays. The opportunities for the tenants as well as for the prospective house owner in Brooklyn are unequaled. There is no reason why people should go to out of the way, distant communities of commuters, when right here close at hand they can get the advantages of one of the greatest cities in the world on terms that are equally favorable. Sometimes I think of the wonderful future of Brooklyn. Of what it is going to be when the children now in our schools take our places in the fields of industry and endeavor. All parents should turn this same thought over in their minds, and make certain that if they can possibly do so they will acquire a home site somewhere in this borough not only for its present utility but for the increase in value in the years to come. If all Brooklyn were as densely populated as the Sixth Ward is to-day, it would have a population of 9,843,000 people. Think what the value of land will be here when this population is attained. It may be asked, Where does all the money come from for the vast expenditures? Largely it comes from the thrift of the industrious, sober, thrifty people of our beloved city.

Brooklyn has approximately one hundred banking institutions, and nearly a million dollars a day are deposited in savings accounts. In our Postal Savings Depository in Brooklyn, which as you know is under my jurisdiction, we have in excess of \$6,000,000 on deposit, and as many as 22,600 depositors. Our Postal Savings System cultivates thrift. Many children have accounts, and the accounts keep growing as the children do. Well, maybe I had better qualify that, for I think the kiddies may grow faster than the accounts do. But of course most of the \$6,000,000 belongs to the grown-ups. When our depositors accumulate a couple of thousand dollars and sometimes even when they get only a few hundreds, we find they draw it all out to buy a lot, or to make a payment on a new house. This is likewise the experience of the savings banks. Thousands of homes are financed in this way. Saving a little day by day, dollars soon accumulate, and purchase of a home is eventually made possible. The women are the principal factors in this great work. Their hopes, their love, their anxieties are centered in the homes. Then we have the bond and guarantee companies. Thousands of thrifty people are now investing in these securities. Then the money they invest is loaned to the home builders, the apartment house builders and all

the others, and the interest earned and money saved by the investors after a while enables them to get homes for themselves, so you see the whole community is concerned with and interested in these wonderful developments. Let us continue to operate along these lines. Let us strive ever and faithfully for more homes and better ones. Let us each contribute in at least some small way, day by day, to make Brooklyn, our Dream City, a bright, sweet, clean, wholesome place for all about us, and particularly for Young America!

* * * * *

LONG ISLAND GLORIOUS (As seen in 1929)

Every executive recognizes the necessity not less frequently than once annually, of ascertaining what his assets are. Just as this is important to big business, so is it important to the citizen interested in his community. Let us then, who dwell on Long Island, and are interested in its future, ascertain how it stands in this respect. Almost every man has his own concept of Long Island, a concept incidental to his particular contact with it, and all too frequently a very narrow and limited concept. He thinks of Long Island perhaps as a good place for a Sunday outing by automobile; as a place from which one can readily reach a fishing bank; as a place where many commuters go when they want to sup and sleep; or as harboring a big town on one end called Brooklyn, and a lot of other towns along the rest of its length the names of which he knows only in part. First in our appraisal we should list as Long Island's greatest asset, that it is one of the most favored areas in the world as a place of abode. It is through no mere chance that millions of people have sought Long Island as the place for their homes. It is incident to its equable and delightful climate, with the heat of summer modified by refreshing breezes from the Atlantic, and the cold of winter tempered by the proximity of this great body of water that never falls below the freezing point, and seldom even approaches it. Then beneath the surface of Long Island and in practically every part of the island, we have a never-failing supply of the purest water man can wish for, and unsurpassed anywhere else on earth. Our shores are picturesque and diversified. Entrancing beaches along the ocean front welcome millions of visitors. Beautiful harbors upon the south side follow in such close succession, and offer such perfect security to small vessels, that it is America's most famous rendezvous for pleasure craft. In the interior, fertile farms, as rich as any in our land, nestle side by side with pastures, intersected by excellent roads in great number delight the eye, and form entrancing settings for a multitude of mansions. From almost every hilltop one can see nestling here a hamlet, there a village and not far away a town, all attesting to the desirability of the island as a place of abode for every walk of life. Turning from the physical advantages of the island to statistics, we find the increase in the assessed value of real estate is advancing more rapidly in

Brooklyn and Queens than in Manhattan, and this notwithstanding the general belief that Manhattan will ever sustain her position of supremacy. For instance the assessed value of real estate in Manhattan in 1918 was \$5,094,601,238.00, at which time Brooklyn's was \$1,826,813,885.00, and Queens' \$591,599,075.00, the two Long Island boroughs amounting to \$2,418,412,960. and representing jointly only 47+ per cent of Manhattan's total. By 1928 Manhattan's assessed value had risen to \$8,360,160,166.00, but the Long Island boroughs named had risen to \$5,564,687,696.00, of which \$3,873,301,455.00 represented Brooklyn, and \$1,691,326,241. Queens, and the total assessed real estate valuation of the two had grown to 66+ per cent of Manhattan's like value. An increase from 47 to 66 per cent in the brief span of ten years was indeed a very creditable gain. Turning now to census figures. One can only secure a concept of their significance by comparison. Few pause to think that Long Island shelters the population of a fair sized nation, yet such is the case. Its population according to the State census of 1925 was 3,268,730, or greater than the population of either Denmark, Norway, Cuba, Venezuela, Ecuador, or the Irish Free State. Comparing the population of Long Island with that of our different states, we find that of them all there are but nine: California, Illinois, Michigan, Massachusetts, Missouri, New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania and Texas, which are more populous. Among the states are also nine, the combined population of which is not equal to the population of Long Island. Yet great as our population is, when an appraisal of the resources of Long Island is made, it becomes apparent that this population can be doubled and yet no one overcrowded. This is assuming the increase in population is intelligently distributed, and that adequate transit facilities are provided as the growth occurs. It is not meant to imply by this that the eastern end of the island shall be required to provide for any such density of population as we now have in the western end, but that there shall be a symmetrical development throughout, each county increasing its population along lines consistent with its character. New York, the Empire State, still exceeds all others in population; yet, great as it is, we find that Long Island contributes in excess of 29% as its quota, so that in excess of one out of every four people in the Empire State resides on Long Island, and if we exclude Manhattan, the Bronx and Richmond from the state census, we find Long Island's contribution to the remaining total is in excess of 39%. The population of Long Island is growing much more rapidly moreover than the rest of the state. Taking the figures of the State Census for 1905 and 1925 as a basis, it will be found that the increase for that part of the state outside of Long Island was for the twenty years approximately 24%, while on the same basis the increase for Long Island was in excess of 91%. For the population of any such extensive area as Long Island to increase 91% in twenty years, is phenomenal, and yet there is excellent reason to believe the figures of the Federal Census for 1930 when completed will show a still greater gain. All sections of the island have been greater in some counties than in others:

	<u>1905</u>	<u>1925</u>	<u>Gain</u>	<u>%</u>
Kings	1,358,891	2,203,235	844,344	62+
Nassau	69,477	207,640	138,163	198+
Queens	198,241	714,647	516,406	260+
Suffolk	<u>81,653</u>	<u>143,208</u>	<u>61,555</u>	<u>75+</u>
	1,708,262	3,268,730	1,560,468	

It is probable that the growth in the future will continue to be much more rapid in Queens than in Kings, for the growth of Long Island is largely dependent upon and accelerated by the growth of business in Manhattan. Manhattan is growing further and further North. Twenty-five years ago, the lower, (Southern) end of Manhattan was the center of its most intensive business development, but today the intensive business development extends as far north as 59th Street, so that very much of it is opposite Queens, and the great bridges and subways planned to connect Queens with Manhattan and the Bronx will inevitably stimulate the development of Queens to an extraordinary extent, and much of the stimulus will be passed on through Queens to Nassau, with Suffolk benefiting also but not to so great degree. Both Brooklyn and Queens are certain to experience a rapid development of business, manufactures and commerce as well as an increase in population. Year by year a shifting of industry is taking place. Manhattan is attracting the finance and executive offices of the nation in an ever increasing number. Manufacturing which can be economically carried on in lofts, or without much ground area, remain in Manhattan and prosper there, but manufactures requiring considerable ground area are being forced from Manhattan to Brooklyn and Queens. Commerce both foreign and inter-coastal is coming to Brooklyn, and Brooklyn's matchless natural opportunities in the way of dockage and harbor facilities will inevitably capture an ever increasing volume of it. The dredging and improvement of Jamaica Bay has already attracted a very considerable development, but yet compared with what is to come, it is but a scratch upon the surface. When this great undertaking is completed, and an efficient articulation is effected between the development and the railroad, there will arise along the shores of Jamaica Bay an industrial center of great magnitude, unless designing and unscrupulous enemies succeed in diverting it to other purposes. On the shores of this Bay, belonging to both Brooklyn and Queens, there is room for a great city. Just at this time there is what may almost be referred to as a mania in Manhattan for multi-storied buildings; structures of 40, 50, 80 and even 100 stories are planned and under construction. Centralization has been carried to the utmost extremity. It may be continued for some time yet to come, but not for ever. The time is coming when a halt will have to be called. Decentralizing will be forced by the absurd limits to which centralization is now being carried. When decentralization

comes, both Brooklyn and Queens will benefit greatly. As they prosper, so will Nassau and Suffolk prosper. There is an intimate, close identity of interests throughout Long Island. An interest that should insist upon the settlement of all questions upon broad lines of general civic betterment and progress, as opposed to the powerful interests which cling to the belief Manhattan alone constitutes the metropolis. Progress, prosperity, development will be largely dependent upon the way in which roads and transportation are provided for intercourse, and their adequacy. Communities grow largely according to their facilities and advantages, and on this basis, with the natural opportunities of Long Island as an initial asset, it will prove a Golconda if we do but plan and build with vision. There is pressing necessity for connecting thoroughfares of ample width for the proper knitting together of Brooklyn, Queens and the other contiguous counties of the island. This is of vital concern. It means much for the prosperity of all concerned. As the population in the several Western counties increases, they will more or less coalesce, until in time they will form what will amount in fact to a single great community: a city of colossal size, even though we may preserve the identity of the present forms of government, boundaries, etc. It is imperative that these connecting thoroughfares be constructed, if symmetrical, efficient growth is to be attained. They will be as beneficial to Manhattan in the relief of congestion, as to Long Island. The congestion in Manhattan is growing worse daily in respect to housing, transportation and pedestrian traffic. Manhattan is in danger of being strangled by the rapidity of its own growth, and we should take warning of experience. From 1920 to 1925 Queens increased slightly in excess of 52% in population. From 1925 to 1928 it is estimated Queens increased from 714,647 to 854,400, or 139,753, which is at the rate of 46,584 per annum. The increase for the three years was slightly over 19%. In the three years, Queens in fact added to her population a city bigger than our capital, Albany; for, according to the State estimate of 1925, the population of Albany was but 117,008. Nassau increased from 1920 to 1925, from 126,120 to 207,640. This increase - 81,520 - is greater than the population of Charleston, S. C. Suffolk also in the same time grew from 110,246 to 143,208, or 32,962 - and this is equal to the population of a fair sized city.

Public opinion must be aroused to safeguard the interests of Long Island, and directed also to work out a systematic development of improvements, including of course transportation as of prime importance.

The last estimate of the Federal Census credited Brooklyn with 556,000 more people than Manhattan. Brooklyn is as populous as Manhattan and Buffalo combined, or Manhattan and Washington combined. Brooklyn has grown in excess of 100,000 the last three years, the significance of which is apparent when it is known that there are less than seventy cities in the United States with more than 100,000 population, so the equivalent of a major city is added to our population every three years.

As I have pointed out before, Long Island is not fairly represented in Albany. New York has 51 senators yet though Long Island has 29% of the population of the State, as previously mentioned, we have only 10 senators, or less than 19% of the total. We fare no better with the assembly. There are 150 assemblymen, and if Long Island had as its quota the number justified by the population, it would enjoy 43, whereas it actually has but 33. The fact all four counties have an identity of interests, is not offset by any conflicting interests of a material character, such as sometimes develop embarrassing friction. There is no reason at all why Long Island should not get together, stand together and work together for the furtherance of its common interests. An exceptionally fine opportunity is offered at this time for solidarity of effort, for cooperation, for union in all things that make for the common benefit of the Island. Such conferences of civic workers, business men and officials from all parts of the Island as the one sponsored by the Long Island Chamber of Commerce and the Brooklyn Chamber of Commerce are in the right direction, and in various ways will be very helpful. Brooklyn, Queens and Nassau are destined to be the site of one of the greatest cities of the World. Brooklyn stands even today as the seventh city in the world. I do not mean that their governments will amalgamate, but that even under autonomous governments, they will physically be practically one city. Regarding them as a unit today, they would rank as the fourth city of the world, with London first; New York in its entirety second and Berlin third. As they grow and coalesce they will take on more and more the characteristics of a true metropolis, and will climb upward as I have said to still higher place. We are witnessing the spectacle of a metropolis growing within a metropolis, with a separate identity of interests and a future in a measure apart from Manhattan, Richmond and the Bronx, though keeping step with these boroughs as units of the Greater City.

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FRANKLIN, OUR FIRST POSTMASTER GENERAL

By Albert Firmin

Address delivered at the Tenth Annual Meeting of the
International Benjamin Franklin Society

I am going to ask you, my friends, to travel far back with me, and even prior to the birth of Benjamin Franklin in respect to whose contributions to the postal system I have been asked to speak to you today. You know if we want to truly appraise the achievements of Franklin, it is not only essential that we learn the heights which he achieved, but as well the plane whence he started. So, too, if we wish to correctly appraise Franklin's contributions to the structure of our postal system, we must previously learn of the foundation on which that structure rested. Often

when I think of Benjamin Franklin, and when I do so it is always with esteem and affection, I contrast his orderly, progressive career with the meteoric careers of the conquerors and potentates of whom the world reads so much and from whom it has suffered so much, and I visualize him as towering in his unassuming dignity high above them all, notwithstanding all their pomp and glory. There was nothing meteoric in the career of Benjamin Franklin. On the contrary, his life was similar to the creation of some great monument, with sturdy granite laid course upon course, with every block held firm and precise, and with every crevice filled, every detail co-ordinated with every other, to form a symmetric and glorious whole. Benjamin Franklin's life was made up, course upon course, with contributions of those things which, during its period, the world most wanted; and those contributions thus made in orderly succession, like the setting of the granite, were so numerous and so great, that they still stand as a guide and inspiration which our public servants cannot do better than to emulate.

Now as I have said, I am going to carry you back in fancy for a moment or two to 1609, when the Half Moon sailed past the sylvan shores of Manhattan and beyond to the upper Hudson, where the primeval forests stretched far back to unknown regions. Following the Half Moon came the traders, bartering with the savages, trifles for skins. Then following the traders, and ten years or so later, there filtered to our shores from over the ocean ship after ship of actual settlers. In the early days of this filtration, those in Europe who had letters to send to America went down to the wharves whence the vessels sailed, to entrust their letters to the officers or members of the crew, to bring them to our shores. Addresses were not essential in those days. "America" was definite enough. When a vessel hove in sight down the Bay, the whole settlement turned out to welcome it, and to receive from the officers and crew whatever letters they had. When this simple method became inefficient by reason of the growth and dispersion of the settlements, the letters were left with the so-called "coffee houses", which, by the way, I believe, attracted to their shelter more patrons by schnapps than by coffee. The letters not immediately claimed on arrival were placed on green baize boards, across which red tape ran, and the letters were stuck therein so that visitors could pick out those that belonged to them; or if they recognized any for friends or acquaintances they carried them off too, passing them from hand to hand until delivery. The coffee house system prevailed for a full century. There has always been a suspicion in my mind that the reason it lasted so long was the circumstance that those good old burghers and their English followers never knew, or pretended never to know, at just which coffee house the letters might be left, so it gave them a fine excuse to visit them all, and incidentally to enjoy the hospitality - in the way of "coffee" - they afforded. Within the period of this system, King William in 1691 granted to Thomas Neale a monopoly of the postal service in the colonies for 21 years, and exacted of him the exorbitant tribute of eight shilling sixpence per annum for the Crown. Small as the sum was, and though the grant was for a monopoly, Neale was unable to make both ends meet. There was always a deficit.

Now we come to the year 1706, the year our beloved Franklin was born, and we find Neale with a deficit of 1664 pounds turning (even as so many do nowadays) to the Government to relieve him of his distress. He sold his charter, notwithstanding he had been unable to make it pay, back to the Crown for the amount of his deficit. This seems to have been as good a piece of business on his part as it was bold, and the only reason advanced for justifying the transaction was that the Crown might be able to enforce the monopoly though he could not. With this picture of the foundation of the service, let us proceed to the year 1729, when Franklin, living in Philadelphia, attained his 23rd birthday, and in which year occurred that event in his career which I believe prompted him later on to accept the position of postmaster, which identified him with the subsequent development of the service. In this year he bought from Keimer the Pennsylvania Gazette. He had for a competitor William Bradford, who was not only publishing a rival paper, but was Postmaster of Philadelphia as well. In this office Bradford was exercising the prerogative of employing couriers for the carrying of the mail from Philadelphia to the surrounding settlements. Bradford forbade the couriers to carry Franklin's Pennsylvania Gazette, and widely advertised that because of the office he held and his exclusion of rival papers, he was able to give wider circulation to his paper than Franklin could give the Pennsylvania Gazette. Bradford was thus able to win over both additional advertisers and subscribers. Franklin was forced, as he mentions in his autobiography, in order to protect his interests, to bribe some of Bradford's couriers. Bradford, as so frequently happens when men have arbitrary power, abused his privileges to such an extent as to cause censure, and he also fell into inaccuracies in his accounts and reports. Postmaster General Spotswood, who had been formerly Governor of Virginia, finally in 1737 removed Bradford and appointed Franklin to the vacancy thus created. Shortly afterwards he also designated Franklin to be Comptroller of a group of post offices. It was the duty of the Comptroller to visit these offices, and to make improvements where he could, and recommendations as to their management. The service under Bradford had been going from bad to worse, but no sooner did Franklin apply himself with his customary industry, zeal and enthusiasm to its upbuilding than it began to improve. Franklin being merely postmaster and comptroller could not lay down policies nor fix rates, but he did apply himself with marked ability to improving efficiency. Clyde Kelly, in his recent able book entitled "U.S. Postal Policy," says in effect of Franklin, that he was the one man in all America of that time who could be hoped to better conditions; so that Spotswood showed good judgment in selecting him for this important post. Incidentally, it was just about this time that Franklin secured the establishment of the first paid police or constable service in this country, and urged the volunteer fire department that was later so successful upon the lines he defined. By 1743, Elliott Benger had become Postmaster General. Under Benger the service fell into decay and the rates became exorbitant. There prevailed a sort of "postal bootlegging", that is, the surreptitious carrying of mail by private carriers parallel with the official service.

Sometimes it was not surreptitious, but open and flagrant, and with resort to nefarious methods. Franklin undoubtedly lamented this condition. At any rate in 1751, he aspired to the Postmaster Generalship. At one time in after life, he said he had never sought office, but he had apparently forgotten a letter he had written to a friend in London urging his good offices to secure the appointment, at a time when Benger lay in a precarious condition and was not expected to recover. However, Benger did recover and continued in office until 1753. In this year Franklin succeeded Benger, and William Hunter was made co-Postmaster General, and later Hunter was succeeded by Foxcroft, but Franklin, I think was the guiding genius of the system. When Franklin and Hunter were appointed their compensation was ironically fixed at 300 pounds each if they could get it, this seeming a safe proviso since up to that time the postal service had been a constant drain upon the Crown. The deficits had been so large it looked like anything but "easy money", yet under Franklin's thrifty, guiding hand the service was built up. Gradually the deficit was decreased, and at the end of four years the service was put upon a self-sustaining basis. Franklin served for approximately twenty-one years, but during this time he was representing Pennsylvania and other colonies in England from 1757 to 1762 and from 1764 to 1775. In 1753, when he became Postmaster General, he appointed his son Postmaster of Philadelphia, and likewise Comptroller. Franklin at the time personally made an extensive survey of the then postal system. We who travel by Pullman today find difficulty in visualizing the physical strength, endurance and industry that were essential for extended surveys in those primitive times. Franklin established milestones along certain routes of the postmen; he laid out new, shorter and better routes. To give an idea of his accomplishments it may be instanced, he established for the summer season three trips a week between New York and Philadelphia in place of a weekly one, and in winter a weekly service instead of a monthly one. Later he established a packet service from Falmouth, England, to New York. Prior to this ship service, the lords of trade, when they had occasion to send a communication to the colonies, made five copies and sent them by independent means, yet even with this precaution sometimes none reached its destination. After Franklin took the matter in hand, this precaution became unnecessary.

There are four outstanding achievements of Franklin's conduct of the Postmaster Generalship under the Crown: the increased efficiency of the service; the acceptance of newspapers in the mails on a basis of equality; the establishment of the system upon a self-sustaining basis, and his demonstration that improved service produced increased and profitable patronage. It was alleged of Franklin during the time he was Postmaster, that he discriminated against Bradford as Bradford had previously discriminated against him; but this was not so. The fact was that Spotswood, angered at Bradford on account of his inefficiency and his discrepancies, had forbidden Franklin to carry Bradford's paper. When Franklin became Postmaster General and thus secured the opportunity of opening the mails to all publishers on an equal basis he actually did so. Reverting to his

placing the service on a self-sustaining basis, it not only became self-sustaining, but exceedingly profitable. In the year 1774 it yielded a revenue to the crown of 3,000 pounds, or three times as much revenue as the Crown had ever received from its postal system in Ireland.

Turning from the postal service for a brief moment, I want you to recall that Franklin returned from London to Philadelphia in 1775, just a few weeks after the Battle of Lexington and Concord. All the colonies were seething with insurrection. The rebellion was on. The Boston Tea Party had passed into history; the antipathy to government from Great Britain had grown so great that Falmouth, coming from Canada as a representative of the British Government to investigate the postal service, had to flee for his life. The people were so indignant they rose against everything identified with the government. The British Post Office at New York had to take refuge on a battle-ship in the Bay. Franklin had been removed from the office of Postmaster General before leaving England on the ground of pernicious activity; and no sooner did he reach Philadelphia than he was elected, as though in vindication of his conduct, to the Continental Congress. He was appointed to ten committees of that Congress, including the Postal Committee, and in a very few weeks he was appointed by the Continental Congress Postmaster General of the Continental Postal Service. Franklin was now confronted with a new and exceedingly difficult postal problem, and it was one upon which great results depended. The service had fallen into the contempt of the people even while he was journeying from London to America, and when, as I have mentioned, rebellion was seething in every hamlet in our land, he had to bring order out of this chaos and establish and maintain communication between the colonies along the entire Atlantic coast, and between Congress and the American armies in the field as they moved under the exigencies of our defense. Here again Franklin showed industry, indomitable perseverance, zeal and enthusiasm. These communications so vital in banding the colonies into a united whole were maintained. The links were held together. This was one of the greatest responsibilities of those momentous days, and that it was discharged with satisfaction to that incomparable group of patriots to whom we owe our independence, is attested by their further confiding to him an even greater task. No sooner had Franklin established the service and got it working efficiently, than Congress delegated him to represent our country in negotiations with France, the ultimate success of which determined the outcome of the war by winning for us both the financial and military aid of that friendly country. Franklin showed in the discharge of his postal duties the same high qualities that distinguished him in every service he was summoned to perform. He was a man with a wide horizon, and whenever a perplexity appeared he not only quickly detected it but with prompt decision prepared to solve it, and he had the happy faculty of finding the means to do so. Franklin not only had broad vision, but he applied himself to minute detail as well, and whatever organization was essential he operated it with efficiency and economy.

Franklin was the first to establish in this country a "Dead Letter Office", for the care and disposal of undeliverable mail.

It is very difficult to determine Franklin's greatest contribution to our country, but I think there is none superior to his life-long industry. This was in evidence in his early boyhood. It was consecrated to his country even before he reached the meridian of his life. It was sustained through old age and until he was borne to his grave. In all the long procession of his distinguished services, there was never anything in the way of parade. All was done with a quietness, a serenity and equanimity which he alone possessed. Franklin's life was an example of a perfectly functioning and co-ordinated intellect and heart, devoted throughout to the material and spiritual development of his country.

VOLUME II

PART I

AGENDA TO MEMORABILIA

"AGENDA TO MEMORABILIA"

March 11, 1932

Re: Luncheon of "Blizzard Boys ' 88" &
Reminiscences of the Event

Mr. Heyward Cleveland,
Superintendent,
The Jamaica Hospital,
Van Wyck & 89th Avenues,
Richmond Hill, New York

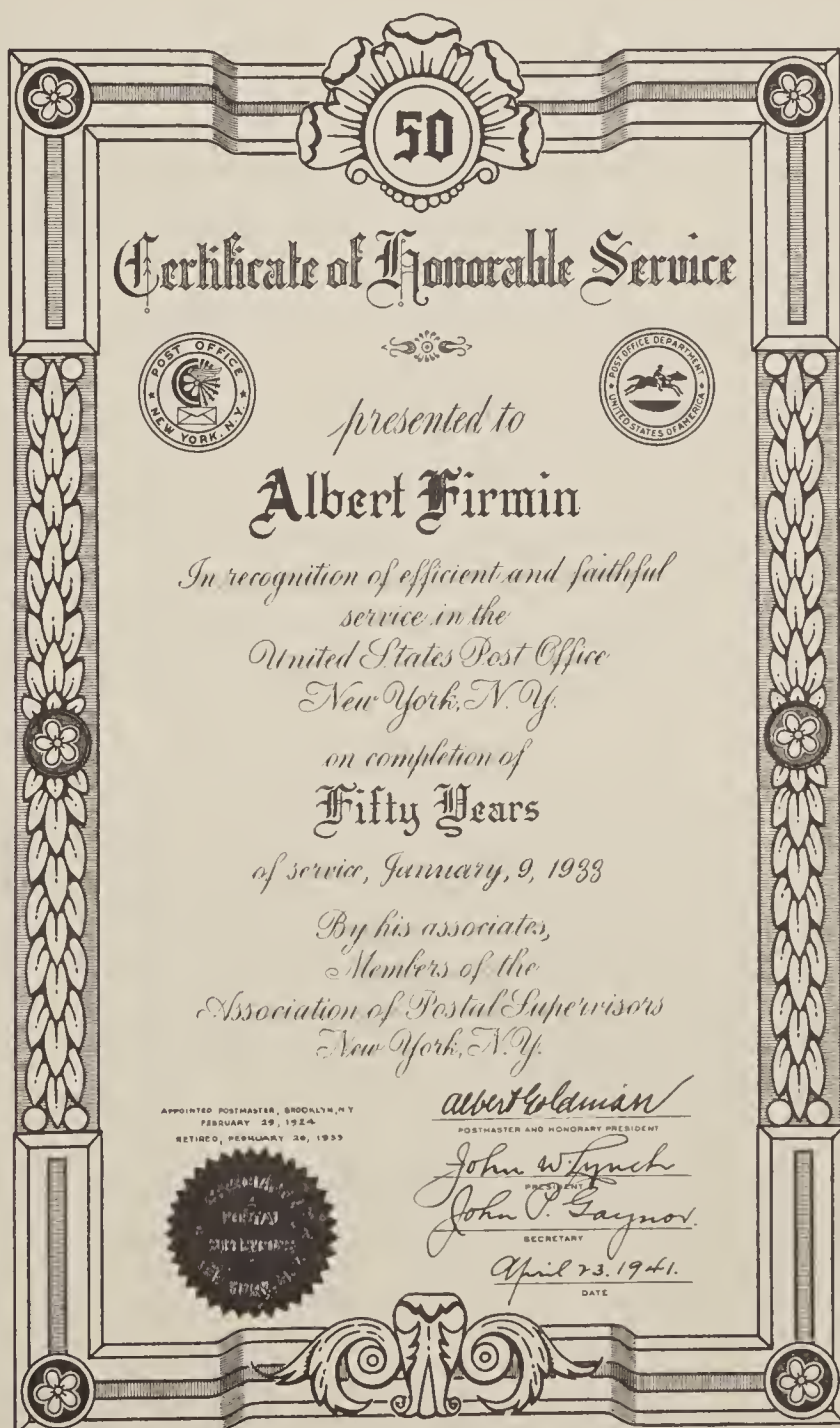
Dear Mr. Cleveland:

I have been interested in your letter of March 10, and I thank you for sending me the little history of your experiences the day of the Blizzard. I well recollect the circumstances you refer to with which I was connected. The young lady was Grace Case, and Con Donovan and I escorted her to her home which was somewhere over on the west side, and when we reached the block on which she lived, we found a snow-drift as high as the first story window, so that the snow reached to the balcony or piazza on what was then known as the "parlor floor". Con Donovan plowed through the drift in advance while it fell to me to carry the girl on my shoulder in the path that he made or attempted to make. It was a tough job, and it required considerable time to complete it, but eventually we did so. Incidentally my ears were frost-bitten. I had walked from the old City Hall Post Office to 10th Street and Broadway, and from there to wherever it was the girl lived, and thence to my own home at 28th Street and 6th Avenue. It was tough going, but not tougher than it had been to get downtown in the morning. On my trip downtown I passed both elevated and surface cars which had been blocked and abandoned by their passengers. At one point on the 6th Avenue Elevated passengers paid a "darkie" who had a ladder, two dollars a piece for the privilege of coming down from the structure to the street rather than freeze to death in the stalled cars. The horses had been removed from the surface cars, and in many cases the snow had drifted up against the cars and over the platforms. I recall seeing a truck on my way down loaded with slaughtered hogs which was one of many that had been abandoned. I heard a little before noon that people were walking across the East River. A chum and I went down to the river at lunch time hoping to be able to walk across, but by that time the jam had broken, and though ice extended from shore to shore, it was in motion and crossing was impossible.

I would like to attend the luncheon, but it is not practicable for me to do so. I trust, though, that the Blizzard Boys will have a glorious celebration and that it will also be a happy one.

CERTIFICATE OF 50 YEARS HONORABLE SERVICE

Another certificate of approval that I value highly came from men with whom I had been long associated in the New York Post Office, but from whom I had parted when I became Postmaster of Brooklyn. Nearly all of us had been members of the Association of Postal Supervisors. I was one of the very early members of this organization, and in my early days a regular contributor to its magazine, and later editor of it; and also for a considerable period I was President of the New York Post Office Association of Postal Supervisors, and a representative to our National Organization, etc. The New York Branch of the Association paid me a very exceptional honor, many years after I left there, and after I left the service in Brooklyn, as well, in that it issued a special "Certificate of Honorable Service", based upon my 50 years service, as of January 9, 1933. It is framed and very attractive with its striking gold seal, and two other of our post office seals of our very early days.



THE INTERNATIONAL BENJAMIN FRANKLIN SOCIETY INC. AND
ITS BEAUTIFUL GIFT TO ME OF AN ILLUMINATED SCROLL

All my life I have regarded Benjamin Franklin as our greatest historical character, not alone as a public servant, but by reason of his extraordinary versatility, commencing with his early boyhood and continuous to his demise. Incident to this admiration and affection, I was one of the founders of the International Benjamin Franklin Society, Inc., and subsequently edited its publication, and frequently represented it in various ways, and I am still in constant touch with it. Above my desk I have portraits given me by numerous of my presidential successors, including my dear friend Brig. General, George L. Bliss, who is aided by still another beloved friend Ferdy J. Tagle, Secretary. Also one of the founders and master minds of the Society Irving Chandler.

Within the last few months the Society presented me with a very beautiful framed and illuminated memorial, and below I give the wording of it, and after reading it you will realize how very greatly I appreciate what is set forth:

"TO HONORABLE ALBERT B. W. FIRMIN"

AS a testimonial of affectionate regard and in grateful recognition of the wise counsel, inspiring integrity and thoughtful consideration you have steadfastly displayed in furthering the precepts as ideals of the

INTERNATIONAL BENJAMIN FRANKLIN SOCIETY

its members, assembled at this 31st Annual Meeting of the Society, have unanimously adopted this tribute of appreciation for your generous contribution of your talents and worldly possessions in aiding the Society's work with young people and in perpetuating generally the memory of

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

Public Servant, Philanthropic Statesman and Diplomat.
In particular, the members of the Society desire to record this special recognition to you in heartfelt appreciation of your many years of constructive service as a member, as a trustee and as an officer of this Society on this 23rd day of January, 1954.

Ferdy J. Tagle, Secretary
Geroge L. Bliss



PRESENTED TO POSTMASTER ALBERT J. FIRMIN BY THE JUDEA CLUB
UPON THE OCCASION OF HIS MOST ILLUMINATING ADDRESS

MY ASSOCIATION WITH THE LORD'S DAY ALLIANCE

I have long treasured a report which was made I believe by Rev. Bowlby, of The Lord's Day Alliance, concerning my efforts in behalf of the movement to eliminate as far as practicable labor on Sundays. I was not only interested in this reform from the standpoint of a postal employee, but as a greatly needed reform for labor in general. The report was dated December 12, 1932.

"REMARKS OF HON. ALBERT FIRMIN, POSTMASTER, BROOKLYN"

Postmaster Firmin was presented to the congregation by Rev. Dr. Cadman, who praised him for his Christian character, and for his devotion not alone to his official duties, but to all those many causes and interests which make for the civic and social progress of Brooklyn.

Postmaster Firmin said in effect: "I appear here today not for the purpose of making an address, but as a witness to give evidence in behalf of the Lord's Day Alliance in respect to the high services the Alliance rendered in furthering the protest of the postal employees against the almost intolerable conditions which they experienced in respect to Sunday work.

"In my early years in the postal service there were no limitations by law as to the hours of employment, nor the number of days a clerk or carrier could be obliged to work. Employment on Sunday, or relief from employment, was supposed to be dependent upon the exigencies of the service, but too frequently it was in excess of the exigencies, and subject to the whim or eccentricity of a postmaster, a congressman or prominent patron. Commonly employees were not only required to work occasionally on Sunday, or part time on Sunday, but in busy seasons for many Sundays in succession. I recall that during the busy period running approximately from shortly before Election to a little after New Years, I once worked as many as thirteen weeks without a day off. There was a certain sarcasm or satire prevalent in the system that then prevailed which caused a resentment which years has not worn off. It lay in the circumstance that clerks were theoretically supposed to be allowed every other Sunday off, even though the law did not say so, and hence when employees were required to work on numerous Sundays in succession, they were not only required to work eight hours on the Sundays they were supposed to be off, but on their regularly scheduled Sundays they would be retained ten or twelve hours or even longer.

"The carriers suffered in a different way. The custom prevailed throughout the country, particularly in our large cities and towns, of requiring the carriers to report Sunday morning for the purpose of setting up their mail as though they were going to take it out for delivery, and just as they would serve their routes, even though they would not be required to take it out, and then they would have to wait round the office to

afford any patrons who wanted their mail to call for it. To secure a thorough understanding of this custom I must bring to your notice that of course before the carriers could get their mail, the clerks had to sort it, so that the whole organization was tied up tight with the custom. While the carriers did not, except in the very heavy season, have to work long hours on Sunday, the Sabbath was largely nevertheless spoiled for them, due to the break up of the day by their enforced attendance at the office as I have described.

"Protests against these conditions were made to the Post Office Department at Washington for a great many years, and likewise to the Congress of the United States, but without any satisfactory results.

"Finally the Lord's Day Alliance came to our assistance, when a nation-wide campaign was launched, and so well was it managed, and so vigorously was it pressed, that eventually a remedial law was adopted, providing that all post offices be closed on Sunday, and work therein limited to the duties incident to the preparation and dispatch of mail for delivery Monday. As a result, post offices are now manned on Sunday only by skeleton crews, and with provision for compensatory time off later for such work as they do. To appraise the value of this accomplishment, it must be understood that it not only freed 300,000 postal employees from the abuses they had suffered in Sunday labor, but it had a far wider benefit, for it automatically affected the sweatshops, the offices, factories and establishments big and little, which previously had been encouraged to keep open by the example set by the Post Office, and enabled to function on the Sabbath by the service the Post Office rendered. The lawyers and other business men who formerly had a fancy to play round on Saturday and come to their offices and clean up their desks on Sunday, and to call at the post office to get their mail preparatory to doing so, now are restricted to the routine for the rest of the community, and to content themselves with the Monday morning delivery.

"Though the fight between those who clung to the open post office on Sunday as an absolute necessity, and those who demanded the closing of the offices was long and bitter, I am happy to say that following the enactment of the closing law the situation was accepted with resignation, and no real disturbance was occasioned. At the present time in fact no one ever expresses any desire for any restoration of the service previously given, and the nation has come to look upon the post office being closed on Sunday as a matter of course.

"The Lord's Day Alliance has been of further assistance to the postal employees, and not only to them, but to all who exchange Christmas gifts through the mail. For very many of our patrons formerly deferred mailing Christmas gifts until the last moment, with the result that upon Christmas Day the carriers would have to deliver, or try to deliver, the peak of the load, which would prove to be impracticable, with the result

delivery of much mail would be deferred until after Christmas, much to the disappointment of those for whom the gifts were intended; and the postal employees would not only have to work all day Christmas, but would have to put forth extraordinary effort over many hours, literally to keep themselves from being buried by the mass of matter pouring in on them. The Lord's Day Alliance here again gave most efficient assistance in agitating for the closing of post offices on Christmas Day as on Sunday. The various Postmaster Generals before whom appeals were addressed by both the Alliance and the organizations of the employees were sympathetic as to closing Christmas Day, but they required the creation of a supporting public opinion before they would accept the responsibility. Finally this public opinion was created, and crystalized, largely through the influence of the Lord's Day Alliance throughout the country, and orders were eventually issued for a trial closing on Christmas Day. The trial was so far successful that it was repeated and repeated. The public having knowledge that the post offices will be closed, Christmas Day, and realizing the penalty of belated delivery if they do not mail their gifts in time, are now doing so. In this connection it is necessary to grasp a distinction between business mail and Christmas gifts. Business mail has to be posted at the scheduled time and strictly according to business routine, whereas Christmas gifts can be mailed almost invariably according to the pleasure of the sender, and earlier or later as desired, so that no hardship is entailed when the Alliance asks that Christmas parcels be mailed early, and Postmaster Generals are justified in ordering post offices closed on this holiday, which in Christian countries is of paramount spiritual significance, and embodies more of the beneficencies of home and family life, and of those ties which bind us together in social love, affection and service than any other day we celebrate.

"Our Postmaster Generals where Christmas falls on Sunday, Saturday or Monday, entailing two days cessation from business, have been reluctant to observe both days by closing post offices, until it develops that public opinion sanctions and will support such action, but I know you will be glad to hear that this situation occurring this year has not deterred Postmaster General Brown from ordering the post offices to be closed, and I believe that the Lord's Day Alliance through its forty-four years of education throughout the country, with its connections in churches of many denominations, has been very influential in creating a healthy public opinion favorable to this action. I say again, I rejoice in this opportunity of attesting to the valued service of the Lord's Day Alliance from the postal standpoint, and I appreciate the honor accorded me by Rev. Cadman in permitting this attestation from the pulpit which he has distinguished and so long graced." It will be understood that the above lines were included in a statement made years ago, when Rev. Cadman was one of our most honored clergy.

AF:PH

PLAQUES IN MY HONOR PRESENTED BY U. S. POST OFFICE
EMPLOYEES

Another token of esteem that I greatly prize is a very handsome silver and mahogany plaque, approximately 10 by 15 inches in dimension, which was presented to me by the employees of the Brooklyn Post Office after nine years of joint service, wherein we endeavored to fulfill our respective obligations to the Government. This plaque bears the following engraved inscription: -

"Presented To
Hon. Albert Firmin
POSTMASTER OF BROOKLYN
N. Y.
1924 ____ 1933
BY THE
P. O. EMPLOYEES
AS A TOKEN
OF THEIR APPRECIATION
FRIENDSHIP AND ESTEEM"

While my staff presented this plaque to me, I sensed full well that it was actually my employees who were initially rendering fine service who achieved the good will and harmony that distinguished our relations.

Here is still another testimonial that I cherish, and one that is very unusual for a Postmaster to receive from a great organization, and wholly without solicitation. It was presented to me framed, spontaneously and with attendant formalities of a very happy description.

"Honorable Albert Firmin, Postmaster:

Dear Postmaster Firmin:

It is a pleasant duty for me to present to you the following resolution which was unanimously adopted by the Board of Directors of the Brooklyn Chamber of Commerce at their regular monthly meeting held Monday January 16, 1933.

WHEREAS, Honorable Albert Firmin, Postmaster of Brooklyn, has recently completed fifty years of continuous service in the Post Office Department of the United States Government, it was resolved by the Board of Directors of the Brooklyn Chamber of Commerce at the meeting held on January 16, 1933, in recognition and appreciation of his long public service, remarkable not only for its duration, but for its achievements, to offer him most cordial felicitations on this eventful occasion and to congratulate him on the attainment of an exceptionally noteworthy record of efficiency and humaneness which has characterized the performance of his official duties in its relationship to the public and to the men serving under him, and that

* * *

PRESENTED TO
HON. ALBERT FIRMIN

* * *

POSTMASTER OF BROOKLYN
N.Y.

1924 - 1933

BY THE
- P.O. EMPLOYEES -

AS A TOKEN
OF THEIR APPRECIATION
FRIENDSHIP AND ESTEEM

* * *

has also actuated him to devote his private services to many altruistic endeavors for the public welfare. May the career of public service of Honorable Albert Firmin long continue.

Most sincerely yours,

William Kennedy, Jr., President
Howard E. Galvia, Executive Vice Pres.

* * *

HAIL AND FAREWELL!

All the world's a stage, so Will Shakespeare said,
Let us then be glad when a friend becomes a star;
But in parting, as we face the future unafraid,
Enter thoughts of sadness; for even as we are
Rightly proud of his record for these forty years
To think that he is leaving, almost brings the tears.

Brilliant and clever, but yet with never a sting;

Wisdom and wit from Manhattan he'll bring.

From New York to Brooklyn we give you of our best,
Industrious but human with a heart of gold,
Righteous and just: so you can imagine the rest,
Merry and bright as the minstrels of old,
In the City of Churches he is sure to make good,
Now let us drink to his health as everyone should!

George Wilson Jennings.

PART II

THE GROWTH AND DEVELOPMENT OF MANHATTAN

ALBERT FIRMIN

This story is of the discovery, early settlement, growth and development of Manhattan as its population extended northerly from the "Battery", which was its extreme southerly tip, to approximately Spuyten Duyvil its northerly extremity. I make no claim to covering the whole history as an historian would, with a multitude of details, but rather try to bring to attention high lights of interest, particularly concerning early history, and gathered from a multitude of records, and recent history as witnessed by those I have known and by myself. I have endeavored to gather "high lights" rather than a mass of material.

The panorama of events is like the swift turning of a kaleidoscope, and it is so unique that its history has an unrivaled charm. Yet it is nevertheless in a way and to a degree an example of what our whole nation presented to the world as the most marvelous accomplishment of a group of adventurers in a minimum of time. Never before had the world witnessed so much accomplished by so few, and in so brief a period, as our forefathers achieved in our days of yore. New York from the very first was associated with adventure. Sebastian Cabot, an English navigator and his father John Cabot, a Venetian navigator, but in English employ, as early as 1497 discovered America, (Labrador), but got no nearer to New York than that, yet upon the voyage of these two navigators, England subsequently based a claim to a large extent of the Atlantic coast, and which included what became eventually the site of New York. Giovanni Verrazano, an Italian navigator, in the service of Francis I, King of France, sailed along the Atlantic coast in proximity to New York Bay, and many believe that which he later described in detail was actually a part of our New York shore line. A Portuguese explorer named Estevan Gomez, sailing along in the service of Charles V, of Spain, only a few months later than Verrazano, is believed to have come as close to Manhattan as Sanday Hook, which is at the very entrance to our New York Harbor. But none of these resulted in any actual settlement in or close to New York. It was not until 1609 that Henry Hudson, an Englishman, but sailing on a Dutch ship and under a Dutch flag, and in the service of the Dutch East India Company, explored both the upper and the lower bays, which are parts of the New York Harbor and the great river that empties into the bay, and now bears his name. Hudson explored the river as far up as the present city of Albany, far beyond the point where the river water ceases to be salty, because of its delution by the fresh water coming down from the mountains, and the tributary streams on their way to the ocean. Hudson on his return to Europe not only made known all that has been set forth here about him, but he carried back with him many furs and other verifications of his experiences, and in sufficient volume to incite others to follow him. The early history of New York is not only romantic but replete with unexpected incidents, strange circumstances, and events of exceptional interest. The orders given to Hudson by the Dutch East India Company, directed him to search for the long coveted northern passage to the Orient, but when he proceeded to the Northwest in expectation of discovering this passage, his crew became so rebellious because of their

suffering from cold, that he changed his course, and it was mainly to this fortuitous circumstance, that he came by the historic renown which has ever since identified him with what has been set forth. Some believe though that Hudson was influenced following the protests of his crew, to sail in the direction he did, because of a letter he had received from Capt. John Smith, who had an idea the long sought passage to the orient might be found in the waters traversed by Verazzano, but only vaguely defined. There is an extraordinary circumstance worthy of note in respect to the group of adventurous navigators concerned with the discoveries of our continent in that many did not sail under the flags of the countries of **their** nativity. Columbus, an Italian, born in Genoa, sailed under the auspices of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain; John Cabot a Venetian, sailed under English auspices; Verrazano, an Italian, was in the employ of the French; Gomez a Portugese was employed by Spaniards; Hudson an Englishman was employed by the Dutch East India Co. It was a strange mingling of nationalities, as though a phenominal premonition of the "melting pot" America eventually became and which it still remains. It was in September 1609 that Captain Henry Hudson came sailing down the bay, and discovered the river that now bears his name and when usually the surroundings are at their best. Both banks of the river must then have been very beautiful, for even during my youth the upper reaches were still beautiful, and not disfigured as they have been in recent years, by docks, factories and unsightly structures, etc. Originally on the Manhattan side, there was a wealth of trees, which starting from the water's edge, rose to crown the picturesque undulations beyond, some of which still rise several hundred feet above the river level. But Hudson had more on his mind than beautiful scenery. In the lower bay the crew of one of his small boats cruising about encountered indians in canoes. Two of the crew were killed in the fray that ensued. Hudson on the "Half Moon", on his way up the river, and subsequently on his way down, also encountered attacking indians on the northern end of Manhattan Island where the Spuyten Creek connects the Harlem River and the Hudson. Some authorities assert that "Spuyten Duyvil" means "spouting fountain", while others allege it got its name from an incident wherein a Dutchman who wanted to swim across it, and being warned not to attempt it, because of the danger of its rushing current and dangerous rocks, indignantly said in dutch he would swim across it in spite of the devil. Thereupon he plunged in, and according to the legend the devil rose and pulled him forthwith to hell. I have been in and out of Spuyten Duyvil many, many times, with small boats, canoes and wading, and I have met with accidents there, but in only one instance and when extraordinary conditions prevailed, did I ever experience real personal danger, though damage was occasionally suffered by oars, paddles and boats. But this is a diversion, incident mostly to my intense love for the locality from childhood to my early manhood, but which still lingers in my old age. Fortunately the City Government has acquired the property and made it a public park, but the paths and other changes necessitated by this, have so altered everything, that the whole character of the spot has been altered.

There was a remarkable spring of exceptionally cold water within a few feet of the salt water of the creek, and from the edge of the creek there rose a most picturesque and rather steep rocky slope, covered with a wealth of trees of many varieties. Their top most branches when they reached the crest, formed such a perfect curve, that no arbor-culturist could have trimmed or trained them better. The tallest tree on Manhattan Island grew close to the spring. It was a most majestic giant, but to my great sorrow it had eventually to be cut down. I have photographs though which were taken when it was still in all its glory. Among the trees there were numerous caves which the Indians had utilized, and there were large Indian shell heaps and in these and other neighboring places I found numerous Indian relics. I introduced the spot to numerous of my young associates, and here we would rendezvous. In the caves we stored our cooking utensils, our hammocks our bathing tights, books and other paraphernalia. So well were the caves concealed by underbrush and natural screens, and so seldom did others visit the spot, that nothing belonging to us was ever disturbed. At the time we seemed to be so close to Hudson, and to the Indians of his days, that I always marveled that 300 years had intervened. Reverting now to the basic story, which I suppose I should not have abandoned for so long an interjection, I go back to 1611 when a number of Amsterdam merchants sent a ship here for the purpose of trading with the Indians, but no immediate move was made towards settlement, though several huts were erected for trading purposes. In 1613 there is said to have been four of these. In 1614 a small vessel was built by Captain Block, a Hollander, to replace one that had been destroyed by fire. This was the first vessel built here, and it was called the "Unrest", Block explored as far east as the Connecticut River. The whole territory from the Connecticut to the Delaware Rivers became known as the "New Netherlands".

In 1621 a charter was granted to the Dutch West India Co., and this authorized it not only to trade but to establish and have an exclusive right to govern the settlement wherein the trading would be conducted. This charter was for 24 years. The new corporation named the area around New Amsterdam and within the field of its activities, "New Netherlands". An anomaly seems to have occurred near the outset of this company's activities, for instead of Hollanders being selected at once to settle here, a group consisting of thirty families of Walloons was selected. They arrived here in 1624. The Walloons were Belgians of the Calvinist faith. They had suffered persecution in Europe, and they were anxious to find refuge here. But they did not all settle in New Amsterdam. Most of them went to "Brueckelen" (Brooklyn), but others went elsewhere, the distribution being dictated by the Director General, Cornelius May. About four years later, in 1628 the Dutch West India Company, in another effort to stimulate emigration from Holland to its possessions in this country, offered to wealthy merchants patents to large areas here, if at their own expense, they would send over fifty colonists for each allotment. This became known as the "Patroon System". For a while the system did in-

crease the flow of emigrants, but there was a continent waiting development, and the rich patroons and those they brought with them, were assigned to locations beyond Manhattan, where large areas, suitable for such adventures were available. So far as the Patroon system was concerned, New Amsterdam's population was increased but little, though indirectly it likely benefited from increased trade. Much dissention occurred in connection with the Patroon System, and it did not long survive. In 1654 a ship arrived carrying 24 Jews, a small reinforcement it is true, yet sufficient in number to be chronicled as an eventful occurrence. Did any of that little group foresee the mighty host of their faith, who in years to come, would land where they were landing? Did any of them vision as they landed on our Sylvan shores, that back and beyond lay a continent to be settled? A new Canaan? A refuge of promise to their race? And that from the great host of their faith, would emerge governors, legislators, mayors and princes of industry? Up to that time there had been no other instance in this country wherein we had welcomed so many Hebrews. But the early colonists of New York frequently showed religious prejudice, not only to Jews but to Quakers and to other sects that differed from them. Religious dissensions were frequent and bitter. As early as 1639 negroes were mentioned as forming part of the community, and from that date on there are frequent mentions of them, some times as free and some times as slaves. There are references to the allotment of land for negro burial grounds, and to ordinances concerning them, such as requiring them to carry lights at night, etc. There was a slave market in Wall Street in 1709. In 1712 there was an uprising of negroes involving arson and the death of several whites, followed by the prosecution of the offenders. Nineteen negroes were executed. Another disturbance began in 1740. Fires were set and much property was destroyed. Many negroes were arrested, and it was alleged they were concerned in a plot to destroy the community. Thirteen of those found guilty were sentenced to be burned at stakes, which were located in what is now Park Row, along the east side of City Hall Park. What a horrible, ghastly spectacle this must have been. The methods of extorting evidence from the negroes was in my mind a crime. Some of the negroes had been kidnapped from their African homes, and brought to America as slaves. It is said that they were African savages but could there be any more despicable savages than the whites who kidnapped them? And sold them on Wall Street? What could be more savage than the burning of these men at the stakes? It has been estimated that in 1741 the population of the colony was 6,000 and that of these 2,000 were negroes. It is probable that the negroes came to the colony gradually between 1610 and 1741. But whether they came gradually or otherwise, as the period between these two dates is 131 years, it is obvious the average increase between these two dates per annum was very slow. Slavery in New York did not terminate even upon the Declaration of Independence. With all due respect to our beloved patriot forefathers who gave us our Declaration of Independence and later our Constitution, one only need read with a discerning eye our constitution to discern how they had to wriggle in drafting it, so as to limit its application to the whites, and to avoid reference to the statement in the

Declaration "that all men are created equal". Washington great as he was, owned negro slaves, and advertised for several when they escaped from his estate, but took care not to extend his advertisements north of a designated line. But I will not at present proceed further on this topic, but proceed with the chronological order of my previous presentation. The States General of Holland in 1621 issued a charter to the Dutch West India Company, the former charter to the Dutch New Netherland Company having expired, and this new charter authorized the company not only to conduct its trading activities for a period of 24 years, but to govern the provinces wherein it would operate. The operations of this company were widespread, and not confined exclusively to the previous limits. It encouraged immigration, and furnished assistance both in the way of supplies not otherwise available here, and men considered competent for special tasks. In 1625 Walter Verhulst was appointed as Director of the Colony, but in 1626 he was succeeded by Peter Minuet. Under Minuet in 1629 the rights of the colonists were defined by a declaration or charter. And Minuet it was revealed had instructions to purchase Manhattan from the Indians. The purpose of this was to get title to the Island as a purchase, to help offset any claim Great Britain might make, and based on Cabot's discoveries. The famous purchase of Manhattan Island for twenty four dollars worth of trinkets, etc., was duly enacted. But then followed another surprise, for it shortly transpired the Canarsie Indians dealt with were crafty too, and that they did not actually own all that they had sold, but were themselves only intruders, while Indians of another tribe were the actual owners, so for some of the area negotiations had to be entered into. It was about this time, 1626, that a fort was built where the west side of Broadway begins now, which was called Fort New Amsterdam. The settlement became known as New Amsterdam. Under Minuet, in 1629, the rights of the colonists were defined by a declaration or charter. In 1633 Wouter Van Twiller succeeded Minuet, and the importance of the colony must have been increasing in the estimation of the high authorities, for he brought from Europe a hundred soldiers for his garrison. But he engaged in financial transactions which were not approved in Holland, and in 1638 he was succeeded by William Kieft. In the same year a city ordinance was passed, which prohibited private trading in furs, obviously in the interest of the trading combine of the Holland control. Kieft proved to be incompetent in the estimation of the authorities in Holland. His treatment of the Indians was regarded as particularly unfortunate, and it involved the colony in much trouble. He did so many things that were disliked by the colonists, including his treatment of the Indians, that protests were addressed to the Holland authorities, and eventually he was recalled. Then in 1647 came the most picturesque and energetic of all the Dutch governors, Peter Stuyvesant. He had but one leg, but this did not detract from his energy nor valor. But he was arrogant and had an exaggerated opinion of his importance. He was a religious bigot. And his bigotry prompted him to doing arbitrary and despicable acts. He engaged in quarrels with the English in the East, and with the Swedes in the South. Nevertheless, the New Netherland colony grew so rapidly under his administration, that the Dutch West

India Company in 1653 granted the colony a municipal government. This was much to the liking of the colonists, but they were shortly chagrined when their despotic governor arrogated to himself the selection of the officials, whereas the colonists maintained that was to have been their prerogative. In the same year provision was made for local government, and for a poor house, and such a house was built on Beaver Street. It may seem strange that such an institution was required with idle land available near by and labor likely. But beyond the area of the colony there was danger from the Indians and tools, weapons and household equipment had to be imported. There were doubtless colonists moreover who were frail, sick, infirm, improvident, or sufferers from casualties. The necessity for a poor house seems humiliating, but since the colonists knew of no preventatives of poverty, they did the best that they could to relieve the distressed. Among the many lawyers who, notwithstanding their profession, I may regard as my friends, there may be some who will be interested to learn, that the first of their distinguished calling of whose entry into our little commonwealth I have found mention, was Dirk Van Schellyne, and he appeared in 1650. A wit, of whose identity I know not, but who I would like to shake hands with, defined a lawyer thus: "Lawyer is a man we hire to protect us from other lawyers". Since Dirk (There is something sinister about the name) was the first to come here. Why did he come? Did he plot to enveigle others here? Perhaps, for in 1677 question arose in the City Council whether attorneys were found useful or not to plead in courts and following this they resolved that "they be no further allowed to practice excepting in the pending cases". Alas! poor Dirk. What ruffians in his eyes those council men must have been! But let them rest in peace! Returning now to the progress of the colony after the building of the defensive wall. The Indians of Manhattan were not as warlike as some of the tribes up State, such as the Mohawks and Iroquois, but nevertheless the colonists had to keep ever alert and ready for defense. A series of uprising of Indians occurred in 1655, and it resulted in the slaughter of many whites. But this would not have happened if it had not been for the reckless act of a settler, and who was also a minor town official. In view of the invasion of Indian territory by the whites, with the whites so few and the Indians so many, it seems strange, that there were not more frequent and serious outbreaks. This was principally due to the advantages both races derived from their trading, rather than the so called purchases of the land by the whites and from the Indians. I have a suspicion of the so called purchases of the land from the Indians, in that the Indians likely did not fully understand just what was involved. The two groups were principally benefitted by the exchanges involved in trade, the Indians benefitting by what they got in the way of tools, utensils and attractive trinkets, and the whites by furs, corn, fish, potatoes and other agricultural specialties. It was of course in the interest of the government to maintain the peace, but several of the governors seem not to have comprehended this. The situation might have developed into a prolonged Indian War, had it not been that Stuyvesant, usually so belligerent, showed good sense and forbearance when it was needed. When we

try to arrive at a just appraisal of the status of New Amsterdam, or New York, and the conduct of the colonists, we should bear in mind two important factors. First that comparison should be made not between the conditions prevailing then and the conditions prevailing now, but with the conditions prevailing in the colony and in contemporary colonies. Second, we should not fail to bear in mind that the colony was an extremely distant outpost of a contemporary but far distant government. And that many of the adventurers were laboring men, hardy and energetic, but likely deficient in refinements and education such as we aspire to so generally today. Bigotry, cruelty, religious intolerance and many other abominations were current in our other colonies as well as here. It is pleasing to find evidence though among the colonists of New Amsterdam, and later New York, of a leaven of men who were trying to improve local conditions, and to assure the permanency of the community. Thus in 1656 the authorities planned streets to substitute promiscuous lanes, primitive paths, and cross cuts. A map for 17 streets was sent to Holland for inspection. Many changes were made later, but the map was evidence of the ambition of aspiring citizenship. In 1685, about 75 years following the arrival of the Dutch traders, an idea was conceived to substitute for the old wall or defense that protected the southerly tip of the settlement, by a 36 foot street, but it was not until 1699, that this improvement was actually accomplished, and the street did not go directly through to the Hudson but terminated at the Trinity Church property. This thoroughfare "Wall Street", is the most famous or infamous street in our city, according to your point of view. For an extended period there was a slave market at one end of Wall Street and the Trinity Church at the other end.

My interest in the postal service prompts me now to insert here matter pertaining to the handling of letters in the early days of adventure and settlement in New Amsterdam and New York. As the settlement grew the handling of letters became more and more important, and there gradually developed what eventually became known as the "Coffee House" method. This was a friendly cooperative plan. Prior to the sailing of a ship from Holland, and later from England, the plan followed was to post in an appropriate place the proposed sailing and destination of the vessel, and those interested in sending letters thereby, would bring them down to the vessel's dock, where they would be accepted for a small fee. This was by no means a novel plan, for it had long been followed both in England and Holland when ships of either country were sailing to other countries. On arrival here when the ships had freight for certain persons the letters for them would be handed over, but miscellaneous letters for others, would be carried to our local "Coffee Shops", and left there subject to "pick Up" by the addressees when they visited the coffee shops. For these letters the coffee houses commonly provided racks, covered with green bairse, across which tapes would be tacked, and between the tacks the letters would be shoved. It happened that the so called "coffee houses" did not confine their patrons exclusively to coffee, but served "schnapps", West India rum and other alluring liquors. There was more or less uncertainty of course

as to which particular coffee house an expectant addressee might find letters, which gave a very excellent excuse for any thirsty among them to visit every open door. In fact the system was so very popular that it lasted nearly a century. The most popular coffee house was known as "Burn's Coffee House", located where 11 Broadway is now. Quite close to Bowling Green of the affluent Dutch. And this spot still bears the name "Bowling Green". There was also a "City Tavern" in 1642, at 73 Pearl St., but which in 1653 was renamed "Stadt Haus", and another popular coffee house was called "The Tontine", at Wall and Water St., but the name of this was changed subsequently to "Merchant's Coffee House". There was still another famous coffee house at Coenties Slip, which was built in 1642, quite close to the East River. This was largely patronized by those who crossed the river from Wallabout, Gowanus and Brooklyn. Many of the boats were rowed by sturdy Dutch market women, and they like others crossing by boats carried letters to and fro, some of which were their own, and others belonging to friends or patrons. In 1638 the first ferry was established between New Amsterdam and Breucklin, which made stops at Dover and Pearl Sts., which added to the patronage of the Coenties Slip Tavern. In a Supplement to the New York Post Office Bulletin of April 3, 1920, the Coffee House at Coenties Slip is listed as a post office for the period 1642 to 1692, and from April 4, 1687 to April 3, 1692. William Bogardus was credited with being the postmaster. Many letters came from Europe which were not intended for delivery in New Amsterdam or in New York, but for elsewhere throughout the adjacent country, as Jersey and Long Island. When a kindly traveller saw such a letter, and he was on his way to the settlement named, he would commonly pick it up and carry it to its destination on his way home, or as near to its destination as practicable, and then hand the letter to some one else to carry it further. Sometimes letters were carried from point to point by different travellers, making long journeys and consuming much time, but eventually reaching the owners. Often there would be charges on such letters, but kindly persons would pay a charge due, and trust to luck to collect the charge. By 1652 though the colony was still small, it was nevertheless a firmly established community, with a government which reasonably met the requirements of the situation. Its citizens had shown their ability to maintain and to protect their possessions from the Indians, and to maintain fair order among themselves. They had cared for their poor, lived well, and had adequate shelter. They had the battery or fort at the South, and the protective wall at the North, both of which have been previously mentioned. There were several well defined streets, a ferry and numerous roads and paths. As early as 1628 a Dutch church had been established, and of this Jonas Michaelins was appointed minister. In 1633 a church was built of which Dominic Bogardus became the pastor. There were also schools. More over New Amsterdam had become the center of an expanding colony and with outlying hamlets prospering in several directions.

It is necessary to explain to those not familiar with typography of Manhattan Island, in order to clarify the movement of the colony's development, that the island is long and narrow, and that it tapers at both

ends, but more particularly at the southern end, whence the development started, and it continues ever further north. Broadway is its major thoroughfare starting at the southern extremity and continuous to the northern end, and may well be also regarded as the back bone of the development. Wall Street may also well be regarded as the first major marker of Broadway as development extended northerly; Chambers Street as the second marker; and others will be mentioned as required. There were strategic reasons for keeping the development condensed for defense at the outset of the colonization, and which lasted for very many years later. In 1610 and for many years thereafter passengers from incoming ships reached the shore by barges near the battery, which is the extreme southern end of Manhattan. Hence the colony as it grew had to extend north if at all. There were strategic reasons in connection with defense which made it advisable to keep the community condensed, hence when the colony grew beyond the small area, the storekeepers, merchant traders, and principal owners held to their premises while the minor ones mostly moved further north. The defenses at the southern extremity included a battery and a fort and there was also an old mill there. Wind mills are always associated in the minds of the average man with Holland. Our Dutch settlers not only quickly got one, but got several. One at the Battery, one near the Wall, one near the Hudson and close to the site of St. Paul's Church, and one near Coenties slip. In the course of time the present St. Paul's Church was built, and many people for very many years have failed to detect that the church does not face Broadway, but faces Church Street, and always has done so. In the very old days Church Street was fully as prominent as Broadway in that part of the settlement. It is obvious that no grants for any considerable area for farms could be granted in the earliest site of the settlement, but for many years the houses that were built therein, did have plots around them, but as the number of structures increased, the surrounding plots became narrower. The settlement was well on its way to the north.

I have selected Chambers Street as the next boundary line as a marker towards which the growth of our community was extending. This street is the northerly edge of City Hall Park. It is known by all citizens and can be readily located by visitors. While Chambers Street does not extend from river to river, completely across the island, it runs far enough to serve the purposes of the occasion. It is to be born in mind that as we progress north from the extreme southern tip, the island keeps broadening, and the growing community kept expanding considerably. By 1657 or 1658 some of the colonists had become sufficiently wealthy to build mansions, or at least dwellings of a superior type, including P. C. Vandervin, who located close to the Battery, and Stuyvesant who built a mansion that he called Whitehall, and this name was adopted for the street on which the house faced, a name that survives to the present day. In the old days these houses commanded superb views. Many of the well to do colonists brought from their old homes in Holland, all their furniture, to add to their comfort, and this further attested their intention of

making the colony their permanent home. But many of the homes were far from pretentious, even though they may have been reasonably comfortable. Almost simultaneously with the completion of a fair number of pretentious houses, New Amsterdam organized a night watch, to patrol the streets after dark, and the watchmen were equipped with rattles. It is debatable whether the rattles were intended to give the thieves timely notice for a "get away", or to keep the burgers awake so that no thieves would risk attempting entry. In 1658 Stuyvesant sought 25 families who would be willing to form a village in the northern part of the island, and this little group became the nucleus of a little village that adopted the name New Harlem, after the village of Harlem in Holland. In my boyhood horse cars running to Harlem, bore signs which read "Haarlem", in accord with the name as spelled in Europe. In 1661 the first ferry to Jersey was established. Evidently the community was spreading at least a little. For many years there had been friction between England and Holland, incident to their respective claims based on the discoveries of Cabot and of Hudson, and the mouth of the Hudson and territory adjacent thereto, were part of the disputed territory. This friction culminated in 1664, when the Duke of York, the brother of Charles the Second, King of England, despatched a squadron in command of Colonel Nichols, to take possession of New Amsterdam, and the surrounding territory. The Colonel on arrival of his ship and two hundred soldiers, demanded Stuyvesant to surrender. Though Stuyvesant at first was moved to refuse, and in fact tore up the Nichols demand, he ultimately yielded, upon realizing both his armed forces and his armament were inadequate for a successful defense; and moreover his associates, and even his son, opposed, but he nevertheless remained in the colony. Colonel Nichols forthwith became the new governor, and the name of the colony was changed from New Amsterdam to New York, the name being adopted in honor of the Duke of York, brother of the King Charles II, then the reigning King. A few months after the change of sovereignty a new charter was granted by the Duke of York and new titles were given to the officials provided therein, such as Mayor, Sheriff, and Alderman. Provision was made for trial by jurors; a court was provided with wide powers, the laws were codified; and there was a general reorganization in conformity with contemporary English practices. Practically simultaneously with these progressive steps the government of the colony was extended to the whole extent of Manhattan Island. In reviewing the facts regarding the colony thus far, and recalling the more or less important personages connected with it, such as Kings, Queens, Governors, Dukes, Director, etc., a person is apt to get an exaggerated impression of the settlements wealth, importance, dignity, population and power, whereas it appears that in 1664, more than 50 years after the founding of the settlement, it had but a population of approximately 1500 persons. That there should be so much contention, strife and conflict over so small a group, prompts the surmise that there must have been far sighted persons extant who were cognizant of the future possibilities of the venture in which they were engaged. Colonel Nichols in his report to the Duke of York, described the settlement as composed of "a few miserable houses occupied

by the poor", yet he is also reputed to have said that "some of them had the breeding of courts", and he further seems to have sensed there was a future for the colony, providing its future be wisely directed. From all the conflicting particulars it seems probable that there were more than a few discerning men in both Holland and England, as well as in America, who realized the potential possibilities of the struggling little group of traders and colonists, during the first fifty years of the adventure. It is likely that there were some men of foresight, who bore in mind that there was likely a great area beyond them, and for which their little settlement would be a likely inviting entrance. In May 1667 Governor Nichols was succeeded by Col. Francis Lovelace. One of the early moves of the new governor was to effect cooperation with the merchants of the colony and to establish the "Merchants Exchange", and when this was opened he officiated. About this time too, a road was constructed that reached Harlem. For nine years under British government the colonists pursued their lives in comparative peace, undisturbed except by the exorbitant prices exacted for "patents" to land, by Duke James, who had become the dominant figure in England in respect to the concerns of the colonists. His domination was ruthless. His ambition was to exact all that he could get and as quick as he could get it. It was a repetition of an extensive world wide tragedy. Of land a plenty, and an abundance of natural resources, with many yearning for an opportunity to develop them, but balked in their good purpose by some privileged personage who monopolized for his exclusive benefit. In August 9, 1673 the colonists experienced a sensation that no one in the community escaped, even though to some it brought cheer and to others distress. A Dutch fleet appeared in the bay, and after a brief attack directed by Admiral Evertsen, the English were forced to surrender. But the assumption of the government by the Dutch which immediately followed their victory, was of but brief duration. It was not terminated though by any occurrence in America, but through events in Europe. The war which had been in progress there, had been brought to its conclusion, and this was followed in 1674 by the Treaty of Westminster. Under the treaty the Dutch relinquished all claim to New Netherland, and it passed to the British. It was not until the rebellion of the colonies that the British rule was challenged again. That challenge was successful. The actual finis for all time occurred when the British evacuated New York and the America troops under Washington made their triumphant entrance, November 25, 1783. The passing of New York and the adjacent territory from the Dutch to the English, effected on the map at least, all the Atlantic coastal colonies, from New England to the Carolinas. The eventual and practical linking of the coastal colonies was effected very largely through the development of our postal exchanges, both private and public, of which information will be given later. In 1675 the Council of the Colony, enacted a salutary decree or proclamation, to the effect that vacant land convenient to be built on, if not speedily thus improved by the owners, would be appraised by the authorities, and sold to those willing to build upon it. The necessity for such action incident to the conditions which prevailed are apparent. The need to shelter as many colonists as practicable within

the defense area, and to economize in local improvements, such as party streets, walks, etc., obligated all concerned to make efficient use of the land, or to yield to others who would do so. A major abuse incident to the private ownership of land without restrictions, is the retention of it by the owner in idleness, or to await its increase in value, by the growth of the community, so as to ultimately claim this unearned increment as though it were actually earned. The improvement of vacant land, as provided in the proclamation, would promote employment, and add to the wealth of the community. If this practice had been faithfully adhered to, the city would have realized enormous benefit. In 1676 and 1677 this principle of the proclamation was applied to vacant land, lots and decayed buildings. In the course of time laxity appears to have occurred, and the principle only survived in a modified form; that is in our present laws whereby the government is able to condemn private property for public purposes. This we are applying in a wholesale way in connection with our great slum clearance and housing developments. Following the restoration of the colony to the British, and the resumption of its control by the Duke of York, Edmond Andros was appointed to the governorship. In 1680 a scheme was devised to further the interests of New York, and by so doing to also benefit the Duke of York. In furtherance of this scheme legislation was secured which granted to New York a monopoly in the bolting and exporting of flour. This monopoly was an obvious invasion of the rights of the colonists up state, and was very generally condemned by those adversely affected. There was really but one argument that could be offered in favor of the monopoly, and that was that New York did inaugurate a very strict inspection of its products, employing competent experts in this connection. Thus the confidence of European purchasers was secured and the business prospered. But it does not appear that the Duke prospered particularly. The protests from up state kept increasing, and getting more and ever more bitter, with the result that in 1699 the law was repealed. In connection with the controversy it developed statistics submitted to the legislature by the Corporation of New York, which showed that in 1695 there were 983 houses in New York, and that in 1699 there was an estimate of the population having reached 6,000. There is some variation as to this but from the likely capacity of the houses the estimate is about what would be expected. Allowing 89 years as the interval between the arrival of the first colonists and the date of the estimate 1699, would give an annual average increase of but 67 persons. There are other estimates with various dates, but it is apparent that the average annual increase was very low. Governor Andros returned to England to clear himself of suspicions that had arisen as to his conduct here, and King James not only accepted his explanations, but adopted advice which Andros gave him as to future action concerning the colony, and this advice was concurred in by William Penn. James then named Thomas Dongan as governor, and authorized him to allay the dissatisfaction among the colonists, by granting them an assembly. This assembly was named "The Assembly Of The Province of New York", and provision was made for liberal reforms and the assembly was to be along the lines of a state legislature, including up state territory as well as New York. But James

in 1685 suddenly succeeded to the throne, through the death of Charles II, and he promptly exercised the prerogative of kings, and changed his mind. He further destroyed the documents he had prepared, and he recalled Dongan, and named Andros as Governor of New York and New Jersey. In fact he made so many changes that he created confusion, not only in New York but throughout the colonies. Then James was overthrown by William and Mary to still further complex the situation. To top it all with still further complexity, a merchant named James Leisler, who was a Captain of Militia, but not the Commander, endeavored to assume authority, involving not only New York, but up state and even as far as Canada, with the shedding of blood even to the extent that it led to denunciation as a rebellion. But the rebellion was brought to a close by the arrival of Col. Henry Sloughter, who arrived from England with credentials as the Governor of the Province. Leisler was subsequently tried, found guilty as a traitor, and hanged just east of City Hall Park. He had a host of friends however, and not only here but in England and in Parliament, and eventually the Parliament endeavored to vindicate him, and restored his estate, which had been confiscated, to his heirs. This page of our colonial history is probably the most complex and perplexing of all that are recorded. In 1691 Col. Henry Sloughter arrived from England with credentials as Governor of the Province. But it is not essential to detail the various changes made from year to year in order to arrive at an understanding of the northerly progress of the New York colony, and I shall only outline it by a series of incidents; and these in the nature of milestones. In 1754 a charter was granted to "King's College", (Now known as Columbia College) its first site was on Park place, between Church Street and Broadway. In 1757 it took a step north in the way of a Library, provided by the benevolence of a patron named Joseph Murray. Responsive to the spirit of the Revolution of the Colonies, the name was later changed to Columbia College. In 1856 the college moved north nearly two miles, to Fourth Avenue and 49th and 50th Streets, and after another considerable lapse it eventually had to seek a very extensive site at its present location on Columbia Heights. It now ranks among the greatest institutions of its kind in the world. In 1762 the New York Assembly declined to vote an appropriation for the support of the British Troops stationed in New York, and a dead lock ensued between the Assembly and the British authorities, and this lasted several years. Then trouble brewed over the obnoxious Stamp Act; designed by the British to raise revenue; and to be affixed not only upon all legal documents, but also upon newspapers pamphlets etc.. The proceeds were to be used to defray the expenses of the British troops stationed here "for defense from the Indians". In 1765 a group of prominent New York merchants proposed a meeting in respect to the Stamp Act, and invited prominent persons in the other colonies to attend it also, and the resolutions passed were thereupon transmitted to the British House of Commons. Notwithstanding the opposition the stamps were shipped here, but they were never distributed. The demonstration against the stamps was effective. Provoked by the offensive acts of Parliament, and the general disregard of what concerned the

colonists, a group of prominent merchants of New York united in 1768, upon a boycott of British imports. They did this notwithstanding that they realized they would suffer heavy loss from the suspension of trade. After a brief interval of quiet, agitation again rose over a proposed tea tax. News of the Boston Tea Party, December 16th, 1773 had reached New York, and a threat was made that it would be duplicated here. The crisis came suddenly. A group of New Yorkers sent another appeal, to citizens of the other colonies, who they had reason to believe sympathized with them, and urged them to assemble in Philadelphia. A messenger arrived from Boston, June 1773 with an alarming report of the battle at Lexington. Patriots rallied round the "Sons Of Liberty". It was a timely moment. British troops were hastening to board a waiting ship, but to the amazement alike of their officers and men, the colonists broke in on their line of march, and seized their amunition and much of their supplies, and made off with both before they could be stopped. Shortly Washington came in from Boston and established his headquarters on Pearl Street near Broadway. In 1768, and in the midst of all the excitement, the New York Chamber of Commerce was organized. At that time and all the years since, this organization has been a strong influence in the guidance of civic affairs, as well as caring for its strictly commercial interests. From 1691 to 1771 New York had sixteen different governors. There were few major events though in this period, aside from the events connected with the dissatisfaction which was growing throughout all the colonies, respecting the treatment of them by the British government. There were though some minor events indicative of the continued growth of the colony, even though the growth was not rapid. Among the minor events was the location of Pine and Cedar streets, laid out in 1692, and Maiden Lane improved in 1696, and Coenties Slip constructed in 1696. In 1697 the City officials adopted a unique way of lighting the streets without the expenditure of City funds. This was economy and efficiency of that period. It was decreed that every seventh house owner must hang a lantern in front of his premises, and that the lantern be provided with candles. Further that the owners of the intervening houses, contribute candles to equalize the burden. In the winter, in the dark of the moon, something even better was thought of, namely that the house owners put lights in their windows. Thus did our ancestors establish a precedent for us. This was the infancy of the "Great White Way" of the Twentieth Century. Now no street in the world is more brilliant than our Times Square. A Little later our city officials sought a house owner willing to furnish a house suitable for a hospital for the poor, and capable of caring for them. But I have not found any record of a happy response. During the period 1691 to 1776, (85 years) numerous churches, schools and public buildings were erected. Also so many houses, stores and minor structures were erected that new streets had to be opened, and old streets repaved. Yet the improvements were mostly confined to the area south of Chambers Street.

The New York TIMES of January 31st, 1954 asked a series of questions as to the names and location of Islands about New York in the Hudson, The East River and entrance from the Bay. I was able to identify all but one.

- A - Riker's Island. There was no building on this when I was a lad, and it was very small, but it was subsequently greatly enlarged, and big buildings erected on it. Here one night with a friend of mine, our boat capsized, and we lost part of our equipment. No help was available, and we were so cold when we got home we were nearly paralyzed.
- B - Brother's Island.
- C - Randle's Island (or Randall's Island) A descendent of the family from which the name came is a guest of the Hotel Mohawk wherein I am now living.
- D - Ward's Island.
- E - Blackwell's Island. Now known as Welfare Island.
- F - Governor's Island. This is now nearly double the size it was in my early days.
- G - Ellis Island. A man was hung here, and the gallows on which he was hung, was stored by the U. S. Court that condemned him, in the room of the old P. O. and Court House, that I utilized as a gym, and including the gallows.
- H - In my youth I spent much time rowing and swimming both on the Hudson and the East River. Also on the New York Bay and Long Island Sound.

July 4, 1776 the Second Continental Congress, in session at Philadelphia, adopted the Declaration of Independence, and on that very same day a group of patriots in Brooklyn, manning a small battery facing New York Bay, was fired upon by a British ship named the "Asia", and the largest of the mightiest fleet ever assembled by the British Government. The engagement was brief. The patriots fired back and killed five members of the vessel's crew, and damaged the ship as well. This even while the signatures in Philadelphia were likely still moist. Our patriots had repelled the very first challenge. But our success was very brief. The battle of Long Island followed, and though our troops fought bravely, they were outnumbered, and they were inexperienced. They were on the verge of extinction, when Washington by a wise strategy effected their retreat to Manhattan. A series of engagements followed, but eventually Manhattan too fell to the British, and Washington and his army had to retreat across the Hudson. In the course of these struggles of the contending armies, in September 1776, when part of Manhattan was held by the British and part by the patriots, a great fire started at the southern tip of Manhattan, and swept north, destroying in its path our Trinity Church, and threatening St. Paul's Church but not destroying it. In all 493 buildings were destroyed, out of a possible 4,200. Both sides of Broadway and much of the business section were included. It was a catastrophe. Coming as it did in the midst of the struggle for independence, it was all the harder to bear. During the conflagration there was much violence. Some of the Sons of Liberty were attacked, and even thrown into the flames, on the allegation that they were the incendiaries. Two years later a second fire occurred, and this destroyed 50 houses before it could be controlled. From 1776 to 1783 New York was held by the British, and it was one of their principal strong holds. Likewise the British utilized New York for the detention of prisoners of war, and also for the detention of civilian prisoners charged with rebellion, or disloyalty. Several buildings were used for detention, and the most notorious of these was the sugar house on Liberty Street. This place of horrors, was exceeded only by the prison ship anchored in that part of the East River known as Wallabout Bay, where the Navy Yard now is. The British evacuated the city November 25, 1783, and as Washington and his triumphant troops took possession, but the evacuees were not all soldiers. Many who left were tories, who had sought refuge with the British forces, during the period wherein so called "loyalists" were being proscribed by the patriots, or their properties were being confiscated, now discreetly sought other refuge in territory still under the British flag. There followed a period of readjustment and recuperation. In 1784 the State Legislature came to New York, and a year later the Continental Congress assembled here, so it is evident recuperation was proceeding quickly. In September 1787 Washington as the presiding officer of the Continental Congress, distributed from here the draft of the Federal Constitution which had been so long in the making. The culminating glory of the city though, was the inauguration of Washington as the first President of the United States. From the moment of his arrival at our river's edge, to the moment of his inauguration a week later, he was the center of an enthusiastic multitude, with parades, banquets, illuminations,

and demonstrations of joy in almost continuous sequence both night and day. The oath of office was taken outdoors, on the balcony of Federal Hall, and approximately where the impressive bronze statue of him now stands, on the steps of the old Sub Treasury, which in 1846 replaced the Federal Hall. Following the establishment of the new era, the colonists strove to restore their commerce, to efface the scars of the former conflict, and to hasten prosperity. In this they were aided by a group of competent men and upon the foundation they laid, great results have been achieved. About the time of Washington's inauguration, and but a few years from the spot where he stood during the ceremony, a group of enterprising merchants gathered beneath a tree to transact their business, and from this primitive start, there ultimately developed the Stock Exchange and down through the years it has become one of the most widely known institutions of the world. It is today the financial center of the world.

Alexander Hamilton, who even in his youth became distinguished for patriotism, who enhanced his enviable reputation by his services throughout the war, and was among the foremost of those who drafted our constitution and secured its enactment, became the first Secretary of the Treasury. It was an onerous task and he bore it well. He remained active in the affairs of the city until his untimely death. The Evening Post which he helped to establish has survived through all the years that have since passed. In 1800 he built the Hamilton Grange, which he intended to make his home, but five years later he was killed in his duel with Burr. Close to his Grange he planted 13 trees, one for each of the original states that formed the Union and close to a century later these trees were still standing. The Grange was removed from its first sight, to make way for a street and the trees were cut down, but before they were cut I made a photograph of them, and I gave a copy of this to the New York Historical Society. Another New York citizen of distinction was John Jay, and he became the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, and the first session of the court was held in New York. Later Judge Jay became the U. S. Minister Plenipotentiary to Great Britain, and secured for us a commercial treaty which stimulated our trade and aided in re-establishing amiable relations with that country. Aaron Burr, also of New York became our Vice-President, and he was active in securing the charter of the Manhattan Company, still one of our principal banking institutions and from which other flourishing financial institutions have sprung. Two inventors, John Fitch in 1796 and Robert Fulton in 1802 became conspicuous by reason of their inventions pertaining to the use of steam as a means for the propulsion of boats. Their experiments made New York receptive to the possibilities of steam driven crafts, and our citizens witnessed in 1796 demonstrations of what such crafts could do as one was operated on the Collect Pond by John Fitch. Robert Fulton secured financial aid from Robert Livingston and his boat was the "Clermont", and it was large, and operated from New York to Albany. Captain Robert R. Randall in 1801 founded the Sailor's Snug Harbor, as a home for aged seamen. Its support still comes from the rentals of Manhattan real estate, in the vicinity of Broadway and 9th and 10th Streets, which the Captain bequeathed. In 1811 a map was prepared

by a City Planning Commission for prospective streets throughout the city. As has been previously mentioned, many streets below the Chambers Street line, had been already opened but north of that line, little had been accomplished aside from opening roads to Greenwich and to Harlem. The Commission failed to realize the magnitude of the North and South traffic which would develop, and it provided less than twenty thoroughfares for it while it planned over 150 streets running East and West. For many years a large percentage of the people who lived in the northern and of the island, but were employed in the southern end, travelled back and forth on fast steamers which ran up and down the East river, so that the faulty layout of the street system caused but little delay or inconvenience, but later on the boats were withdrawn from this service. The boats bore such names as Sylvan Stream, Sylvan Dell, Sylvan Glen, etc. Since autos have become numerous, the clogging of our north and south streets have become frequent. They are inadequate for our requirements. In 1812 our City Hall was completed and dedicated, and it is one of the few structures of the municipality of its era, which are still being utilized. The face of the building viewed from the South and the East and West ends, are of marble, but the rear of the building is of brownstone, for at the time of its construction it was not anticipated the city would reach a stage of development that would justify the expense of marble for the rear. Aside from this defect, however, the structure is artistic, and it still serves its purpose to a large extent.

In 1812 came our second war with England, with a severe disturbance of our commercial relations, and a further halt of the City's development. On the high seas the naval engagements were desperate, and with varying success. The British succeeded in establishing a blockade of our port, and this paralyzed our commerce upon which we so largely depended. The proximity of the enemy fleet, was also a threat of invasion. Fear increased following the attack upon Washington, the destruction of the capitol, and the flight of President Madison and his wife. But the war came to an end in 1816, and the attack which was so much feared was never undertaken.

In 1818 the City received a substantial gift. It was received from Clement C. Moore, and it was the site upon which later the General Theological Seminary was erected. But Moore made a contribution also to literature of our beloved city, which has delighted generation after generation of our children. Simple though his verses were, it is probable they have given more thrills to children at Christmas than any other verses from an American poet. I refer of course to "T'was the night before Christmas". In 1822 a setback occurred to New York and it was a very frightful one; Yellow fever with all its horrors became epidemic. Those who were able to do so fled far. Those who were unable to flee far, but yet were able to leave, fled to Greenwich Village. Even banks, business houses and government departments fled also. Filth and flies caused and spread the loathsome disease. A new barrier was erected close to Trinity

Church, but neither this nor anything else slowed the course of the epidemic, until it spent itself. Three years after the epidemic, New York had recovered its normalcy, a new event occurred, which roused the community to a new state of excitement, and this prompted a great celebration. The event was the completion of the Erie Canal and the celebration was prompted by the arrival in New York of a barge bearing a cask of water from Lake Erie, intended to be poured into the Atlantic Ocean, as a token of the "Marriage of the Water". The Erie Canal had long been sponsored by Governor De Witt Clinton and notwithstanding that he had been bitterly opposed, and assailed by a host of enemies. The arrival of the barge from the Erie and of De Witt Clinton, created a great sensation, and the celebration was most enthusiastic. The Erie Canal not only linked the vast area of the "Great Lakes" with New York, but in cooperation with the great fleet of ships which crowded the New York Harbor, it likewise linked the same vast area with all Europe, and wherever else people hungered for our harvest and products. Down through the years the Erie Canal has been widened, deepened and improved. In my youth I spent much of my leisure time rowing and canoeing on the Hudson, and witnessed the great fleets of canal boats passing to and from the Erie Canal. Many families lived on these canal boats, including mothers and children, and men and women of all ages. The traffic carried was enormous and an important factor in the commerce of the city. Many of the fleets did not come all the way from the Erie Canal, but were made up at such ports as Haverstraw, Rondout, Poughkeepsie, etc., and carried cargoes of bricks, blue stone, ice and the various other products of the Hudson River area. As to the status of the growth of the city to the Chambers Street line, from approximately 1820 to 1835, we have the testimony of William Earl Dodge, than whom I know of no other better qualified to speak. Mr. Dodge was born in 1805, and lived to 1883, and a few years before his death, in response to a request addressed to him by some of the most prominent men of New York, he made an address embodying his recollections. A statue of Mr. Dodge was erected in 1885 in Herald Square by his host of admirers. It was the work of J.Q.A. Ward, who was one of our most celebrated sculptors and it still stands as an example of the traditional American boy, who from a most humble start eventually achieves success and prominence. He not only became one of our most foremost merchants, but held an envious position as a philanthropist and civic worker. In his address he described his start as a boy in a wholesale dry goods store at 304 Pearl Street near Peck Slip, when he was only thirteen years old. He lived at 98 William Street, which at that time was a retail dry goods center and he had to get up at daylight, and go from there to his employer's house on Vandewater Street, quite a distance away and obtain from his boss the keys to the store at 304 Pearl Street to which he had then to go to open up. Each evening he would bring to the store from an old pump at Peck Slip and Pearl Street a bucket of water and with this on his arrival in the morning he would sprinkle the sidewalk and street. This discloses how primitive New York was even in the hub of its industry. Then the lad swept ~~that~~^{what} dust and dirt there was into a pile to await the arrival of a cart which

carried it off. Thereafter upon the arrival of an older boy, to take care of the store, young Dodge had permission to go home and get his breakfast, by which time undoubtedly he had developed an appetite. In the winter he had a further task: wood had to be carried too, and piled in the cellar. Fires had to be made and attended to and lamps had to be trimmed. According to Mr. Dodge there were few carts in his youth, but there were wheel barrows, and there were corners where men with barrows and called porters, assembled and waited for customers. The ordinary charge for delivery south of Chambers Street was twelve and a half cents, but north of that street the charge was .18-3/4 cents. Dodge told that his boss did not always employ these porters, but utilized him and sometimes another lad, to carry heavy bundles even long distances and even across the distant little old stone bridge at Canal Street and Broadway. In this period the wholesale dry goods district was almost wholly confined to Pearl Street, while the retail business section was confined to William Street and Maiden Lane. In this connection it may be said that in recent times many thousands of women have been employed in the great skyscrapers on and about William Street as clerks, typists, etc., and this area has developed a large trade in women's apparel and novelties, particularly along both William and Nassau Streets. Mr. Dodge mentioned three fashionable and a few cheap dry goods stores beyond his district, but even these were but a short distance away. He located the wholesale grocers as on Broad, Water and Front Streets; and this area is in the extreme southern section. He said too, in effect, that buyers from the North and East came by way of Long Island Sound or the Hudson, by sloops and schooners, and that these vessels were often a week on their way. I recall in my own youth, while cruising on the Hudson, seeing many brick buildings along its banks, which formerly had been the exchange of cargoes of farm products and city products, etc. Dodge said that most of the out of town buyers stopped at boarding houses and that there were but few hotels, and these seem to have been mostly in the southern district. The population of New York he estimated was 120,000, but he did not fix the date of this estimate, though he did say the city extended but a little above Canal Street and that most of the dwellings were below Chambers Street on the Hudson River side, but that there were many on the east side as far up as Market and Rutgers Street. To further quote him, "Most of the merchants and families of wealth lived in the lower part of town, in Greenwich below Chambers Street and on cross streets west of Broadway from the Park to the Battery". "The Park" referred, of course, to the City Hall Park. All the churches according to Mr. Dodge were also down town. About 1830 Mr. Dodge married, and to secure a home within his means he rented a house on Bleeker Street, which had but recently been built, between Broadway and the Bowery for which he paid \$300 per annum, but shortly before the date of his address he ascertained the rent had increased to \$1,500. an indication of how quickly rents were increasing at the time. Mr. Dodge knew New York before it had the advantage of gas illuminated streets. It was not until 1825 that the first gas lights were introduced and it was until 1834 that the city above Canal Street was illuminated by gas. In his early

days there were no police but there were night watchmen; and he described the streets as cleaner in his early days than later; because every one was in the early days held responsible for the condition in front of his own building and out to the middle of the street. On the other hand, Mr. Dodge speaks of certain crowded sections, occupied by the poor, where garbage was thrown into the streets in disregard of the law, and there were so many swine that fed on it, that travelling was made dangerous. He stated too that "Our wonderful system of public schools has all been developed since the time of which I speak". He further said "Although the Sabbath was almost free from disturbance by carriages, still for fear that someone might be passing during the worship, the churches had chains drawn across the streets on both sides, when the ceremonies commenced, and taken down when they terminated". Quoting him further "I venture to say there were not twenty-five families that kept a two horse carriage". Compare this with the thousands of automobiles now owned by persons who are regarded as of minor means or actually poor. Mr. Dodge described the crude water system of his early life when the people were largely dependent upon rainwater for ordinary purposes, or upon brackish water, or muddy water, procureable from public pumps or corner faucets. But there was some water which came from springs in the upper part of the city, which was known as "Tea water", and was sold for two cents a pail. For a while too, there was water procurable from the Manhattan Company. A tank of the Manhattan Company water, retained for some reason in connection with its charter, was held at least as long as 1890, and I think beyond that, and which I would pass almost daily. Mr. Dodge rejoiced because in 1835 the people had an opportunity to vote for Croton water and in 1842 were able to celebrate its arrival in ample quantity. The employer of young Dodge procured hard coal, but condemned it as inferior to wood, because there were no stoves, nor furnaces available at the time and he lost his patience in an unsuccessful effort to make the coal burn. Dodge suffered from cold hands and feet as he stood at his desk on bitter mornings. In Dodge's boyhood there were no railroads and only primitive steam ferries. He said "Let me here revert to the very limited facilities for travel and trade which existed previous to 1825. The sloops and steamers on our lakes and the sound, the small brigs and ships which ran to southern ports, with the stagecoach to all parts of the interior, were the extent of the facilities, and in the winter time we are almost shut in". Dodge much enjoyed a trip on the Erie canal at a speed of 4 to 5 miles an hour! But, within his life span very much of all this was changed. Within the period of Dodge's business career, row boats and sloops were replaced by ferries; sailing vessels were replaced by steamships; stages were substituted by railroads; small stores grew into large establishments. Mr. Dodge witnessed the great fire of 1835, in which 648 buildings were destroyed, most of which were south of Wall Street. The damage was estimated at \$68,000,000. Yet such was the vitality of the city and the enterprise of the citizens, nearly all the structures were replaced before the close of 1836. It will be observed from all that has been presented, that from the landing of the first traders in 1610, to the date of the great

fire in 1835, a period of 225 years, the business section of New York had extended approximately but one mile. Put in another way, the progress of the business sector from the Battery to Wall Street, a distance of approximately a half mile, took from 1610 to 1652, or about 42 years; and from the business sector to extend from Wall Street to Chambers Street, approximately another half mile, took from 1652 to 1835, or approximately 183 years; or a total of one mile in 225 years. This does not imply that the city did not in either case extend north of the either of the two sections defined, for of course there were many farms, estates, homes and business places further north, such as formed Greenwich Village, Harlem, etc., but sufficiently detached to be regarded as detached entities. The lines of demarcation were sufficiently definite to establish the identity of the several groups. There was a subsequent acceleration of the movement of the business center northward, as will be shown, and it invites speculation as to the reason therefor. I am inclined to the opinion that it was largely, but not exclusively incident to the transition of our commonwealth from a primitive status of more or less repetitious routine of hand labor, to a status of inventions and mechanizations. Though in the latter part of the period in which intensive development reached the Chambers Street line, there were some benefits derived from mechanizations and inventions, these factors had not much more than blossomed, but in the period which followed to the present moment, we have benefitted from a rapid succession of these marvels. We have seldom paused long enough in our rapid advance to even appraise our inheritance, and too thoughtless to express appreciation.

The College of the City of New York for boys was opened in 1849, at 23rd Street and Lexington Avenue, which was regarded as very far north for it, but it was within the district under consideration. When the proposal to establish the college was submitted to the people, only 22,800 evinced sufficient interest in it to vote on the project, and of these 3,400 voted against it, which indicated that there was not only apathy on the proposal notwithstanding the advantages which it offered, but substantial opposition. While the vote was taken some twenty years prior to the period now being covered, I am certain there was still very wide spread indifference regarding anything in the way of education beyond simple reading, writing and arithmetic. It is my belief the deficiency in respect to education in my youth was not in the lack of schools, but in respect to anything beyond the primary grade. Poverty made employment the need of the moment and paramount, but the character of the employment that was offered did not require much in the way of skill or schooling. So far as my knowledge goes there was no overcrowding of the schools, but the difficulty of the authorities was to induce the parents to enforce the attendance of their children. The public was largely apathetic in respect to the enforcement of education beyond the primary school age, but anxious to get their offspring into the wage earner group, to aid in the support of the family. The public schools

were primitive compared with the schools of today, and this was particularly so in respect to the recreation privileges, school basements, toilets, etc. I attended three schools in my childhood incident to changes in residence and age, but my attendance was sadly irregular and curtailed, incident to the necessity of my contributing wages to our household needs. A foolish over rigid discipline was maintained by some of the teachers, such as has long since been abandoned. Children were forced to fold their hands over their heads, to rivet their attention to a chalk mark made by the teacher on a blackboard, and to sit rigidly while the teacher would mark the papers of the class.

The greatest difference in respect to children of the era under consideration and the children of today, is in respect to hygiene and the promotion of health. So far as the schools of yore were concerned, I can recall but little of what was done beyond simple calisthenics and compulsory vaccination even in the way of recommendation. Diptheria, "croup", typhoid, measles, whooping cough, small pox and consumption were rampant. True our children still suffer a little from some of these dread diseases, but very rarely. Modern remedies have made all these ills rare, and largely robbed them of their terrors. Statistics show that our chief gain in recent years in the prolongation of life, has been due to the reduction of infant mortality. Few of us, except the very elderly, nowadays realize how small a percentage of boys and girls in the poorer sections of New York, back in the seventies and the eighties of the last century, had more than elementary schooling. In my own boyhood I lacked the advantages of other than elementary schooling, that is beyond the classes taught by women teachers, in the lower grammar grades, and though I aspired for the higher grades, I had to abandon my aspirations and seek a job, even though the job offered but \$1.50 a week for a start - to be followed shortly by jobs that rose to \$3. and \$4. per week. Another lesson was learned by me in my early days, to wit, that many boys get into trouble and are regarded by those who judge them as lacking in their loyalty, whereas the trouble actually is not a lack of loyalty, but a misdirection of it. Hence a boy is loyal to a chum, to a gang, to some unworthy cause, instead of to the welfare of the community, but if they be judiciously guided, they are likely to become as earnest in their loyalty for worthy causes as they were previously for every one. It would be superfluous for me to list these marvels, or to expatiate upon the advantages derived therefrom, severally or collectively, for those who are interested will but reflect for a very brief moment upon the advantages which they now enjoy over those who lived in New York in the period prior to 1825, they will at once perceive how science and invention have reinforced human labor and stimulated progress, and achieved the blessings we now enjoy. We have been benefitting from a cumulative process, each labor aiding device enabling us to devote ourselves to the perfection of some further device, with like benefits, and so on apparently as infinitum. In addition to the factors noted, there are others which accelerated the growth of the city, among which may be mentioned the natural laws of procreation; the flood of immigration to our shores from abroad; of men and women seeking freedom

of worship, and relief from oppression; and also for a time at least, the relatively easy access of all concerned to the land and to abundant resources of nature throughout the nation. Even those who did not seek these resources in person, nevertheless benefitted in a measure through those who did, since there was a diffusion throughout the nation of the benefits harvested.

In addition to the progress of the business section towards the north, which has been dwelt upon, it is to be noted that there occurred in the course of time a development skywards as well, since squat buildings were replaced with big ones, or supplemented by tall ones, and then these were substituted by sky scrapers. In some cases super sky scrapers displaced all that preceeded them. There were often, even in the very early days, off shoots of settlers, both to the east and the west, of the Manhattan extensions, or settlements, that is to Long Island and to New Jersey, but it is not regarded as essential to divert to these. The advance further north of the area of intensive business could if desirable be shown from period to period in detail, as for instance from Canal Street to a few blocks north and so on, but progress eventually became so rapid that it is thought better to select the period between 1868 to 1895, and the area of which the central point was approximately Sixth Avenue and 23rd Street. It happened that I was born in this area in 1868 and with the exception of a comparatively short period of my childhood, I lived thereabout for approximately 27 years. Further for approximately forty years I was employed first in the Main Post Office of New York, close to the City Hall, and subsequently in the Main Post Office, when it was removed to its present position between 8th and 9th Avenues, and 31st and 33rd Streets, I went with it so that I had an exceptional opportunity to observe the growth and development of the area south of 34th Street, as well as the area of subsequent development North thereof, and of a much more recent growth. As an introduction to this central section, it is timely to at least present a brief sketch of the status of the primary education prevailing there. The status of primary education is indicative largely of the standard of the community, disclosing to what extent the community is meeting its obligations to the young, which is a major responsibility, and the ability and the desire of the people to take advantage of what is offered them. I submit that few of us nowadays, except the very elderly, realize how small a percentage of boys and girls back in the seventies or early eighties, even in the busy central section of New York under consideration, had more than elementary schooling. Looking back on my early boyhood for example, I can recall only a few of my companions who ever entered high school. The boys who graduated from high school were indeed rarities. I was not fortunate enough to attain even a "graduation class" in my grammar school, so frequently was my schooling interrupted to earn a little money to eke out a living. If it had not been that I had a thirst for the benefits that I lacked, and early tried to make up my deficiencies, I would undoubtedly have grown up as so many around me did, deficient in even elementary schooling. It will be recalled that William Earl Dodge left

school to get a job in 1818, at the age of 13, I left school in 1881 at the same age, and from my own experience, and the experience of many boys known to me at the same time, I am of the opinion that there was very little if any improvement in respect to schooling and child labor in the interval of 63 years. Passing now to the industries: New York for over a century has been the paramount fashion center of America, and in close alliance with our fashions we have also developed the so called "needle work industry", which ranks as one of the most important of our manufactures. The natural marts or outlets for these two industries have been principally our so called "department stores", and these for many years have ranked among the largest establishments of the kind in the world. They were an outstanding feature of the area and period under consideration, and their movements and histories are typical of New York's marvelous growth and prosperity. Among the most prosperous and prominent and oldest of these establishments, was the dry goods store of A. T. Stewart & Co. Mr. Stewart started humbly, in a little store at 283 Broadway, in 1825, but he prospered so well that within a few years he had to move several times to more spacious quarters, but all on Broadway and within a few blocks of his initial adventure. Stewart crossed Broadway, to the block from Chambers to Reade Street on the East side, and quickly occupied it all. Here he conducted both a wholesale and retail establishment, which became famous all over America, as the largest and most popular in the world. In addition to the store he purchased or acquired control of, a number of plants or factories scattered throughout our country and elsewhere, and put their special products on sale. The building in which he operated at the time I am now covering, is still standing, but two stories have been added to it, and aside from the ground floor, it has been converted into an office building. Stewart early detected the direction in which the population of our city was heading, and the speed in which it was moving, and he correctly divined a strategic site for a new and still larger establishment. He acquired the entire block bounded by Broadway, Fourth Avenue, Ninth and Tenth Streets, and upon this he erected a building of such great size and imposing architecture that it outranked all existent establishments of its kind in the world. To this building he transferred the retail department of his Chambers Street stores, but for several years he continued the wholesale department down town. Later much of the wholesale business was discontinued and that which was retained, was taken over by the uptown establishment. The major removal in 1868, definitely established, and for a considerable period fixed, the uptown dry goods center. The Stewart Building at Broadway and Ninth and Tenth Streets, is now occupied by the Wanamaker Company, which has also acquired another structure on the South side of Ninth Street with which it is connected by bridges. Arnold Constable & Company started business under the name of Arnold & Hearn, in 1827, but the name underwent several changes in the course of years, until in 1853 when it became Arnold Constable & Company, as it is now. The store was located on Canal Street, which in 1853 was well to the North of the business section. But in the course of time this proved not

to be far enough to the North to meet the requirements of their principal costumers, for they had migrated further up town to secure more modern homes and more refined surroundings. So in 1869 responsive to the changing conditions, Arnold Constable & Company built a large and attractive building at Broadway and 19th Street where their business was conducted on ultra conservative lines, and the store was always pervaded with an atmosphere of ease, of quiet, of service without flurry; with attentiveness to every want, ready and prompt, but as a matter of course, and free from excitement. The stock always included the very richest products of the looms. Lord & Taylor conducted a dry goods establishment at 47 and 49 Catharine Street, as early as 1833, when that street was a shopping thoroughfare of distinction and even in that distant period the firm required two adjoining stores to accommodate their customers, but they were small stores only, and not in the least impressive. The firm prospered but their customers after a while began to move uptown; and so following the northern trek, uptown, the firm built a new, imposing structure at Broadway and 20th Street and here for many years they served many of the wealthiest people not only of New York, but of the whole country. Many of the wealthy women of the whole country, were willing to suffer the inconveniences of traveling in order to enjoy the advantages offered in New York in the way of variety, and up to the minute style, together with the prestige and delight of doing their shopping in New York. The firm was so well established at Broadway and 20th Street that it came to be regarded as a fixture there, but eventually to keep up with the northern procession it had to again move and this time to Fifth Avenue and 38th Street. The present establishment of James A. Hearn & Co., is the outgrowth of a very old time establishment of very savory memories. The original Hearn was a partner of Aaron Arnold and the firm was known as Arnold & Hearn, and their first store was established in 1827, but Arnold and Hearn parted after a while, and Hearn, whose full name was George A. Hearn, and his brother James Hearn formed a partnership under the name Hearn Brothers, in 1842, and their store was located at 425 Broadway, but the firm subsequently removed to a few blocks further North to 775 Broadway, where it operated under the name of James A. Hearn & Son. In 1879 the firm again moved a few blocks further North to 14th Street, getting the lead over some of their competitors in respect to this important business street, and here James A. Hearn & Son, long flourished even after the other firms left it. 14th Street has been a "tidal street", rising and falling, and varying in the character of its trade, but always a great business center. R. H. Macy & Co., was long located at Sixth Avenue and 14th Street. At this site it located in 1858. While 14th Street had long been a busy street, there was but little business on Sixth Avenue south of 14th Street and such business as there was consisted of butchers, grocers and minor shops. My recollection of Macy runs back to about 1874. The store was not designed for a big establishment, though the major building was of sufficient capacity for a small establishment, there was abundant evidence that the proprietors were being hard pressed to meet the requirements of their rapidly increasing business. When the first building got hard pressed for

space, neighboring buildings were acquired and openings were made in the party walls, but as the adjoining buildings did not all have the same floor levels, a customer walked a little, then up or down a few steps, then another little walk and so on, and this to me as a child, had a certain charm. In fact it had a charm for me such as I had never experienced in a store before. Other children were evidently affected the same way, and our mothers had difficulty restraining our antics, particularly round Christmas time. Eventually the day came, when expanding business necessitated a more modern and much larger establishment and the northern trend became obvious to all. Macy removed a mile to the North, to 34th Street, 6th Avenue, 7th Avenue, Broadway and in the course of years with branches galore elsewhere. I have been privileged to see Macy's growth, and I esteem it a great privilege.

Connected with this incident, my memory runs back to another incident of my childhood, and to a time when my mother was finding it difficult to make both ends meet. We could not afford even a very small Xmas tree, and in fact I never had had one, but for several years when Xmas came, thousands of trees were offered for sale throughout the shopping area, and I would travel from store to store searching for little branches and twigs accidentally broken off, or trimmed off, and these I would carry home to decorate the pictures of my deceased father and other deceased or absent members of my family. Reflecting on this now, I am confident that these decorations thus gathered, gave me greater pleasure than any wealthy child attained from purchases made from bulging purses. In addition to these very old and highly esteemed veteran establishments, of which details have been given, there were others of very early origin, and of high repute, including B. Altman & Company, located for many years on the south west corner of 19th Street and 6th Avenue, and which was particularly noted for the high quality of its dress goods, apparel and furs. But in time it yielded to the general impulse to join the procession to the north and found a strategic position on coveted Fifth Avenue. I recall a period while the Altman store was still on Sixth Avenue when the establishment became the talk of the town, because of the extraordinary percentage of attractive red headed sales women it employed, and all sorts of innuendos were current. James Mc. Creery & Company of the present time was in the old days known as Lake and Mc Creery, and the firm occupied a spacious and dignified establishment on the northwest corner of Broadway and 11th Street. It was widely celebrated for the quality and variety of its silks, and the reliability of its representations. But it followed the general trend, and sought its present quarters at 5th Ave., at 34th Street, Le Boutillier Bros., started in Canal Street, when that was a busy shopping center, but as the tide of retail trade flowed north, the firm moved first to Spring Street then 14th Street, then to 18th Street and to 23rd Street, etc. Stern Brothers date from approximately 1867, and their first store was at 337 Sixth Avenue, but they were so progressive and successful that they had to move and to keep on moving to both larger and better places. The first move was about 1873 to a place a little further north on Sixth Avenue,

and close to 23rd Street. Then in 1879 there was another removal to a store on 23rd Street between Fifth and Sixth Avenues. This structure was much larger than the structures previously occupied, and it ranked high among the department stores of the same era. But eventually this firm like the others mentioned abandoned the old section and removed to its present location at 42nd Street between Broadway and 5th Avenue. It is impracticable to narrate the detailed history of all the many department stores of our metropolis, but there are a few stores that served certain groups of visitors from nearby but detached communities, as for instance Jersey City and Hoboken, that had an interest all their own. The store of Daniel & Sons was such a place, located on Broadway and a close neighbor of A. T. Stewart & Company. (Later Wanamaker). This store was easy of access for Jerseyites, incident to ferries and cars, and I recall witnessing Daniel receive a war citation, in the presence of a great throng of his customers and friends, following the Great World War in which he rendered conspicuous services. Another concern, James Mc Cutcheon & Company, famous for its variety of high grade linens; and the firm of Aitken & Son, another concern of high repute and in the same line, joined in heading North.

Simpson, Crawford and Simpson, and H. O'Neill & Co., did not accompany the others, though they were big concerns, but eventually passed on. H. C. F. Koch & Company, another big concern made a big jump, landing all the way up to Harlem. Best & Co. was one of the long established places which helped to establish the reputation of 23rd Street as a high class shopping street and to increase the volume of business at 60 and 62 West 23rd Street to such an extent that it had to expand through the block to 22nd Street. Bonwit Teller occupied a large store almost immediately opposite the store of Best & Company but it outgrew even this location and again had to move to the North.

Siegel, Cooper & Company was a firm in Chicago which was known throughout the Country, and it created a sensation when it opened a branch in New York. The branch was a very large building, and it featured a beautiful fountain, which was a novelty that created a sensation, and a catchy slogan, "Meet me at the fountain". There was no air conditioning in those days, but the hugh fountain in very warm days did afford a certain amount of temperate air that made the spot popular to those who "had dates" for shopping tours, etc. It had a special charm for "over upholstered" ladies who were most afflicted by summer heat, or in winter by over heated stores. Another popular firm was Ehrich Bros., which made its debut on Eighth Avenue, but after building up a big business there, from 1868 to 1890, removed to a store which had been vacated by "Stern's", at 6th Avenue and 23rd Street, but some years later the Ehrich's retired from business and it was rumored that the management had failed to carry its old customers or attract new ones. Of course there were innumerable small stores throughout the shopping district, such as haberdashers, jewelry stores, men's clothing and hat stores, etc. In its prosperous period this district in volume of business, in variety of merchandise, and

in attractive display of wares, far surpassed all similar areas not only in New York but in all cities throughout the United States. Of course in this world of fashion women dominate, but there is another field wherein men at least figure conspicuously, even though many of their purchases ultimately adorn women; viz the jewelry trade. The most conspicuous concern in this category in my recollection were Tiffany & Company, Black, Starr & Frost and Moir's. Tiffany & Company was the most famous, and it ever kept pace with their wealthy patrons as they moved northerly. The trek was from lower Broadway, Union Square, Fifth Avenue. Men's clothing stores abounded, but the most prominent were Roger's Peet & Co., Brook's Bros., and Brokaw's. All of these either followed the line of march by removals, or else opened additional stores to meet the northerly growth of the city. An amusing incident occurred in connection with one of these firms. When I was but about nine years old, my mother was too busy to accompany me to a clothing store, but seeing I was in sore need of a pair of trousers, instructed me to go to Roger's Peet & Company and buy a pair. I followed instructions but simultaneously I had been given a pair of roller skates, which type of skates I had never had before, but I lost no time in essaying every trick I had ever witnessed, and by the time I got home both knees of my trousers had holes in them. This did not affect my dealings with Roger's Peet & Co., I was a continuous customer, yet some sixty years later on making a purchase there I received a letter from the firm following a purchase, to the effect that it had been noted this purchase was my first and how pleased they were, etc. Between the first purchase and the one I had last made, I had noted the death or retirement of three different managers. How typical this incident is of the growth of our city, and the magnitude of our business dealings. One of the best known hotels of my youth was the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and incidentally it was the best known gathering place of many of our most distinguished republican politicians, who for a time formed a coterie that was known as "The Amen Corner", and this coterie was long dominated by "Senator Tom Platt", one of the most conspicuous characters of his era. Incidentally as a youth I frequently carried messages to him of a confidential character from one of our postmasters, but not to the Amen Corner, but to a down town office, and I remember him particularly for his kindly greetings. Another of our big Hotels was the Hoffman House, famous the world over for its sumptuous bar room, and the glory of its paintings, most conspicuous of which was one by Bouguereau, that created a furore for a time incidental to the nudity and seductiveness of its dominant subject. But in the very rare opportunities I had to visit the bar, I can't say that I ever felt embarrassment; in fact it was a very beautiful masterpiece. In the many years since the Hoffman House Bar attained its eminence, I have visited many similar places not only throughout our country, but in Europe and elsewhere, but I can recall nothing that excelled it. The Hotel Albamarle was another famous rendezvous but a few steps away and a little further on Fifth Avenue. There was also the Brunswick, patronized by the very wealthy, and the sportively inclined. The Brunswick held a unique position for several years, as the headquarters of the group which indulged in riding up and down Fifth Avenue, and into the country or suburbs be-

yond the city on gaily painted coaches, drawn by the very finest horses, and cared for by footmen in expensive and flashy liveries. One of the attendants from time to time would announce the coming of the coach with blasts from shiny silver horns, three or more feet in length. Colonel Delancey Nichols, or some personage of equal social prominence, in a high hat and in clothes designed exclusively for coaching, had the honor of being the "gentleman driver". The task was an honor and it required a skillful and self possessed driver, for a four in hand coach, drawn by four fiery, nervous, spirited horses, was by no means an easy vehical to navigate through the very congested traffic along Fifth Avenue; particularly as a very considerable percentage of the drivers encountered, both commercial and otherwise, just did not like men in liveries, nor those who wore them, nor social celebrities. The antagonistic drivers were disinclined to yield, even when they had to because of the presence of the police, who they had good reason to believe were continually well tipped by the wealthy. Both the men and the women on the big coaches were all socially prominent, and their identity was well known to very many. It was a beautiful sight to see the spirited horses, the shining harness, with both silver and gold ornamentation, the gay apparel of the passengers, as the coaches dashed by at the maximum obtainable speed, to unload upon reaching the Brunswick. It is interesting to recall too, the reaction of my beloved grandmother when one day she led me by her hand as we witnessed it all. She was so disgusted. She explained to me, why in England it would all have been criticized severely. For there no gentlemen ever drove a horse until the saddle or other harness of the horse had previously been used by their stable men at least long enough to have lost its shine, and to have assumed its dignified mellowness of long service, and to escape all danger of inclusion as "newly rich" or "newly prominent", or as aspiring for a status by theatrical means, instead of by intelligence and personal demeanor. On reaching the Brunswick the coach came to a sudden stop, with the grooms rushing to the horses' heads, and the passengers on the alert to alight on the instant. But it was all of an era that has passed forever. King Auto has surplanted coaches, horses and all the regalia, and quick and alive as all seemed then, in looking back upon it now, I do so in much the same way as when looking back at some dusty antique, as of no further practicable use, and valuable only for the memories attached to it. When I say this it is not merely because the horses have been displaced by autos but because the small narrow social circle, with its inhibitions, silly conceits, and arrogance, has ceased to function. Our top most social circle now includes so very many that individuality has been effaced, and cohesion has vanished. The self styled select circle of 400 elite, has passed with the "vanished pomp of yesterday". There are none so fatuous as to believe they can ever again restore their throne, or shine again as they did of yore. Their mass has effaced their individuality. After a while a new sensation set us all agog, and that was the completion of the first Hotel Waldorf Astoria, with its celebrated "Peacock Alley", and its grand suites and imposing furniture, regarded at the time of its opening as the grandest hotel in America and a marvel of excellence. But fashions

change with lightning speed in New York, and massive as the structure was, and lavish as were its appointments in every respect, it reigned supreme for only a few years, and then though it had cost many millions, it was removed to make room for the Empire State Building. New York is ruthless. No other city in the world has built such vast structures, designed to last so long, and then after a brief interval torn them down to make way for others. Then there was "Delmonicos" long famous for delicious food, the resort of our wealthy, the major attraction for a succession of epicures, including Wall Street epicures, and again the wealthy epicures of that most famous area, the center of which includes the junction of Broadway, Fifth Avenue and 26th Street. Wherever Delmonico led in progress to the north, the epicures followed. There were many other hotels which at different periods were very prominent but which as our ever growing city expanded northerly, faded more or less, or were replaced and among these may be mentioned the Holland House, the St. Germaine, the Clarendon, The Breslin, The Continental, The Gilsey House, The Grand, The Coleman House and The Park Avenue. I am mentioning these only as typical, but there are many others. The theaters underwent similar changes with the growth of our city, ever expanding and pushing northward. Booth's theater at Sixth Avenue and 23rd Street, I admired above all others. It was renowned for having the largest stage, for the massiveness of its structure, for the supremacy of its productions and for its great seating capacity, for its spectacular presentations, including many Shakespearean dramas, and the distinguished actors and actresses who sought opportunity to appear there as the very apex of their ambition. This building was one of three outstanding structures of the city, by reason of the massiveness of their masonry, heavy steel frames, and the general appearance of ever lasting longevity. The other two buildings of the trio, were the General Post Office facing the City Hall Park, and the Masonic Temple immediately opposite the Booth Theater. The same architect designed all three. In the above list of hotels I have included the Park Avenue, which had a strange and tragic history. Alexander Stewart, previously mentioned by me as the greatest of our dry goods merchants, provided for this hotel in his will, and directed that it be maintained for working women, but shortly following his demise the hotel was diverted from this worthy purpose and it became a first class hotel for general purposes and on a profit or loss basis. The hotel faced on Park Avenue and included the block from 32nd to 33rd Street. The most prominent feature of the development was an open air court of generous dimensions in the center of the building, with no roof, and made into a small park, wherein during the warm weather tables and chairs were plentifully provided for those who liked to have their meals or refreshments served there. Music was also provided when the conditions were favorable. The premises were conducted by the Earls, a family long known as hotel owners. A fire broke out in the hotel one night, and though it was a very substantial edifice, great volumes of smoke rose from floor to floor very rapidly, and many lives were lost, and among the victims were several of my friends. Prior to this catastrophe I had conducted a pharmacy on

the premises, but I had sold it quite awhile prior to the conflagration. Though I had long been in the postal service, I had nevertheless found opportunity to study pharmacy along with my other duties and to qualify as a pharmacist under the law. I still hold my framed certificates of my qualifications as mementoes of that era of my strenuous crowded life. Shifting now to the east side of Manhattan, I recall the famous old Academy of Music, on 14th Street, and Irving Place, where in my youth, I enjoyed many a fine opera by a chain of fortuitous circumstances. I was taking French lessons for a considerable period given me gratuitously by a kind friend, Miss Pauline Protin, who at the same time was likewise teaching the offspring of the publishers of one of New York's major daily papers, and who daily received several tickets for the various operas as they followed in succession, and which tickets were far in excess of the actual need of the publisher, his dramatic critics and his family, and who fortuitously therefore passed the excess on to Miss Protin. In those days of my youth, it was not regarded as proper for a young lady to go to the opera or theater without an escort, and I gloried in this social circumstance when Miss Protin selected me as her escort. I benefited in several ways, the acquisition of more French, the illucidation of the operas by a competent person, and the biographies of the composers with which Miss Protin was familiar. But there we pass to the topic of our shifting city. A great new opera house was built on the west side of town, far north, and known from that time to the present as the Metropolitan Opera House. I recall an incident that occurred here, not at an opera, but at a great political gathering. Robert G. Ingersol, who at that time was one of the most prominent speakers of the Republican party, was speaking on the cultivation of infant industries, and this by the stimulous of Republican tariffs. He rose to the very apex of fiery oratory in describing the development of struggling infancies to a vigorous status, and he received a thunderous burst of applause, but just as this died down, a loud voiced chap screamed out "What are you going to do when the kid grows up"? Ingersol shouted back equally loud "We will have another infant and keep on having them as long as the nation lasts". While still on the subject of theaters, and their progress north, it will be timely to cover Wallach's famous theater, at Broadway and 13th Street, and the first to bear this famous actor's name. This theater was in a building owned by a great friend of my family, William Gibson, and who was a very conspicuous and much endeared public spirited man, and he had on the premises a building which included not only the theater mentioned, but a stained glass factory, including church windows of highest quality, a museum of exceptional interest, our principal Russian bath establishment, and a fine library. All of these were under his management, as well as being owned by him. But in the course of time most of these departments like all else that had been enumerated, eventually travelled north, The "Wallach theater" mentioned, which moved nearly a mile north, became known as "Palmer's Theater", Palmer having been for a considerable time the manager of the theater when it bore the name of Wallach. The theater district for a long period was principally located between the Wallach theater on the south

and on the north 34th Street; atop the ridge of Broadway, and Sixth Avenue, but there were few scattering exceptions. Daly's theater was not large, but Daly had the distinction of being our most famous manager, and he was most successful in the selection of his stars. The Bijou and Wood's Museum were celebrated, but small. The Fifth Avenue Theater was not actually on the avenue named, but on 28th Street near Broadway, and here appeared many of our most renowned American and foreign actors and actresses, including Edwin Booth and Lily Langtry, with long and highly praised repertoires. There were several other theaters of note including the Standard, The Madison Square and The Eagle. The Madison Square was the first to have a double (upper and lower) stage, and it created a great sensation. With only a minute between acts, each stage could be set with different scenery, and raised or lowered. It also had a novelty in the form of a bejewelled curtain. The novelty quickly wore off, and the audiences diminished. The quick changes between acts allowed insufficient time for the men in the audiences to get a drink, or for the ladies to chat with each other. Among the most popular actors and actresses of the old days were Edwin Booth, in Shakespearean and spectacular plays, Lily Langtry^x the most popular English star, in "Pygmalion and Galatea", and "As In a Looking Glass". But there were so very many popular and famous that it would be tiresome to name them all. There was a theater for a while called the "Standard", and erstwhile "The Eagle", and in this while only a youngster I earned a little money now and then selling photographs of the principal actors and actresses, and distributing programs. My two sisters and my brother in law being on the stage for many years brought me well nigh constantly in contact with theaters and theatrical people. One of our best known theaters was the Palmer Theater, which took its name from Palmer who previously was the manager of the Wallach Theater. I was playing ball on Broadway while the excavation for this theater was in progress, when my ball fell into a group of laborers who were digging far below street level. I started to climb down to recover my ball when the laborers shouted to me to go back. The sides were very precipitous, but I paid no heed to them, when suddenly I missed my footing and began to slide with great speed, and glimpsing a piece of bent lead water pipe sticking out of the bank of what had been the cellar, I grasped it, whereupon it straightened out and a plug flew from it, and cold icy water deluged the whole group. Though the laborers were cold as could be, the reception that they gave me, was the warmest I have ever experienced. But by luck I got away with my ball. For a while there was a theater known as Stetson's, and I recall that this theater had a very long, broad and attractive entrance, and ranged down each side of this entrance there was a long row of exceptionally large shiny brass cuspidors. At that time a very large percentage of all men, whether rich or poor, chewed tobacco almost continuously. Chewing was a mania. The bulk chewed was amazing! Well, two of largest colleges had a football contest, and the winners bought every seat in Stetson's they could get, and at the end of the show they carried off all the cuspidors as souvenirs. There was also a theater known as "The Park Theater", just south of 23rd Street on Broadway, which though

old and ill constructed was quite popular. This theater was destroyed by fire on the eve of the day upon which Lily Langtry was to make her first appearance here, and I happened to be passing when the fire was at its height. Fortunate it was that the fire occurred before the audience gathered, for the building was known as a fire trap, and it burned furiously. Koster & Bialson, 23rd Street near 6th Avenue, was one of our first and most popular music halls, and here Carmencita created a furor, creating for us for the first time a type of dancing which was hailed with delight. This was the favorite resort of Jay Gould, then one of our most prominent millionaires. Another type of entertainment borrowed from Europe, was the Eden Musee, on West 23rd Street, consisting principally of wax figures, of historical dignitaries and all gaily costumed. Supplementary thereto were prestidigitator, and a purported mechanical chess player, but eventually it was disclosed that the actual chess player was a diminutive but expert hunchback concealed in the mechanism. It was said that 13,000,000 visitors attended the Musee, but I am sceptical.

In presenting what I have to offer of this area, I have felt it incumbent upon me, even though it be more or less disagreeable to do so, to include details of certain delectable conditions that prevailed during the period under consideration. No description of the area or period would be true or accurate otherwise. Further to appraise any area and its development, it is essential to know the status whence it started as well as the status it later attained. Too frequently also our knowledge of poverty, moral turpitude, and social evils, is derived from those who have only observed from a very much higher level and looking down, and not from those who have perforce had to experience what it is like to live amidst the conditions under consideration. It is not pleasant to have to set forth the evils or serious defects of one's own city, or of any part of it, or of any era of it, but if there are evils or defects, it is necessary to include them in any picture of them which purpose to be accurate. Looking retrospectively at the New York of my youth, and then at the New York of the present. I realize a transformation has occurred which is truly wondrous. Wondrous in respect to the comforts of life, to decency, to health, to hygiene, and to the outward display of vice. On the other hand, we now have holdups, on the streets and in our stores, of banks, and apartments, and political and wholesale business defalcations which daily far surpass similar atrocities of the old days, even allowing for the vast increase in general volume of business and increase in population. Reverting to the theaters of the old days, there were numerous variety halls, dance halls and other places of assembly of a more or less notorious character, and some of which were the resorts of prostitutes and those seeking them, and in certain of which there were salacious performances which drew large numbers. There were many gambling places, and a large percentage of these catered to the wealthy and were lavishly equipped, while others were of those less prosperous, and even for the poor. Houses of prostitution abounded, and they ranged from the most extravagantly equipped establishments like the "House of all nations", which was eventually raided

and closed, to the lowest of low brothels. There was a period in which there was absolutely no concealment of solicitation. Special windows were made wherein women were able to expose their partially nude bodies, and they would try to persuade even messenger boys to come inside. In other places women would stand outside the brothels and leaning against the front fences would solicit those passing by, and where they were successful, particularly in the case of intoxicated men, would rob them even of their hats, coats etc., and shortly afterwards eject them with force. I know of at least three districts in Manhattan where for years this sort of thing prevailed for years. There was very much more intoxication in evidence throughout a very much larger area, than can be found anywhere I know of today. I lived for many years in what was known as the "Tenderloin District", and went to school within a stone throw of the police station where the notorious "Captain Williams The Clubber" reigned over "The Tenderloin" for a long period, and I saw him several times when he was in characteristic action of swinging his club. He was of athletic build and handsome, and I believe him to have been the cruel, vicious, corrupt man he was commonly represented to be. In this "heart of New York" that I am describing, there existed an extraordinary social condition of which I know of no counterpart in recent years, in that there was a mingling of respectable persons, persons of doubtful character, girls of the demi-monde, persons of both sexes who profitted from prostitution vicariously, and those who lived partly by labor and partly by prostitution, and those who were exclusively dependent upon prostitution. There were prostitutes who were fairly regular in their attendance at church and who mingled there and elsewhere with respectable girls, possibly being tolerated as not actually at heart depraved, but as unfortunate victims of circumstances. There were very many in the section who only too well understood what the pressure of hunger meant, and that social conventions have to yield when hunger presses. Then too there were many among the "respectables", who though claiming to be wholly virtuous, became "very practical" when conditions arose which called for decisions involving moral standards and personal advantages. I remember for a week attending a church fair very close to where I lived on Sixth Avenue, and many of the members of the church were known to me. A "Madame", who conducted a notorious house of prostitution in the neighborhood attended this fair every evening, and regularly, brought with her a different girl in flashy attire, yet not excessively flashy, and each night the duo spent money very freely, visiting about and buying at the various booths. A large percentage of those attending the fair that these women mingled with, perceiving from the outset what the couples' calling was, lost no time before informing those who were less perceptive. Young and old of both sexes lingered round the booths the duo visited, and strolled after them as surreptitiously as practicable but nevertheless betraying their irrepressible interest. There was much whispering and tittering, along with furtive glances. There were arguments, some maintaining that Madame was intentionally advertising, and others that she and her girls were inspired to help high purposes of the fair and also that their expenditures were likely a form of penance. Those in charge

were fully aware of what was going on and I was told that they justified their tolerance on the ground that the money was being accepted for a worthy cause, and that if not accepted it would be spent unwisely elsewhere. Not infrequently appeals for funds, for charitable and religious purposes were addressed to more or less notorious saloon keepers and shady characters, and there was no hesitancy in accepting whatever was offered. Frequently political pressure was applied. The propriety of such things was seldom questioned. They were regarded as a matter of course by many, while others would cynically say "Why should we worry where the money comes from, or how they got it" ? Saloons of all types flourished throughout the "Tenderloin". Many of the family groceries also had bars in the rear. In some of the saloons performances of a gross character were given, and in summer when swing lattice doors of small size took the place of the larger doors, many children could be seen looking under the doors and watching what was going on, and listening to what was being said, including much filthy and vulgar language. Often I have seen little girls on Sixth Avenue walking up and down in front of the tenements, and bedecked in cast off finery of their elders and with little boys who would accost them, and then together they would walk back and forth in couples, personifying prostitutes and their "pick ups". Merely copying what they saw about them. There were other sections of the district and of course many areas throughout the city free of all such things as I have described, and where cleanliness and order prevailed. Our large tenements have ever been a disgrace to our city, and to the present day, but in the old days they were most abominable and most numerous. The laws were most lax, and the enforcement of many laws and regulations was widely neglected. There was a further general neglect of sanitation, and sanitary contrivances. There were many tenements and two family houses which only had toilets in the back yards, and toilets that served numerous families in common. Toilets and baths when there were any, and sinks, etc., were generally encased in wood and this was often decayed and in such bad condition that it was almost impossible to prevent infestation by roaches and other vermin. None of the old insecticides were as efficient as the insecticides of today. Very few houses occupied by the poor had central heating. Coal was generally bought by the pail and frequently several fires had to be maintained in a single apartment. In a large percentage of low type tenements, there were no gas fixtures, and the tenants were dependent upon kerosene lamps. Halls and stairs were commonly bare, though occasionally they had poor quality oil cloth, and this was ordinarily ragged. Outer doors of tenements were ordinarily kept unlocked even at night. Commonly tramps slept in hallways or vestibules, and it was not uncommon for tramps to use such for emergency toilets. In better sections order was maintained, streets were kept reasonably clean, and many of the residents lived in comfort and refinement. What vice existed was veiled more or less efficiently. A considerable percentage of the residents were wealthy, even very wealthy, and they were free from invasion by undesirables because of high rentals which others could not pay. In many cases the premises were not connected with the sewage system and cesspools had to be em-

ptied by "midnight mechanics", as they were politely called. (The work was confined to the nights). Very frequently instead of refuse being collected at regular intervals, and from cans and barrels it was placed in stationary boxes of large capacity and these stood at curbs and the contents had to be shoveled out and thence to the pick up carts. These carts were mostly small with but two wheels, and with no covers. Of course there were no autos, and the drippings from these carts and of thousands of horses as they went from street to street were an abominable nuisance, and bred millions of flies. As well as producing disgusting stench. Manure accumulated in stables in enormous quantities, and little effort was made to regulate its collection. At the close of day, vehicles were left at the curbs, where the very poor, the derelicts, and the tramps utilized them as lodgings. There were many abuses connected with this procedure as can be well imagined. Furthermore these abuses frustrated such efforts as were made to clean the streets. This lack of system continued until a reformer named Colonel Waring became the head of our street cleaning department, and along with many other reforms compelled the removal of all vehicles from the curbs to proper shelters at the close of the day. He compelled citizens to provide proper receptacles for their refuse, and he collected it on schedule and in an efficient manner. We have never had a more efficient man on this job. In the old days in the hot weather many of our horses died, and particularly when the disease "epizooty" was prevalent. Great numbers of our horses died, and before the bodies were picked up they would swell up, when all the youngsters in the vicinity would jump up and down on them and use them for spring boards. Some times the bodies would lay so long that the stench would become almost unbearable. Diverting now to drunkenness, It was far more prevalent in the period under consideration than it is now. This is, I think incident to the more exacting demands for sobriety in the complex life of today. This is a mechanical age, demanding exactitude, precision, and technical skill, not only on the part of those who make our complicated contrivances, but in the subsequent utilization of them. Further there has been an improvement in our social and economic status. Formerly drunks could be very frequently seen, both male and female in many sections of the city, lounging or sleeping on cellar doors, on park benches, in area ways and elsewhere, but there is very little of this in evidence now. When I was a youngster the police were frequently called upon in the section I lived in, to get some drunken bum away from some place he had selected for a nap, and the policeman would requisition a grocery or any other wagon nearby, and without a horse, and he would call upon near by youngsters to give him a hand, which we were all too anxious to do, for the excitement, and after stowing the drunk we would all pick up the shafts and wheel the wagon round to the police station within a few feet of our school. The processions were noisy and boisterous. After landing the drunk in at the Station House, the cop would ordinarily tell us to take the wagon back to where we got it. That was what we wanted, but usually we would only leave it across the car track, for the fun of seeing the conductor get rid of it, so his car could proceed, all to

the accompaniment of derisive cheers and jeers from the conspirators. These and many other experiences in my early youth, involving drink and drunkenness, made serious and everlasting impressions upon me, and decidedly to my advantage, even though at the time I failed to realize the situation. I developed a horror of drunkenness, and it has never ceased. All my life I have done whatever I could when opportunity has offered to promote temperance in a mild way, and which I think is the best way to get good results.

Of course the increase in the population of the city which brought the concentration of the various industries, department stores, theaters, hotels, etc., likewise influenced our churches to concentrate similarly. Churches of practically all denominations, and synagogues also, centered here, sometimes renting halls for special missions, conventions, etc. Some of the churches were established while the area was largely residential, before it was involved in big business and industrial structures, etc., in large numbers. There were also many churches of distinction below and above the boundary lines, and in my opinion the area was well provided in this respect. The Young Men's Christian Association's main building was long located at 23rd Street and Fourth Avenue, and in my youth I supplemented the little schooling I had received while a child, by the educational advantages this Association afforded and for which it was so well equipped. As an example of the benefits of the Y.M.C.A. to youths whose schooling has been neglected. I cite my own case, for here I took up penmanship, mathematics, English, French, and Bookkeeping. It may seem strange to list penmanship as a study, but penmanship was once of very considerable importance, for the type writing machine had not yet displaced hand writing and Spencerian, Ames and other special systems of writing were popular. Beyond these studies there were courses of lectures by some of our foremost citizens, such as George William Curtis, Chauncey M. Depew, William Dodge, prominent physicians and many distinguished travellers. The Catholics maintained the College of St. Francis Xavier and of course many parochial schools. At this college I took a course in Catholic Philosophy under a very learned Jesuit priest named Father Halpin, and I think that I was the only non-catholic who successfully passed the examination, or who had done so previously for a long while. I greatly admired Father Halpin, both for his talents and exceptionally fine personality. Though I passed the examination and was one of three who were named by Father Halpin as outstanding in the examination, I could not be awarded the title PH.D., because under the state law I had not graduated from a college. There was another Catholic priest connected with St. Francis Xavier Church who had the reputation of converting more men to the Catholic faith in New York than any other contemporary prelate, and this was Father Van Rensselier. For several years he visited me at intervals, calling both at my home and at the post office. He had an extraordinary personality, fairly exhuming benevolence, good will and humor. He gave sound advice, and in such a diplomatic way that it never seemed critical of past conduct or misconduct, but as guidance for the future. At this point

I think it appropriate to say that for many years New York had both public and secular schools, and that I have never favored secular schools, nor public schools meddling with religious faiths. I am, and I have always been favoring education for all on a democratic basis, and leaving the inculcation of religions to the churches. The more our children have of democracy in their schooling, the less they are inculcated with religious dogmas and partizanship the better. As to our elementary schools, both primary and advanced, it is notable that as far back as 1629 the Dutch West India Co., directed the establishment of schools in the New Amsterdam colony, and when subsequently the English population increased incident to the change in the colonial governments, confusion arose from the two languages. But this was shortly overcome in many schools. Some were supported by the government, some by subscriptions from philanthropic citizens and others by churches and religious organizations. Governor Clinton was regarded as the father of our public school system. Reverting now to the matter of the reasons for the acceleration of the movement of our city in the various sections above the Chambers Street, 14th Street, 23rd Street lines, etc., I am inclined to the opinion that it was largely due to, though not exclusively due to the transition of our commonwealth from a primitive status of a more or less repetitious routine of hand labor, to a status of inventions and mechanization. Though in the latter part of the period in which intensive development reached the Chambers Street Line, there were some benefits which were being derived from inventions and mechanization, neither of these factors had more than blossomed, but in the succeeding period, and onwards to the present moment, we have been benefitting from a succession of these marvels even though we have seldom paused long enough in our rushing advance to appraise our inheritance, or to express our appreciation of it. In addition to the factors covered, we must bear in mind also the exceptional increase going on in our population, not only by normal increase incident to births, but from a great stream of immigration of men and women from many parts of the world attracted by the superior prospects offered here, over their native lands. Another factor to be noted here, is the effort which was dominant in Manhattan to direct development northerly along the island rather than easterly to Brooklyn or westerly to New Jersey. In connection with the defining of the districts of progressive activities, it is to be understood also that this is wholly arbitrary on my part, and not fixed by law, but only the result of observation. They are approximate only. Further it is to be noted that in addition to the progress of the intensive business sections towards the North, there occurred a development skywards as well, since small squat buildings were replaced by higher ones, and these by still higher ones, and then by "sky scrapers", and these by super sky scrapers.

PART III

THE "POSTS" REFERRED TO IN THE BIBLE
AND
MENTIONED ELSEWHERE IN ANCIENT LITERATURE

ALBERT FIRMIN

Naturally when searching for evidence of primitive posts and postal systems, conducted among the ancients, we turn to the Bible. So many of us put our faith in what we find in the Bible, is a further reason to examine it. Herein we find not only religious matter, but much history of the every day relations of ancient people. Following this inclination we find that what may be regarded as postal systems or at least means of effecting the delivery of letters over considerable areas, were in operation in the era covered by the Bible, and were very extensively utilized. These references attest that letters even in those early days of Biblical history played an important part in the life of mankind. The difficulties attending efforts to communicate between scattered persons and scattered communities were of course many. The communications of which we have details are largely limited to matters of importance, as for instance the exchange of letters between Kings, Queens, Potentates, and historic persons of influence. It is unlikely that persons lacking in education and erudition exchanged letters to any considerable extent in the era we are considering. The term "post" as it has been, or soon will be, utilized, is a symbol applicable alike to a letter, or letters, or means of transmittal, or a system, or mere casual utilization of one or more means of communication over various distances, and by either a special messenger or messengers, or runner or runners, or courier or couriers.

QUOTATIONS PERTAINING TO LETTERS, MESSAGES
AND POSTS AS FOUND IN THE BIBLE, AND WITH SUR-
MISES AS TO THE APPROXIMATE TIMES WHEREIN THE
EVENTS WERE INVOLVED.

- B. C. 1520 - "Now my days are swifter than a post". Job ix 25.
- B. C. 900 - "So she wrote letters in Ahab's name and sealed them with his seal, and sent the letters unto the elders and to the nobles that were in his city, dwelling with Naboth," 1st Kings xxi-8.
- B. C. 726 - "So the post went with the letters from the king and his princes throughout all Israel and Judah, and according to the commandment of the king." 2d Chron. xxx-6.
- B. C. 726 - "So the posts passed from city to city through the country of Ephraim and Manasseh even unto Zebulun." 2d Chron. xxx-10.
- B. C. 595 - "One post shall run to meet another and one messenger to meet another to show the king of Babylon that his city is taken at one end." Jeremiah LI:31.

- B. C. 510 - "And the letters were sent by posts into all the king's provinces, to destroy, to kill, and to cause to perish all Jews, both young and old, little children and women." Esther III:13.
- B. C. 510 - "Write ye also for the Jews, as it liketh you in the king's name and seal it with the King's ring; for the writing which is written in the king's name and sealed with the king's ring may no man reverse." Esther VIII:8.
- B. C. 510 - "And he wrote in the King Ahasuerus' name and sealed it with the king's ring, and sent letters by posts on horseback, and riders on mules, camels and young dromedaries." Esther VIII:10.
- B. C. 510 - "So the posts that rode upon mules and camels went out, being hastened and pressed on by the king's commandment." Esther VIII:14.

DAVID AND URIAH

There is an episode described in the Bible (II Samuel, Chapter XI), which is outstanding in respect to its despicable treachery, and in this episode a letter played a very prominent part. David is described as rising from his bed and strolling upon his roof, from which "he saw a woman washing herself; and the woman was very beautiful to look upon." Under the spur of his desire David inquired as to her identity, and learning that she was Bath-she-ba, the wife of Uriah, "David sent messengers, and took her; and she came in unto him, and he lay with her." The woman conceived, and in time told David so. Then David sent for her husband, who was "Uriah the Hittite", and after giving him food and entertainment for several days, with drunkenness and debauchery, David planned to rid himself of Uriah, so that he might the easier enjoy Bath-she-ba. Thus it came about that David charged Uriah to carry a letter to Joab, in command of David's troops, and under whom Uriah was serving as a soldier. In this letter David wrote "Set ye Uriah in the fore - of the hottest battle, and retire ye from him, that he may be smitten and die." This treacherous and cold blooded command was followed implicitly, and Uriah was killed in a fray as planned. The news of Uriah's death was brought to David, and it likewise reached Bath-she-ba. "And when the wife of Uriah heard that Uriah was dead, she mourned her husband." And when mourning was past, David sent and fetched her to his house, and she became his wife, and bare him a son. "But the thing that David had done displeased the Lord." Nathan came to David and warned him of the Lord's displeasure, and that the in-

fant would surely die. It came to pass after a sickness of but seven days the infant did die. During the seven days of the infant's sickness David showed abject contrition, but upon learning of the infant's death this ceased. Then "David comforted Bath-she-ba his wife, and went in unto her, and lay with her; and she bare him a son, and he called his name Solomon; and the Lord loved him." Possibly Euripides was right, when some five centuries later he said "The Gods visit the sins of the fathers upon the children." Jacob Abbott, the historian, says in commenting upon narratives of historical crime, tyrannies, sins and so on "We observe, that in the narratives of the sacred scriptures, denunciations are seldom found." The story of Absalom's undutifulness and rebellion, of David's adultery and murder, of Herod's tyranny, and other narratives of crime, are related in the Bible in a calm, simple, impartial, and forbearing spirit, which leads us perhaps to condemn the sins, yet not to feel resentment or wrath against the sinner. The imputation that such resentment or wrath is pharisaical or hypocritical seems to me to be unjustified and illogical. I am inclined to the opinion it is far more pharisaical and hypocritical to condemn the sin and not the sinner. For my part, for instance, I like the candor and robustness as expressed by William Lloyd Garrison, when he said "I will be as harsh as truth and as uncompromising as justice." To my mind, the letter of David is as I have already expressed, an outstanding example of despicable treachery. Regardless of his other accomplishments I cannot regard David as a hero.¹

1. For the Bible story, see Samuel II, Chapter II.

For Abbott, see Preface to Darius Abbott's "Makers of History."

For Garrison, see Bartlett's Quotations.

For Euripides, see Bartlett.

KING SOLOMON

The first book of the Chronicles, Chapter XXIX, sets forth how David in his old age made provision for the erection of a great temple, "not for man, but for the Lord", and then he prayed to All Mighty "to give unto Solomon my son a perfect heart, to keep thy commandments, thy testimonies, and thy statutes, and to do all these things, and to build the palace for the which I have made provisions." Following this David called Solomon to succeed him on his throne, and all this before a mighty gathering of his subjects. Thus David planned for execution by Solomon that great edifice for worship, which down through the ages has been known as the Temple of Solomon.

In the Second Book of Chronicles, Chapter I, it is recorded that Solomon "magnified by God, who strengthened him in his kingdom" made sacrifice of great offerings upon the altar, in the presence of great throngs

of his subjects who worshiped with him, and that upon the night coming on, God appeared to him and said, "Ask what I shall give thee." Solomon with becoming humility asked not for wealth or indulgence, but for wisdom and knowledge wherewith to rule his subjects. Then, the Chronicles record, "God said to Solomon, Because this was in thine heart, and thou hast not asked for riches, wealth or honor, nor the life of thine enemies, neither yet hast asked long life; but hast asked wisdom and knowledge for thyself, that thou mayest judge my people, over whom I have made thee king: Wisdom and knowledge is granted unto thee; and I will give thee riches, and wealth and honor, such as none of the kings have had that have been before thee, neither shall there be any after thee have the like."

Solomon promptly made plans to build the temple that his father had conceived, and one of the first details to which he gave attention was a letter to Hiram the King of Tyre, setting forth his plans, and his need for cedar, fir and algum trees out of Lebanon. Solomon also asked for the services of an expert, "cunning in to work in gold, and in silver, and in brass, and in iron, and in purple, and crimson, and blue, and that can skill to grave with the cunning men that are with me in Judah and in Jerusalem." In compensation Solomon promised Hiram great quantities of wheat, barley, wine and oil. Hiram, inspired by the high purposes of Solomon, in a letter rich with praise to God, promised all that was asked, and arranged for the transmittal of the material by floats by sea to Joppa, whence they could be further conveyed to destination by such arrangements as Solomon might desire. In this devout, yet businesslike correspondence, carried by the post of those early days, we see revealed the importance, even then, of this great utility.

The Temple of Solomon was doubtless one of the greatest takings in the world of that period. The details herein given are from the First Book of Kings, Chapter V, and supplement the previous details taken from the First Book of the Chronicles, Chapter XXIX as mentioned.

HEZEKIAH

The good king Hezekiah, the son of David and Abijah, as set forth in Chronicles II, Chapter XXIX and succeeding chapters, became king when he was but twenty-five years old, and becoming very much disturbed by the failure of his subjects to live up to their religious obligations, and their failure to maintain the holy place in cleanliness, and to offer suitable sacrifices, called together all those who were about him and chided them for their neglect. So those who were leaders and influential among his subjects summoned as many as they could to cleanse the house of the Lord, and in time this being done, "the king rose early and gathered the rulers of the city, and went up to the house of the Lord," and there great sacrifice was made of bullocks, of rams, of sheep and of goats. Hezekiah

rejoiced, for all that had been done, had been done suddenly. But later Hezekiah aspired to a wider and greater awakening of his Kingdom to their spiritual obligations of the same character, and in connection with the celebration of the Passover, concerning which there had been neglect. It is in connection with this ambitious aspiration that the Chronicles offer further evidence of a most interesting letter, and of the wide territory through which it was distributed. The Chronicles narrate as follows: "They established a decree to make proclamation throughout all Israel, from Bath Sheba even to Dan, that they should come to keep the Passover unto the Lord God of Israel at Jerusalem; for they had done it for a long time in such sort as it was written." So the posts went with the letters from the king and his princes throughout all Israel and Judah, and according to the commandment of the king, saying, "Ye children of Israel turn again unto the Lord God of Abraham, Isaac and Israel, and he will return to the remnant of you, that are escaped out of the hand of the king of Assyria. And be ye not like your fathers and like your brethren, which trespassed against the Lord God of their fathers, who therefore gave them up to desolation, as ye see. Now be ye not stiffnecked, as your fathers were, but yield yourselves unto the Lord your God, that the fierceness of his wrath may turn away from you. For it ye turn again unto the Lord, your brethren and your children shall find compassion before them that lead them captive, so that they shall come again into this land; for the Lord your God is gracious and merciful and will not turn away his face from you, if you return unto him. So the posts passed from city to city, through the country of Ephraim and Manasseh, even unto Zebulun."

According to the Scriptures many of the recipients of the letters "scorned" and "mocked", yet nevertheless there assembled at Jerusalem a very great congregation. It is apparent that the posts must have extended over a very considerable area, and that they effectively fulfilled their task.

In the Chronicles of Hezekiah there are several references to the then existing post, as for instance "So the posts went with letters from the king and the princes throughout all Israel and Judah" and "So the posts passed from city to city through the country of Ephraim and Manasseh and even unto Zebulun."

THE BOOK OF EZRA

Chapters IV and V of the Book of Ezra are devoted largely to the activities and difficulties of Zerubbabel, Jeshua and other chief fathers of the Jews in connection with their determination to build a "temple unto the Lord God of Israel." It is narrated that when it became known that work on the temple was proceeding, certain of the adversaries of Judah and Benjamin went to the Jews and volunteered to assist them, but their assistance was declined. The declination aroused bitter antagonism.

Those whose assistance had been declined, employed "Counsellors" to frustrate the builders. The opposition lasted for many years, in fact throughout "all the days of Cyrus King of Persia even to the reign of Darius king of Persia." Early in the reign of Ahasuerus antagonists to the building of the temple, wrote to him on the subject. Then when Artaxerxes became king a letter of protest "interpreted in the Syrian tongue" was sent to him. Following this it is recorded that "Rehum, the chancellor and Shunshai, the scribe" prepared letters for numerous groups of objectors, among which groups the Dinaites, the Tarpelits and the Elamites may be mentioned, and these were sent to Artaxerxes. The course followed at the time seems to have been very much like the procedures of our contemporary pressure groups when they are attempting to influence our public officials. Artaxerxes, responsive to the pressure, directed that work on the temple be stopped at once, and that it be not resumed unless he should issue a new commandment to do so. The opponents to the temple, with this edict in hand, lost no time in stopping the work with force. But in time, Artaxerxes' reign came to an end, and also Darius came to the throne. In the second year of the reign of Darius, Tatnai who had become the Governor of Judea, noted that work upon the temple had been resumed, interrogated those concerned to ascertain who was responsible for what was going on, and who had instituted it. The Jew told him of their history, at least so far as it concerned the temple, and they justified their perseverance in respect to the work, because upon its inception they claimed Cyrus had sanctioned it by a decree. Further they petitioned that search of the archives be made for a record of this decree. Thereupon the Governor wrote to Darius, reporting what had occurred, and upon a search being made at Babylon a roll was happily brought to light which verified the claim made. In this little history there are three outstanding and noteworthy features, namely the long period involved in the building of the temple, the large number of persons both favorably and unfavorably disposed to it, and the very important part which letters played even in those distant days in the drama unfolded. The texts of some of the letters are given in the Bible. In the Apocrypha also there is another narrative which professes to account for the decision of Darius which differs from the Book of Ezra and is much more colorful and romantic. It represents that three young soldiers of the king's guard, with characteristic youthful egotism, thought that they could each write a sentence which would embody so much wisdom, that if brought to the attention of Darius, he would find one or other of them worthy of his very special favor. In fact they counted upon the winner securing a unique and extraordinary honor. It was planned to place the sentences under the king's pillow. One competitor wrote: "Wine is the strongest." Another: "Man is the strongest." The third wrote: "Woman is the strongest; but above all things Truth beareth away the victory." Darius was intrigued I surmise by the artifice, and confident probably that youths so clever as to frame the questions and so courageous as to proceed as far as they had, would have something worth while to say supplemental to their brief sentences, invited them to appear before his court and to plead their respective claims. Their presentations are in the Apocrypha, and if you have not

read them, or have not read them since Auld Lang Syne, you will find it a pleasure to turn to them. They are too long to quote; It suffices here to say that he who pleaded: "Woman is the strongest; but above all things Truth beareth away the victory," established that he was a prophet as well as the wisest of the three. When Darius sought to ascertain how to favor him, and to secure the advantage of his wisdom for further guidance, the youth pleaded that Darius remember a vow which he said Darius had made in respect to the temple upon the day when he became king, and of the princely liberality he had otherwise shown in respect to the matter. Thus was Darius persuaded, but he did more than simply agree, he kissed the victorious advocate, and then did what we who are particularly interested in the subject of this volume will appreciate, viz: bid that letters galore be sent to his governors, treasurer, captains and lieutenants to cooperate in making good his pledge. It is all a colorful story, and probably apocryphal, but it had a charm.

It is apparent that these different bearers of the mail were utilized to meet different prevailing conditions as to roads, topographical conditions, available forage, weight of loads and necessity for speed, etc. It is likely horses were used where the roads were fair and suitable pasturage available. Mules would be efficient in mountainous districts. The camels would of course be suitable for arid countries, with long stretches between wells or water holes, and with sparse fodder. This would apply also to dromedaries. Camels are very much stronger than dromedaries but the dromedaries greatly excel in speed. The loaded camel ordinarily travels about two and a half miles an hour, while the dromedaries can travel for many hours as fast as nine miles per hour. Camels, depending on their size, can carry from 600 to 1200 pounds. In 1920 Major C. P. Wilson, O.B.E., of Hobart, Tasmania, and Capt. A. G. Tyler, M.B.E., of Perth, West Australian, both of whom had for very many years been connected with the Australian Postal Service, and whose mission it had been to establish a postal service for the Australian forces engaged in the First World War, which won such a glorious reputation for valor at Gallipoli and elsewhere, visited the New York Post Office in the course of an inspection they were making of our postal system for such information as they might be able to secure which would be of advantage to their home service. It was a great pleasure to me to aid them in their survey of the New York Post Office. In the course of our exchange of views they told me that in Western Australia there were large desert tracts, for which great herds of camels had been imported and had been bred for transportation purposes, and that they had been utilized by the mail service in this connection. They said that they had seen camels carrying a piano on one side and a balancing weight on the other. The camel bears to the dromedary about the same relation as the cart horse bears to the race horse, - at least in respect to strength and speed. Both camels and dromedaries can endure extraordinary privation, and such as they would likely be exposed to in the post system in the desert country of Ahasuerus. Buffon says that where there is pasturage camels can eat

enough in one hour to last them twenty-four hours, but that they seldom get good pasturage; and, further, that it is really unnecessary for them to do so. They actually seem to prefer wormwood, thistles, furze, and other thorny vegetables, to the milder herbs. As long as they can find plants to browse on they easily live without water. He says further that while abstention from water is a natural attribute of the camel, that under the system of training to which the Arabs subject them, which begins when the animals are quite young and is continued to maturity, it is materially extended and developed.

ESTHER

"Now it came to pass in the days of Ahasuerus, (this is the Ahasuerus who reigned from India even unto Ethiopia, over a hundred and seven and twenty provinces)."

Authorities differ as to whether Ahasuerus is identical with Xerxes. Encyclopedia Britannica says this is one of the most difficult questions in ancient history, and after a column and a half of pros and cons fails to clear the matter decisively.

Thus commences Chapter I of "The Book of Esther", which details in the poetic language of the Bible, one of the great dramas of ancient times, involving not only the lives of the particular characters actively participating therein, but the lives of many thousands of Jews dwelling throughout one of the greatest empires the world has known, and of exceptional interest to us at this moment, because the drama largely hinged upon a courier system which linked together all the far-flung provinces of the mighty potentate around whom, and Esther, the drama revolves.

Ahasuerus probably reigned from 485 to 464 B.C. (Am. Enc. V. 8, p. 641) and in the third year of his reign he gave a great feast to which he summoned princes, nobles and servants from all parts of his widespread dominions. This feast was served in the court of the garden of his palace, the splendour and opulence of which was enhanced by gorgeous decorations, described as white, green and blue hangings held by silver rings draped from the marble pillars. Guests reclined according to the custom of the time upon beds of gold and silver, placed upon a pavement of red, blue, white and black marble, while they were served with an abundance of food and wine befitting the hospitality of so mighty a sovereign. It happened that Ahasuerus, made merry with wine in the course of the feasting, bethought himself of his beautiful wife Vashti, who

was not present, but in another part of the palace grounds, where she was entertaining the women of the royal household, whereupon he commanded no fewer than seven of his chamberlains to summon her to his presence, so that his guests could behold her charms. Whether the sending of so many chamberlains was a formality in keeping with dignity and ostentation of the court, or because Ahasuerus had a suspicion there might be opposition on the part of Vashti to the display of her charms to the assembled guests in his merry state is not revealed. Vashti is described as "Fair to look on". But it is evident she had a will of her own, and even the seven chamberlains could not overcome it, when as happened she refused to comply with their behests. When this was reported to the king he became "Very wroth, and his anger burned in him." He was apparently so outranged by Vashti's defiance, that he summoned his chief advisers to advise him in his extremity. These advisers saw in the defiance a great national danger, for if so be the wife of great Ahasuerus could be (as the Scripture puts it) defiant, and obdurate in her defiance of her Lord and Master, so might the wives of less powerful husbands do likewise. They promptly recommended therefore a decree by the king divorcing Vashti, and transferring "her Royal estate unto another that is better than she", and that this decree be "published throughout all his empire that all the wives shall give to their husbands honor, both to great and small." Thus it came about that Ahasuerus "Sent letters into all the king's provinces, into every province according to the writing thereof, and to every people after their language, that every man should bear rule in his own house, and that it should be published according to the language of every people." It is obvious that the king's advisers were opportunists, who while the king was still wrathful and burning within, lost no time in disciplining their own wives along with his.

Vashti having been deposed, a new edict was issued, and this too was promulgated in all the provinces of the kingdom, directing that the officers thereof "gather all the fair young virgins" and forward them to Hegai the king's chamberlain charged with the keeping and purification of the king's women. From these it was anticipated the king could select a successor to Vashti. But here there entered the drama, a new personage, and his name was Mordecai. Mordecai was born in Jerusalem, and had been carried from there in captivity, and in the course of time became an occupant of the palace Shushan, to which the virgins were to be brought. He was evidently a kindly, far seeing, shrewd and courageous man. Mordecai brought up Esther, but she was not his offspring, but the daughter of his uncle, and at the time under consideration she was an orphan, and a fair and very beautiful girl. Mordecai impressed by the opportunity offered by the choice of a successor to Vashti, brought Esther to Hegai, the keeper of the house in which the virgins, gathered from all parts of the kingdom, were to be kept during the period of purification and probation; "to wit, six months with oil of myrrh, and six months with sweet odours, and with other things for the purifying of the women." It so happened that Hegai was favorably impressed by Esther, and he assigned to

her the best apartment at his command, and a select staff of maids for her service. Each day a virgin after the specified period of purification would be designated to go as the evening came to the chamber of the king, and the following morning she would pass from this to a separate house, whence she would not return unless the king, delighted in her, summoned her to do so. All the virgins were permitted to select their own garments and ornaments, but Esther made no selection, and accepted what was offered by Hegai, yet all who beheld her thus adorned did so with favor. "And the king loved Esther above all the women, and she obtained grace and favour in his sight more than all the virgins; so that he set the royal crown upon her head, and made her queen instead of Vashti." Mordecai during this long and trying period had kept watch over Esther, and had advised her not to reveal that she was a Jewess. That she was a Jewess had not been surmised, apparently because she had been brought up within Persia. Subsequent to Esther's coronation, Mordecai overheard some conspirators conniving to assassinate the king, and sent warning through Esther to the king. The king after verifying the warning, caused the conspirators to be hanged, and caused due record to be made of Mordecai's loyalty. This was a fortunate circumstance for Mordecai, for some time subsequently Ahasuerus selected from among his princes and dignitaries a man named Haman, and raised him above all others, both in favor and in powers. All loyal subjects were ordered to honor Haman, to bow before him and to reverence him, but this Mordecai as a Jew did not do, and he thus drew upon himself the wrath of Haman. Haman scorned to take vengeance upon Mordecai alone, apparently as beneath his dignity, and planned a more terrible vengeance, which would fall alike upon the guilty one, and the innocent of all his race. So Haman sought the king, and after denouncing the Jews as law breakers and amenable only to their own rules, urged that a writ of destruction be issued against them wherever they might be found throughout the kingdom; and in evidence apparently of his deep interest in the matter, he tendered to the king a contribution of ten thousand talents of silver. The king rejected the contribution, but gave his approval to the edict. The writ was issued in all the languages of the kingdom, "and letters were sent by posts into all the king's provinces to destroy, to kill, and to cause to perish all Jews, both young and old, little children and women, and to take the spoil of them for a prey." The letters were sealed with the king's ring. When Mordecai heard what was afoot, he became greatly aroused, and rending his clothes, went in sackcloth and ashes, and cried out in the market place, and at the gate of the palace, but enter it he dare not, for unless summoned by the king, or the king should hold out his scepter as a sign to advance, entry was punishable by death. Mordecai nevertheless did succeed in getting word to Esther, and he pleaded with her to supplicate the king to stop the massacre, even at the risk of her life, for she too was prohibited from approaching the king unless summoned by him, or by his extending towards her his symbol of office. For a time Esther hesitated, but when she came to a full realization of the dread fate of her race, and all that was involved, she patriotically determined to make an appeal to the king even if she should perish in consequence. But first she instructed all the Jews that could be reached, to fast from both food and drink for three

days, and in this interval she laid her plans. On the third day she dressed in her regal apparel, and taking a position where the king would likely see her, she awaited his pleasure, and when he observed her, and she found favor in his sight, he held the scepter toward her, and asked her what she would have of him. Esther diplomatically asked that she be favored with the company of the king and of Haman at a banquet she would plan for them if it would please the king that she do so, and he immediately not only assented, but called upon Haman to make haste to attend. Yet there developed no intercession from Esther at this banquet, but a further request for a second banquet, and this too was favored by the king, and he volunteered that whatsoever might be her wish if it be even half his kingdom it would be fulfilled. Haman went forth from the first banquet elated with the honor accorded him, rehearsing in his mind all that was involved in the glory of his vice royalty and then this final attestation of esteem shown by both king and queen, for had they not again invited him to this second banquet! But his elation was of short duration, for even as he passed through the king's gate he saw Mordecai there, and Mordecai rose not to show respect, nor did he move! So the mighty Haman's elation turned to bitter indignation, and he summoned together his wife Zeresh, and many of his friends, to comfort him and to give counsel. The advice they gave him was startling, but it was doubtless that which they thought he would like to hear, for has not that been the course down through the ages where despots have sought counsel of those who do them obeisance? Said they: "Let a gallows be made of fifty cubits high, and to-morrow speak thou unto the king that Mordecai may be hanged thereon; then go thou in merrily with the king to the banquet." It so happened though on the night that preceded the banquet, that the king could not sleep, and that he caused to be read to him his chronicles, and it passed that those who read came upon the record therein of Mordecai's good deed in warning the king of the plot to assassinate him. Thereupon Ahasuerus asked those who were reading, what honor and dignity had been done, he asked who was in the court. Upon being told that Haman was, he bid that they summon him. When Haman entered the king's presence, he delayed not, but asked him what honor should be done to one whom the king would be delighted to favor? Haman, egotistic, having at heart no one other than himself, could but think that he was in the king's mind to be honored. Accordingly he said in effect: "Let the royal apparel be brought which the king useth, and the horse that the king rideth, and the royal crown which is set upon his head, and let these be entrusted to the most noble princes so they may array the man the king delighteth to honor, and then bring him through the streets, and proclaim him before the people." Then the king commanded Haman to make haste to Mordecai, "who sitteth at the gate", since he was the one he had in mind as deserving the honor.

Haman leaving the royal chamber, saw Mordecai at the gate, but passed on and hastened home, and there he mourned until summoned by the king's chamberlains to hasten to the banquet. But this was not known to the king, and at the banquet he asked of Esther what was her petition, and even in advance of her reply, again assured her that her will would be

done, and this even if it were for half his kingdom. Then it was that Esther unburdened herself of her deep sorrow, and pathetically pleaded for her life and for the life of her people who were to be so ruthlessly slain. She would not, she said, be pleading if she and they were to be sold as bondmen or bondwomen. That she and they could suffer. Ahasuerus demanded who had been so presumptuous as to have so evil a design, and when he heard from Esther's lips that it was Haman, he rose in his wrath and went into the garden. Haman appealed to Esther to intercede for his life, for he saw there was evil for him in the king's heart, and as he pleaded he fell upon the bed where Esther was, and thus he was found by the king as he returned. "Will he" said the king, "force the queen also before me in the house?" Then they covered Haman's face, and when one of the attendants called to the attention of the king the gallows which Haman had erected for Mordecai, he ordered that Haman be hung upon it instead; and not until then was the wrath of the king appeased. The house of Haman was bestowed upon Esther, and by Esther given to Mordecai, and the king gave also to Mordecai the royal ring, which originally he had bestowed upon Haman, but recovered from him at his death.

Through all these hours crowded with drama and tragedy, Esther still held firmly in mind her main purpose: the purpose that transcended her reign as queen, her life, and the life of Mordecai her benefactor, and that was the revocation of the edict that her race be destroyed. So again she appealed to the king for this purpose; this paramount benefaction. Then the king bade that as to this she write as she liketh, in the king's name, and to seal it with the king's ring, so that no man may reverse that for which she pleaded. To this end Mordecai was detailed. Then the scribes were called to write in all the languages of the one hundred and twenty-seven provinces lying between India and Ethiopia, that which the princes should do and which they should not do.

"And he wrote in king Ahasuerus' name, and sealed it with the king's ring, and sent letters by posts on horseback, and riders on mules, camels, and young dromedaries."

It will be observed that this narrative reveals that during the brief period covered by it, and for the matter it concerns, the post system of Ahasuerus was employed on four different occasions. Further, that regardless of the languages spoken in the different provinces, their wide separation, and their great number, it served its purpose, and was under the command and at the service of the king. The reference to the variety of means whereby the ramifications of the post were, serve to wit, by horses, by mules, by camels and young domedaries and is of particular interest.

* * *

In the Book of Esther there are numerous references to the communications being sent to the various officials concerned and located in different sections of the kingdom and it is quite apparent that the system employed was widespread.

THE BOOK OF JOB

"There was a man in the land of Uz, whose name was Job; and that man was perfect and upright, and one that feared God, and eschewed evil."

Thus is Job described in the Scriptures, and to Job the posts were known, and it is apparent that to Job they were identified with speed, with swift movement, with quick passing. He laments that his nights are long, and filled with tossings to and fro unto the dawn of day, but that his days "are swifter than a weaver's shuttle, and are spent without hope." Then somewhat later, again in anguish against his life being prolonged, and seeking further to emphasize the rapid passing of the many days allotted to him, he says, "Now my days are swifter than a post: they flee away, they see no good." It is clear that his mind was obsessed with the thought of the flicker of the quick passing days, and searching for physical similies he selects the swift shuttle flashing back and forth, and then the posts passing to and fro with the utmost celerity. True it is that Job gives no details of the posts of Uz, but his bare reference to them in this manner, attests the esteem in which he held them, as representing the utmost achievement of celerity in movement.

Job, I feel, had confidence that Bildad, to whom he spoke, aware, of the reputation of the posts, would comprehend what he meant.

Down through the ages there frequently appear similar evidences of the high repute in which systems of posts have been held.

JEREMIAH THE PROPHET

In the Book of the Prophet Jeremiah Chapter I and II principally covering judgment of the Lord against Babylon for its long continued wickedness and misdeeds, and in revenge of Israel, it is set forth in prophesy that a great and devastating uprising shall occur, which shall defeat, devastate and destroy Babylon and those who rule it, and those who dwell within it, and that it shall remain desolate forever. After Babylon is depicted as trembling and sorrowing at its fate, with its mighty men failing to defend it, and its dwellings burning, and its defenses broken, it is further said: "One post shall run to meet another, to show the king of Babylon that his city is taken at one end." Obviously the posts here re-

ferred to were military posts, or at least posts called for in the emergency to carry military messages. It is also clear, and this is of interest, that the posts and messengers were employed as an organized force, co-operating together for a common purpose, and not merely serving as individuals on different stations to carry news directly to a central point. "One post shall run to meet another", signifies a relay of messengers acting as links in a chain to best speed the message over a considerable distance. Without organization no relay system would be dependable. The efficiency of any such system would be principally dependent upon co-ordination.

* * *

LETTERS IN THE NEW TESTAMENT

There are numerous references to letters in the New Testament, and it is clear that they were important in the lives of the apostles and the other prominent characters who figured in the dramatic events of those troublous, early days, engaged in the dissemination of Christianity. Notwithstanding this, the utilization of organized, established post or courier systems by the apostles or others is not disclosed. This is not surprising though, for even if any such systems were in operation at the time, it is likely they were conducted practically exclusively as government agencies and for "official business" only. Posts and courier systems of the ancients were ordinarily maintained to effect the transmittal of missives, messages, decrees, fiats, etc., of potentates, kings, emperors, and governors to their representatives and agencies at distant points, but they were not ordinarily available to the public. There are, however, evidences of some exceptional cases, when these facilities were afforded to privileged persons on certain occasions, and as marks of particular favor or indulgence. Inasmuch as the fathers of Christianity were not infrequently regarded with disfavor by the authorities in the sphere of their activities, it is unlikely that they benefited in this way. In "Romans", Chapter XVI, Paul is recorded as writing to the Romans while he was in Corinthus, and this letter is reputed to have been sent by the hands of Phebe, who is commended in it as a servant of the church at Cenchrea. Again, in "The Acts", Chapter XVI, it is said in effect that the apostles, elders, and the whole church, selected Barsabas and Silas to accompany Paul and Barnabas to the Gentiles in Antioch, Syria and Cilicia and gave them letters of greeting, and that in time they were delivered with rejoicing upon the part of the recipients for the consolation they afforded. In "The Acts", Chapter XVIII, it is also said that when Apollos, an Alexandrian who had achieved distinction for his eloquence, was leaving Ephesus for Achaia, the brethren of Ephesus wrote exhorting the disciples of Achaia to receive him. This letter too was likely borne by Apollos in person. In "The Acts", Chapter XXIII a description is given of the conspiracy to assassinate Paul, at a time when he was under arrest, and the arrest was of the kind which has later come to be known as "protective custody", and of the measures taken by Claudius Lysias, chief captain of the centurians, to transmit Paul surreptitiously to Felix, the Roman governor at Cesarea, for judgment, under the protection of a large

armed force, and under cover of night. Claudius Lysias made the arrest, but left the judgment of Paul to Felix. . . . Paul had claimed the prerogatives which were his as a Roman citizen by birth, and had protested against the accusations of his many enemies. Claudius Lysias wrote a letter of explanation to the governor and this was delivered with the delivery of the prisoner. All these instances illustrate the frequency with which letters were written to be carried by or with those they concerned, or those interested in the matters at hand. It is very likely too, that letters were commonly written in Biblical times, and in the countries involved in Biblical history, which were not borne by those directly or even indirectly concerned, but by those who happened to be adventitiously journeying to or in the direction of the intended destinations.

The New Testament offers an example of letters of identical text written for general distribution, over wide areas; Vide "The First Epistle General of Peter, "Chapter I, the introduction to which reads thus: "Peter, an Apostle of Jesus Christ, to the strangers scattered throughout Pontus, Galatia, Cappadocia, Asia, and Bithynia", It was a wide field Paul had in mind, yet how narrow it actually was compared to the field Christianity has compassed in the course of the intervening years! Possibly Peter later came to a realization of the greater, wider possibilities of his apostolic field, for it is noticeable that in his Second Epistle, no geographic limits are mentioned. In the Epistles of the Fathers of the Christian Faith, we likely have not only the most widely read and widely distributed letters that up to that time had been written, but those which have had the greatest influence in moulding the lives and conduct of our present civilization.

In passing from these episodes though I note that Siculus, one of the kings of ancient Egypt, is reported as receiving his letters each day, and there have been discovered in Egypt inscriptions and seals referring to a postal system.

According to Xenophon, King Cyrus was the first to establish a "horse-post", namely in the year 550 B.C. This was presided over by Darius before he ascended the throne. Darius is thus likely to be regarded as the first postmaster general.

Caesar notes the "call-posts" among the Gauls, where important news was called out in loud tones from a given place, and thereupon again communicated by others by similar means.

KATE SWAZEY - My Mother's Sister, My Aunt.

Aunt Kate was my mother's sister. She was born in London, England, November 24, 1834. She came to America in 1849, with the rest of the family, and arrived here on the Germania, July 4, 1849. She married J. Clarke Swazey, who was born in Hope, N.J., March 24, 1831. The J. stands for Jason. Their marriage was in June, 1856. She died in Griffin, Georgia, August 13, 1862. They had three children, viz Oscar, Julia and Annie. J. Clarke Swazey died March 27, 1877 in Topeka, Kansas. The lives of both Kate and her husband were very romantic, dramatic and tragic. Aunt Kate was approximately 13 years old on arrival in the U. S., and joined her father John Edwards and her brother Lewis Edwards, both of whom had reached here previously, and had fled from England as has been set forth in this narrative elsewhere. Following her arrival here, Kate experienced an even more tragic series of adventures than the rest of the family. Before Kate reached twenty, she became an actress, and had appeared here in several different theaters, including our old Bowery Theater, which for a time was one of the largest and most famous theaters in America. This theater is one of those still cherished in the memories of a few old patriachs like myself, who enjoyed what it offered in the days of our youth, and yet in time lived to see it decay and to be finally supplanted by an entirely different type of structure. It was not long after Kate became an actress that she met a young printer named J. Clarke Swazey, who resided in Brooklyn, but was employed by the Saturday Evening Courier of New York. At that time Brooklyn had not yet become a part of New York City, and was regarded as a mere neighbor town. The publication was devoted to the stage, and to the people and all connected therewith, but included also general news. The young actress and the young newspaper man married in June 1856. Thereupon the young couple wrote several plays in collaboration, and they likewise organized a theatrical company with Kate as the star actress and her husband as manager. Together they toured the eastern and southern states for about two years when they were interrupted by the birth of a daughter, whereupon they returned to New York, where the father acquired the Courier plant and took over its operation. But in 1859 the young husband went south again, to Griffin, Ga., and he did not return to the east until the birth of a young son, which occurred June 19, 1860. During the interval of Swayze's absence, and preceding his return, the whole nation had been seething over the slave question, and this unfortunate condition had culminated in John Brown's premature and unwise attempt to free slaves by an invasion of Harper's Ferry, with the aid only of an exceedingly small and inadequate corps of followers. As all the world knows, the attempt was abortive, and the nation was saddened by the sacrifice of so many lives of brave but rash men. Brown was hanged December 2, 1859. All this prompted Kate to write a play on the subject, under the title "Ossawatimie Brown", which was published by Samuel French, then and for many years after the principal publisher of plays in the U. S. This play was recorded by J. Clarke Swayze in the District Court of Southern District in New York in due course. Practically simultaneously the play was produced.

All this confirms what I have previously claimed, that throughout the family record, there has ever been consistent loyalty to the furtherance of the inalienable rights of men, and equally consistent opposition to encroachments thereon. Four other plays are listed as having been written by Kate, and they believed to be still preserved by the Kansas State Historical Society. Soon after the birth of Oscar Swayze, the son who was born June 19, 1860, the Swayzes returned to Griffin, Ga. Following arrival J. Clarke Swayze published "Swayze's Southern Railway Guide" but stirred by the turmoil on slavery which was agitating the whole country, he abandoned this, and prepared to publish in Griffin a paper to be known as the "Bugle Horn for Liberty". Here is further evidence of his burning zeal for the abolition of slavery. It required great courage to adopt such a title for a publication to be issued in that part of the country, or even in the east where there was the more antagonism to slavery, than anywhere else. In Georgia the opposition to emancipation was exceedingly strong. Immediately after the election of Lincoln the politicians of Georgia actually took measures to bring about secession and the Governor ordered the seizure of all property of the U. S. within the boundary of Georgia. The Swayze's were not dismayed by the antagonism, the day before their proposed paper was to be published, and after the type had been set, and everything was in readiness, the notorious Morgan Raiders dashed in to the town in force. Their leader was unquestionably one of the ablest officers of the Confederacy, and his corp comprised a group of well trained men, who were both savage and ruthless. They struck without warning, fought their way into the states which they invaded, and at unexpected times. They employed tactics which were both unpredictable and unscrupulous. Among the states they invaded were Kentucky, Ohio, Georgia and Indiana. The losses they inflicted were extraordinary, but on the other hand the losses they suffered disclosed the strenuous opposition they encountered. On striking Griffin, Morgan's force set fire to and destroyed Swayze's plant, and all his other possessions. The printing presses were shattered, the type was thrown away. Swayze was made a prisoner and carried off to Macon, Ga., and thence to Richmond, Virginia, where he was thrown into a military prison. But in time Swayze escaped, and subsequently he managed to reach Sherman's army, and there he was given an assignment as Captain of Scouts, with service in the Secret Service. It was not until the close of the Civil War though that he was able to return to Griffin to search for his wife and children. To his great grief he found that his wife had died, but fortunately friendly neighbors had cared for his beloved children - Oscar, Julia and Annie. These friendly neighbors not only buried Kate with sympathetic affection and cared for her children, but provided a grave for her as well and planted flowers upon it, and thereafter nurtured them. In July 1949 I was so fortunate, following the death of her son Oscar Swazey, as to receive a reproduction of a photograph of his mother, my aunt Kate, made when she was a young woman, and it shows that she was very beautiful. I prize it. For a while after Swayze returned to Griffin he remained there, but later he went to Macon, Georgia and here he remained until 1873, when he removed to Topeka, Kansas, where he established the Topeka Blade, which became very widely known throughout the country. He remained in Topeka until his demise, March 27, 1877. His death was a

tragedy. He was assassinated. The conditions were such at the time of his death though, that those who were responsible managed to escape penalty. The antagonisms and the embitterments of the civil war were involved. I have carefully examined numerous copies of the Topeka Blade, which were the project of the Swayze family, and though I have seen very many newspapers in the course of my life, I have never seen a paper that has surpassed Swayze's paper in typography. You will note that I say the "Swayze family", for I mean just that, for it is my understanding that the head of the family and his offspring were all employed in making the paper what it was. They were all typographers, and in addition competent in other lines of newspaper work. For a brief period, but just how long a period I am uncertain, Oscar and his two sisters visited my grandparents while the old folks were living in Morrisania, which is an outlying section of New York and so occasionally I met them, but they were older than I was, and beyond this fact that we met, I have only dim recollections of their personalities as children. But a few years ago Mary and I visited Oscar and his wife, and we greatly enjoyed their hospitality. I had opportunity while in Topeka to meet many of the foremost men of the city, engaged in business enterprises, finance, civic affairs, newspapers, etc., and all of whom knew Oscar, and without an exception they all held him in high esteem and with apparent affectionate regard. Oscar escorted me around to the Public Library, the Historical Society, and other institutions, and I found that he had a very exceptional knowledge of the history and affairs of the city. His occupation as newspaper man for very many years had afforded him exceptional opportunities to meet people of consequence, and to learn much about them, and in addition to this he had joined various organizations in which he had become prominent, and all this added to his reputation. Oscar did all that he could to make our visit a memorable one. A treat in fact. Oscar's wife's maiden name was Hetty, but her family name I do not know. While Mary and I were in the country in the summer of 1949, I received word from a mutual friend that Oscar had tripped over a carpet in his home and had broken his hip, and this news was shortly followed by word that he was sinking fast, and then came a report that he had died in a hospital June 12, 1949. Prior to his accident, in December, 1948, realizing from his letters that he was ailing, I sent him a remittance, repeating what I had done on several occasions, and so when word came of this accident I again remitted, but the only news thereafter received was from his friend S. O. Oyler, and newspapers which accompanied Oyler's letters. Through Mr. Oyler and other inquiries I made, it developed that Oscar's father after the death of my Aunt Kate, had married again, so Oscar therefore had a stepmother, and also stepbrothers and possibly stepsisters. But strangely Oscar had never mentioned these relatives to me. When I wrote to the stepmother on getting news of these relatives, I received no response whatever. Through Mr. Oyler I got news of the disposal of Oscar's estate, which was bequeathed in part to a stepbrother and a nephew named Clark Swayze, and a part to a lady whose relationship is uncertain, and about whose identity I have not cared to inquire. Through the kindness of Mr. Oyler though I received

particulars of Oscar's funeral. It has puzzled me why Oscar never disclosed his relations with relatives brought to light only by reason of his death, and the others benefitted by his will. As to Oscar's sisters, Julia and Annie Laurie; Julia was born in 1856, two years following the marriage of her parents, and she was a bright girl, and in the course of time she followed in the footsteps of her father, and became a typographer and also learned other branches of the printing craft industry, working largely for her father on the Topeka Blade but for others when it was of advantage to do so. Julia did not marry, and I have no particulars of her death. Annie Laurie was born in Griffin, Georgia, September 8, 1861, and early in her youth was inducted into the printing industry as her sister had been, and she soon excelled as a compositor and proof reader, aiding her father later on at the Topeka Blade, of which I have so frequently mentioned previously. I say again, it was an exceptionally fine publication. She was employed by the Leavenworth Times, and still later by the Hall Lithographing Co., likewise of Topeka, Kansas, a concern of high repute. Subsequently Annie Laurie Swayze married a man named Willis W. Charles, April 6, 1898, whereupon she abandoned her work in which she had so long excelled, but promptly turned to the business of her husband, which was conducted in Terre Haute, Indiana, and included both the wholesale and retail sale of wall paper. So far as known the couple were both happy and contented, until the husband died in 1918, whereupon she returned to Topeka. For many years she was greatly interested in Woodcraft, Modern Woodmen of America, Sun Flower Camp, The Order of the Eastern Star, The Toltic Rite, and the First Congregational Church, etc. Though she seemed to be enjoying very good health, she died after a very brief illness Sept. 16, 1931. Oscar was very highly regarded by a great many people of distinction and high repute, including Senator Arthur Capper, who Oscar had aided before Capper had become conspicuous. Oscar was the dean of the newspaper men of Topeka, and he was regarded as the historian also. In one instance he was elected while the members of his craft organization were in a humorous vein, to every office its constitution provided for. On his death it was found that he had bequeathed all his books and data pertaining to Topeka to the Topeka Public Library. This he regarded as exclusive of his personal belongings.

S-SIMPO





